Saturday Review

February 4, 1967 35¢

INDONESIA'S NIGHT OF TERROR

Exclusive Report from Jakarta on the Red Purge

By Horace Sutton

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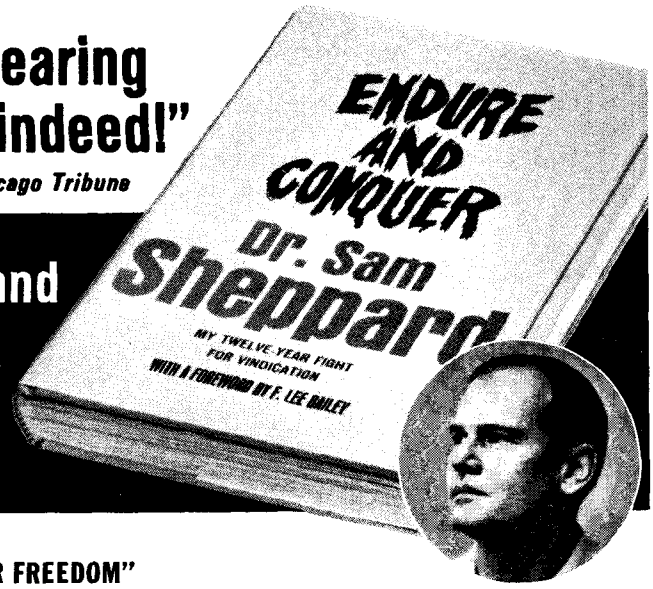

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Saturday Review

February 4, 1967

Cover design by Pageant Studio.

SR: Ideas

25 Indonesia's Night of Terror, by Horace Sutton
32 Do We Need Peace Candidates? Editorials by Theodore C. Sorensen and Arthur I. Waskow

SR: Science

59 What's Wrong with American Hospitals? Articles by John Lear, The American Nurses' Association, Geraldine Steblay, R.N., Thomas Hale, M.D., Luther Christman, R.N., John D. Corbit, Jr., M.D., Arthur Stankovich, and Angelo P. Angelides, M.D.

SR: Books

35 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
35 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

4 First of the Month: Cleveland Amory
6 Chess Corner: Al Horowitz
8 *SR* Recommends
13 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
14 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
34 Letters to the Editor
36 Literary Crypt
41 Literary I.Q.
52 Booked for Travel: Howard Fast visits Stonehenge
55 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
56 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
57 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
86 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1713

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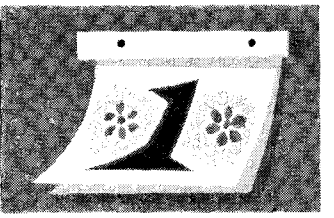
First of the Month



JANUARY WAS the month of the State of the Union and the state of the Disunion, of Peter Hurd and Harrison Salisbury, of Adam Clayton Powell and Bryan Bartlett Starr. But it was also the month of Li and Lin and Liu, of Peng and Teng and Feng, of Mao and Tao and Piao and Shao.

It was, too, the month when the war of *Look* and the Book appeared to be lost on the playing fields of the German magazine *Stern*. As for Harper & Row, we can only suggest it snatch victory from the jaws of defeat and change the name of the firm from Harper & Row, as in a line, to Harper & *Row*, as in a fight. In any case, one thing was certain—the ramifications of the war were bound to stretch not only to 1968 but even to 1972 and beyond—to Robert's, and even Teddy's, Kennedacy.

Also, from now on we hope all authors will take the lesson to heart—and not agree to any more "authorized versions." In fact, we hereby ask all authors worthy of the name not to read, let alone write, any more authorized versions of anything except the King James Bible.

• • •

The professional football "Super Bowl" for the "world" championship convinced us once more of the innate immodesty of American athletics. World championship, for heaven's sake! Of a sport not even *played* anywhere else! But, we suppose, we're improving. After all, it was only a few years ago when in baseball we had a World Series which went all the way from New York to St. Louis. And we can always look ahead, we presume, to a day when a Miss Universe, from a place as far off as Dayton, Ohio, will throw out the first saucer in some Inter-Galactic Series which will include not only the entire United States but even parts of Canada, too.

• • •

On the lecture front we encountered fellow lecturer Robert Jay Misch. He told us he now makes a large part of his living lecturing to college students on, of all subjects, the care, serving, and drinking of wine. We know these are affluent times, and the colleges are doing fine, thank you, but even Mr. Misch has been amazed at the popularity of his subject. He liked best, he told us, the wife of a Harvard Business School man—a lady who, following his lecture, high and well-heeled it down the aisle in a state of high excitement. "Oh, Mr. Misch," she told him, "you're wonderful! Now I'm no longer *afraid* of wine!"

• • •

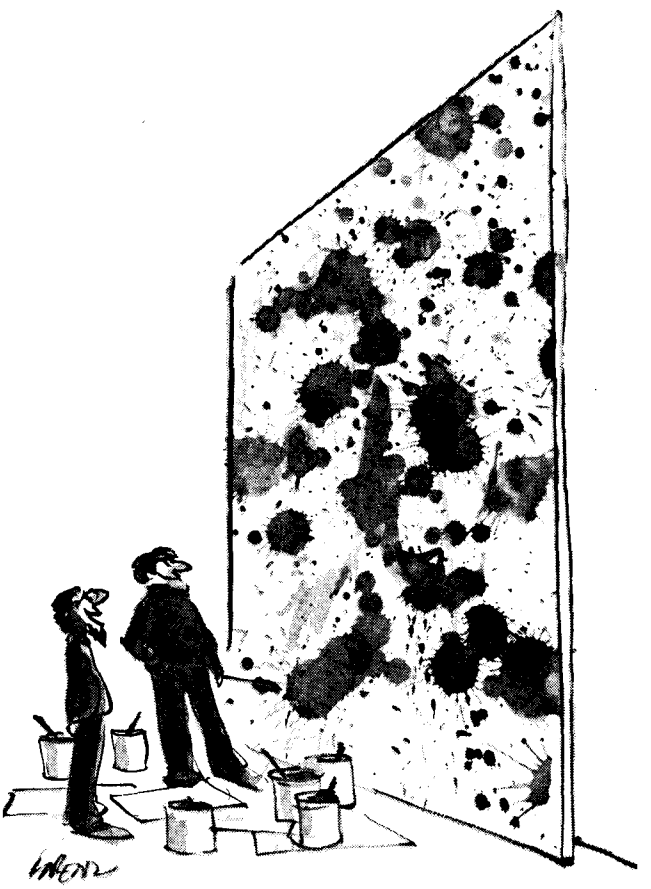
Elsewhere on the collegiate front we were impressed by the MR. PRESIDENT: STOP THE BOMBING full-page ads taken out in *The New York Times* by eighty-three college faculties in the name of the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee on Vietnam. One of these days we're even looking forward to meeting, in the flesh, an actual Ad Hoc Ad man—and we'll be looking, of course, on Mad Hoc Avenue. We were not surprised that the number of signers from the University of California led all the rest—317 names. But we were surprised that next in line were the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with 190; Harvard, with 147; and fourth, of all places, the University of Connecticut at Storrs, with 135. After the listing of the colleges came three additional groups—CLERGY, AUTHORS AND ARTISTS, and, curiously, THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.

Well, these days, we suppose, peace lovers can't be choosers. But don't get us wrong. We're not knocking those signers—in fact we think the whole Vietnam mess is one more instance where we should have listened to those students, if not to their faculties, long ago.

• • •

On a brief trip to Puerto Rico we stayed at a hotel which, on its golf course, had no caddies. Someone, it seems, had got hold of a handful of caddies and had them sign a petition—one which stated that since they had to wear uniforms they were subject to Puerto Rico's minimum wage laws. Whereupon a lawyer filed suit to compel the hotel to pay minimum back wages to all caddies for eight years. The hotel, facing a possible million-dollar charge, which it is unwilling to trust to a local jury, has, pending the outcome of the case, locked out all the caddies.

As if this weren't hardship enough, on the day we left the hotel there was also a maids' strike—which soon embraced waiters, busboys, etc. We asked our maid what the strike was about. "It's something," she told us, "about a forty-hour week." What, we asked her, did she



"By George, Sid, while the rest of us were cursing the darkness, you lit a candle."

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work now? "Thirty-two hours," she said.

Meanwhile, all the time we were there, a social scientist, Dr. Norman Matlin by name, was busy asking Puerto Ricans whether they were: a) "very happy," b) "fairly happy," or c) "not too happy"—all part of an investigation which he called "The Demography of Happiness."

Again, don't get us wrong. We're all for the Demographic Process—as long as people are ready for it.

• • •

Out in California during the month, a UCLA professor of engineering and psychology—which is quite a combination to begin with—Dr. John Lyman by name, predicted that by the year 2067, a century from now, "human beings will be as superior to us as we are to the cavemen."

Frankly, never having thought of ourselves as so darned superior to the cavemen even now, this gave us quite a turn, and so we determined to hear Dr. Lyman out. "Because man has overcome most of his natural enemies whose function is to prevent the weak and stupid from reproducing," Dr. Lyman said, "man will soon be taking over the job of natural selection himself."

Sort of, in other words, a Natural, instead of a National, Selective Service System. "Man will do his own selecting," Dr. Lyman went on, "choosing certain characteristics to get rid of, and other desirable ones to encourage."

Dr. Lyman said, for example, that by 2067 man will have artificial brains—"to which," he declares, "real human brains can be coupled or uncoupled at will."

Last but not least, Dr. Lyman predicted that by 2067 it will be possible to travel by what he calls "teleportation." "You feed an individual's entire genetic code into a computer," he explained, "and then you send the information to another computer somewhere else, such as the moon or Mars."

Or, we suppose, Venus or Pluto or wherever anything's cooking. After that, he maintains, "the information then would be used to reconstruct, out of the essential materials in storage at the destination, the individual."

Which again, we suppose, would be all very well when it's all working okay—but it sure would be a heck of a note when they start running out of things.

"What this would amount to," Dr. Lyman concludes, "would be the creation of exact replicas."

This really worried us. Why, for heaven's sake—we mean for earth's sake—have replicas? (What other kinds are there but exact replicas?) The very thought of going all that way and to all that trouble to get replicas of, say, Jersey City and Yonkers! To paraphrase Browning, "Ah, but a man's reach exceed his grasp, or what's a planet for?" No, we say, let's create not replicas—that's not creating anyway, that's copying—let's have something more abstract, like giants, or even gods. After all, if we're going to play God, we ought at least to be able to have a go at making one.

—Cleveland Amory.

"Look, I can't both love you and understand you!"

Chess Corner—No. 109

THE GENIAL and hardened veteran chess master, Herbert Avram of Washington, D.C., has reaped a just reward for his fanatical devotion to a favored pastime.

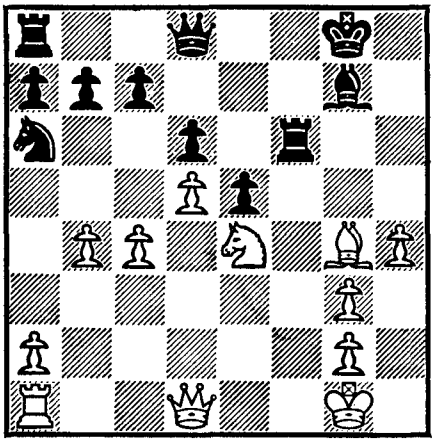
A feared opponent, even in the highest brackets, Avram's adventurous speculations have limited his point-earning record. Now and then, he takes first or second place in local events, as was the case in the recent D.C. Championship when he shared a three-way tie for top honors.

Assuredly, however, long after the standings of the event are lost in obscurity, Avram's win as White in a King's Indian Defense vs. Hans Berliner will be found in any anthology of immortal games.

A most interesting question, which can only be answered by the player is: When White played 18 RxB—the start of the decisive coup—did he envision the next sacrifice, 19 NxNP? And had he foreseen all its consequences?

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

Avram White	Berliner Black	Avram White	Berliner Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	11 P-KR4	P-N5
2 P-QB4	P-Q3	12 N-R2	P-B4
3 N-KB3	P-KN3	13 PxP	NxB
4 N-B3	B-N2	14 PxN	P-KR4
5 P-K4	O-O	15 O-O	N-B4
6 B-K2	P-K4	16 P-QN4	N-R3
7 P-Q5	QN-Q2	17 N-K4	BxP
8 B-N5	P-KR3	18 RxB	RxR
9 B-R4	P-KN4	19 NxNP	PxN
10 B-N3	N-R4	20 BxP	R-B3



21 B-K6ch	RxB	30 N-N5	Q-B3
22 PxR	Q-K2	31 P-K7	QxP
23 Q-N4	R-KB1	32 Q-R7ch	K-B1
24 P-R3	P-B4	33 N-K6ch	QxN
25 R-Q1	PxP	34 RxQ	N-Q5
26 PxP	NxP	35 R-Q6	R-K1
27 RxP	R-Q1	36 R-Q7	N-K3
28 P-B5	N-B3	37 Q-B5ch	Resigns
29 Q-N6	Q-B1		

—Al Horowitz.

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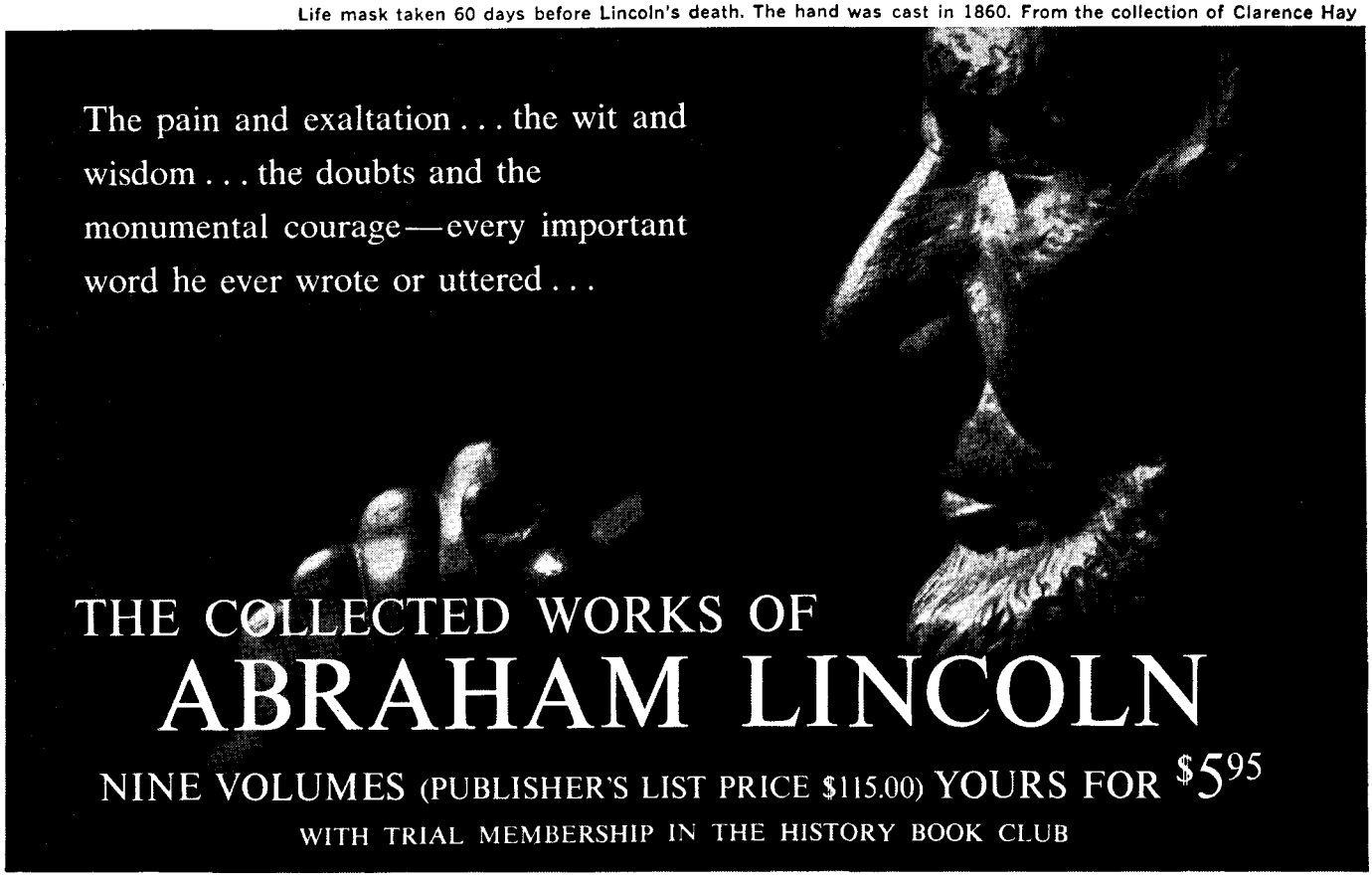
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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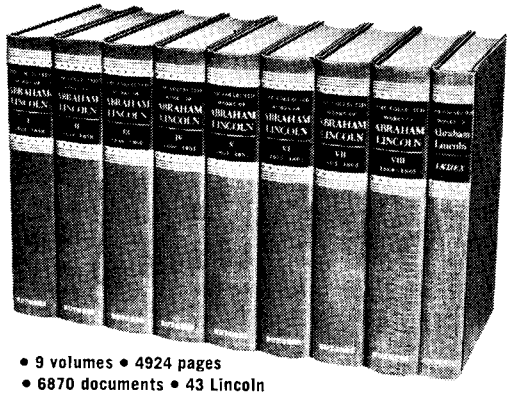

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BLUEPRINT FOR PEACE: BEING THE PROPOSALS OF PROMINENT AMERICANS TO THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION, edited by Richard N. Gardner. McGraw-Hill, hardbound, $7.95; paperback, $2.95 (*SR*, Jan. 21)—These more than 400 recommendations for improving world relations indicate the scope and complexity of the problems confronting modern man.

LETTERS FROM PETRARCH, selected and translated by Morris Bishop. Indiana Univ. Press, $9.50 (*SR*, Jan. 21)—A beautiful companion-piece to Mr. Bishop's *Plutarch and His World* discloses a Renaissance poet who, while musing on the spiritual life, kept a keen eye to posterity.

PEACE AND WAR: A THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. Raymond Aron. Translated by Richard Howard and Annette Baker Fox. Doubleday, $10 (*SR*, Jan. 7)—France's foremost political theoretician scrutinizes basic problems of current foreign policy.

ROYAL COMMENTARIES OF THE INCAS AND GENERAL HISTORY OF PERU, Garcilasco de la Vegas, El Inca. Translated by Harold V. Livermore. Univ. of Texas Press. 2 vols., $17.50 (*SR*, Jan. 7)—The first volume of this superb account by the son of a conquistador and Inca princess evokes daily life and customs, while the second rings with the clash of arms.

HELOISE, Elizabeth Hamilton. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR*, Jan. 14)—In this eloquently written biography the doomed heroine of an immortal romance, medieval style, emerges as a self-sacrificing and ardent woman.

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. VOLUME III: VENTURESOME YEARS 1950-1955. Harper & Row, $11.95 (*SR*, Jan. 14)—Reveals what motivated the former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission to enter at midlife the world of Wall Street.

AFRICA ADDIO, John Cohen. Ballantine, 75¢ (*SR*, Jan. 14)—Based on the film of the same name, this documentary contends that the cruelty and short-sightedness of the colonial powers made Africa's present-day turbulence inevitable.

THE TROUBLE BUSH, Earl Schenck Miers. Rand-McNally, $5.95 (*SR*, Jan. 28)—In his autobiography an eminent editor and author, undaunted by his own cerebral palsy, speaks passionately for an understanding of the physically handicapped.

OMBUDSMEN AND OTHERS: CITIZENS' PROTECTORS IN NINE COUNTRIES and WHEN AMERICANS COMPLAIN: GOVERNMENTAL GRIEVANCE PROCEDURES, Walter Gellhorn. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95 and $3.95 (*SR*, Jan. 7)—Reviewed here are the roles in the United States and abroad of official middlemen whose function is to listen, suggest, and negotiate.

SPEAK MEMORY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY REVISITED, Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam, $6.75 (*SR*, Jan. 7)—A revised edition vividly recalls the master stylist's extraordinary youth as a member of the Russian upper class before World War I.

ELY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Ely Green. Seabury, $4.95 (*SR*, Jan. 7)—The poignant story of a despised and bewildered mulatto's efforts to live by the Golden Rule in turn-of-the-century Tennessee.

Fiction

THE LOVE DEPARTMENT, William Trevor. Viking, $5.50 (*SR*, Jan. 28)—Septimus Tuam, Lady Dolores Bourhardie, and others play cat's cradle in a wacky but barbed look at love and marriage.

THE MAN WHO GREW YOUNGER AND OTHER STORIES, Jerome Charyn. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR*, Jan. 14)—Seven tales of anguished childhood set in the Bronx of the early Forties testify to the fierce resiliency of the human grain.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95 (*SR*, Jan. 14)—Estranged ladies seeking to escape their lonely existence are the pivotal figures in the writings of a mistress of the absurd.

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MOVIES

BLOW-UP (*SR*, Jan. 7)—The plot, the scenes, the actors, are not invented—all are discovered by Antonioni, who also contributes, of course, his unique sense of color values.

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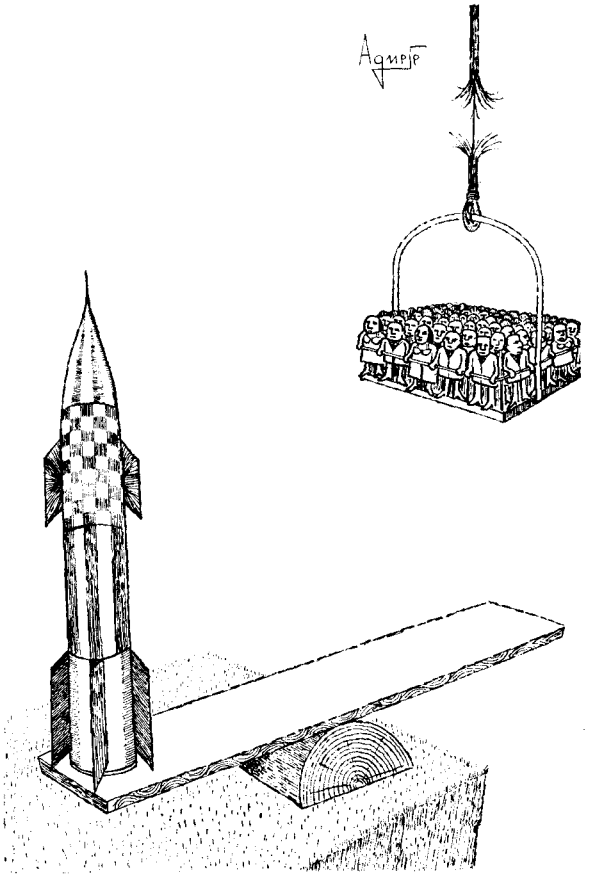
ART

Exhibitions

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION: INGRES, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge. Drawings, watercolors, and oil sketches commemorate the centennial of this great French nineteenth-century artist's death. One hundred, fifteen works, forty-three from the Fogg's own collection, have been borrowed from American museums and private owners. Opens February 13.

DRAWINGS AND PRINTS BY GOYA, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The Metropolitan's entire collection of fifty-one drawings by Goya, the most extensive group outside the Prado's in Madrid, is seen with a wide selection of Goya prints, also owned by the museum. The show testifies to the Spanish artist's magnificent draftsmanship and to his sometimes savage but always electric imagination. Closes February 26.

MANET, Art Institute of Chicago. A comprehensive exhibition of this brilliant nineteenth-century French painter: more than 200 oil paintings, watercolors, drawings, etchings, and lithographs first shown in Philadelphia last November. Closes February 13.



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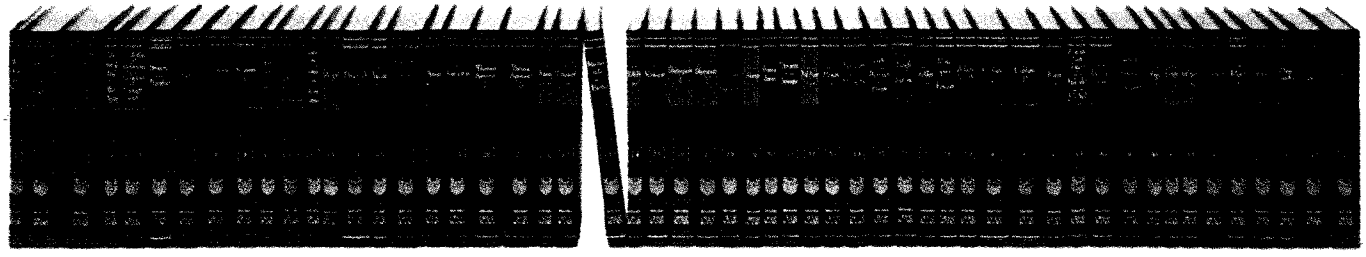

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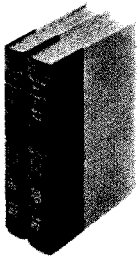

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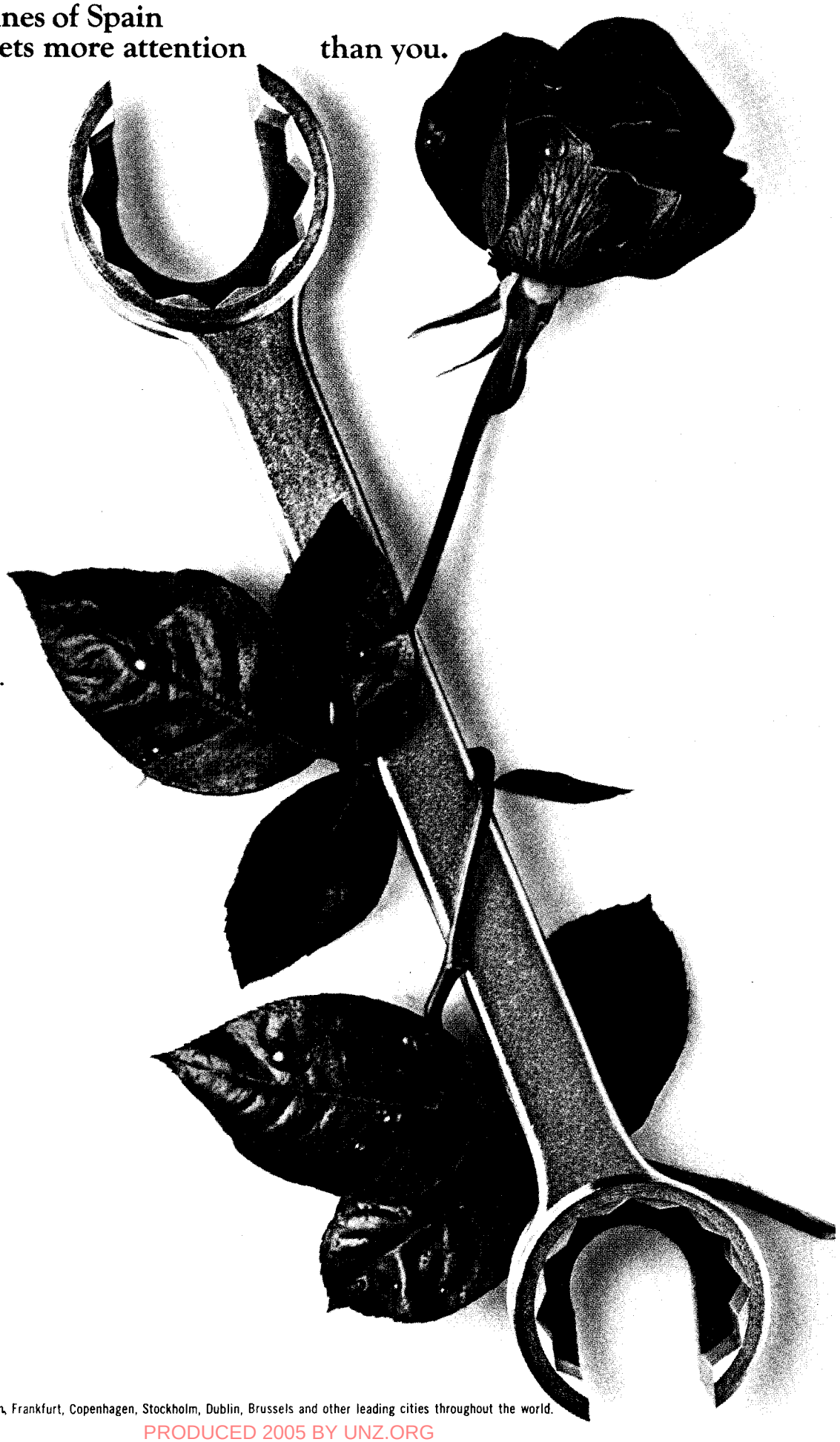

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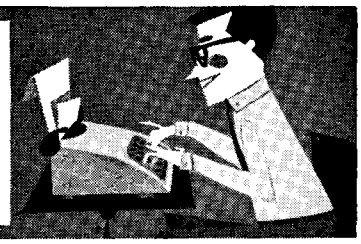
Top of My Head



First of *My* Month

FOR THE PAST MONTH we have been listening to Happy New Year greetings for 1967. Question: "When does all this happiness begin?"

No sooner had the little fellow arrived four weeks ago in his spanking new bikini than we were treated to the ignominious sight of the wife of New York's junior Senator, Robert F. Kennedy, being hauled into a court in Virginia as a horse thief. She presented the fantastic story that she had seen a half-starved horse standing on a neighbor's farm looking sorrowfully at her, and she couldn't resist a surge of compassion for the animal. She took it to her home to nourish it back to health. Five days later the horse died and the neighbor smacked a lawsuit on Ethel for $30,000.

This unlikely story stood up in court. But only because a certain former attorney general wasn't the prosecuting attorney. I'm sure he would have come up with some tricky questions which would have reversed that jury's verdict in quick order.

"Mrs. Kennedy, you said 'When I took the horse he was almost dead. I could count his ribs.' Do you stand by that statement?"

"I do."

"Yes. How many ribs did you count?"

"Well, I didn't actually stand there and count his ribs— I mean. . . ."

"You mean it was just a figment of your imagination?"

And so on. He could have won that case easily. Until he got home, of course.

Another sorrowful spectacle in this bright new year took place in our nation's capital, where a national figure who allegedly had been indulging in some hanky-panky in governmental dealings was finally dragged before a jury of his peers and it was forcibly made clear to him that his day of reckoning was at hand. I'm talking about Bobby Baker. Why? Who'd you think I meant? Oh, no, not him. It's Robert G. Baker.

Truth may be stranger than fiction. But it is also true that truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again. That's a natural law of man, as old as Adam himself. People who figure those things have said if Mr. Baker is convicted on all charges it will be forty years before he emerges to join in the joys of the Great Society — air pollution, sonic booms, sur-sur-surtaxes, and the arrival of Bobby Kennedy's thirty-fifth child.

No sooner had we adjusted ourselves to the fact that this shameful testimony will be dragged through newspaper headlines for a couple of months of our new year than our President delivered his State of the Union Message. First he told us that he and Russia were working on an agreement that there would be no surprise nuclear attacks from orbiting space vehicles. Then he exploded his own proliferating bomb on our citizens by proclaiming that there would be a 6 per cent surtax. There are no bomb shelters in which to hide from that.

As the President made each point, alert television cameramen panned across the chamber for the reactions of our lawmakers. When he mentioned we would stand our ground in Vietnam, Representative Gerald Ford applauded vigorously. When he stated he would offer a law to do away with bugging, the hands of Robert Kennedy stood mute. And so on.

I wondered if the President would mind very much if, when we pay our surtax, we might designate on the check which part of his program we applaud. Could we write: "My surtax is to be spent, half on beautifying America, half on the Head Start program, and you can use the other half on the war in Vietnam." This is known as surtaxation with representation.

Just how big a bite this surtax will take out of our income was graphically detailed in *The New York Times*. There were three tables. One showed the tax for a married couple with no dependents, another with one dependent, the third with two dependents. Of course the surtax with no dependents is the highest; with one dependent it's a little less, and with two dependents still less.

My eye fell on a four-line item tucked quietly away on the bottom of that same page. There was this story from the Associated Press:

"Senator Edward M. Kennedy today announced that his wife, Joan, is expecting her third child in June."

The surtax goes into effect in July. This is known as Planned Taxhood.

The surtax will not affect his brother Robert Kennedy at all.

—Goodman Ace.

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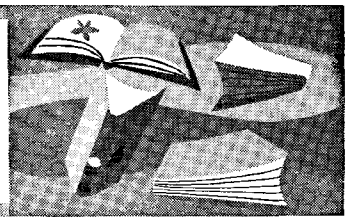
Trade Winds



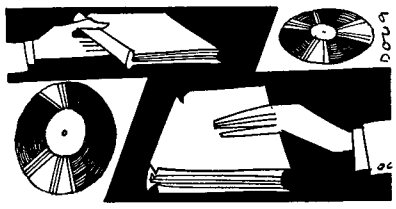
In his first TRADE WINDS column, dated July 18, 1925, Christopher Morley told of a man who entered the book business "because it is almost the only way, in America, that a man of taste can be sure of losing money with dignity."

It was a period when, though I already had been for five years in magazines, I, too, had a hankering for the fringes of the literary life. Various friends of mine were part of it. Two young ladies I was dating—I think it was about then—had opened the Crock of Gold bookshop, close by the Algonquin. They kept coffee fresh for buyers and browsers. To anybody who would listen, they read aloud passages from current best sellers. At the same time a man named Harry Marks had a *rare* book shop. He would open it evenings, for a few of us, and serve ale. He had for sale a fancy portfolio in which reposed more than a hundred nineteenth-century poems, all in original manuscript, all no good; but I didn't own any original manuscripts and I wanted them. Marks let me have the collection for $1,000, with $10 down. It took me two years to pay. Then for $30 I disposed of my prize to an unenthusiastic gentleman at Barnes & Noble. Some of my ambition for the Round Table bit began to wane.

The two Crock of Gold girls went bust. I stopped dating them, but for other reasons. Last I heard, they were planning a new establishment. You'd be permitted to buy books in their shop only if you were a *member*. To be a member, you'd have to pay $3. Then you could go in and have coffee and doughnuts all day long. Jascha Giller, proprietor of another book shop, on 59th Street, never failed to offer a glass of port. Hermann's was a bargain basement sort of place. Fourth Avenue, I guess. Seemingly all the books ever printed, used copies, for a nickel each. Hermann served tea. Had a samovar always at the alert. If you bought three or four copies, you might be treated to some Fig Newtons.

There was emphasis on conversation and food in those days. Now, in the Doubleday, or Scribner, or Brentano shops, or Fowler Brothers in Los Angeles, or any others that I know, everything is strictly business and no socializing. It's all terribly efficient and everybody, perhaps laudably, wants to make money. Except, I suppose, in Rizzoli's. There everybody is frighteningly formal, a little above it all, and so possessive of the stock that I am a little embarrassed about initiating a purchase. And, of course, there's no coffee, no tea, no snacks, no nothing. One of these days I'm going to fix up a picnic basket, carry it smack into that elegant atelier on Fifth Avenue, and offer everybody some goodies. Conceivably, the reserve will break down. Regardless of what Morley wrote, if you're going to lose money, why bother with dignity? Have fun.

Two books heartily recommended: *Masada* (Random House), by Yigael Yadin, who headed the recent archeological adventure in the Holy Land that confirms the fantastic last stand of the



Jewish Zealots against the attacking Romans in 73 A.D.; and *In Search of the Primitive* (Little, Brown), by Lewis Cotlow, who, among other gripping anecdotes, suggests how you can eat your favorite relatives.

Two record albums heartily recommended: *Great Moments, Voices and Music of the 20th Century*, organized and narrated by Ben Grauer; it can be bought only at General Tire stores, and costs $3. It's a two-hour entertainment that deserves a much wider distribution. Then there is *The Appreciation of Music*, by Abram Chasins, which, in effect, is a complete course in understanding and the art of enjoyment. Twelve hi-fi records, with some 150 selections, it is wonderful for people like me who listen to music but know little about it; issued by Crown, the album, with printed commentary, sells for $9.95.

In relinquishing his post as New York City's Commissioner of Parks—to which he gave a new and welcome dimension—to become head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Thomas P. F. Hoving will be expected by a few of his friends to perform miracles of innovation. *Most* of his friends will rely on Mr. Hoving's superb taste and excellent judgment not to introduce into that museum tactics likely to detract from its prime function, which presumably is to acquire the best there is in art and make it available to as large a public as possible without the

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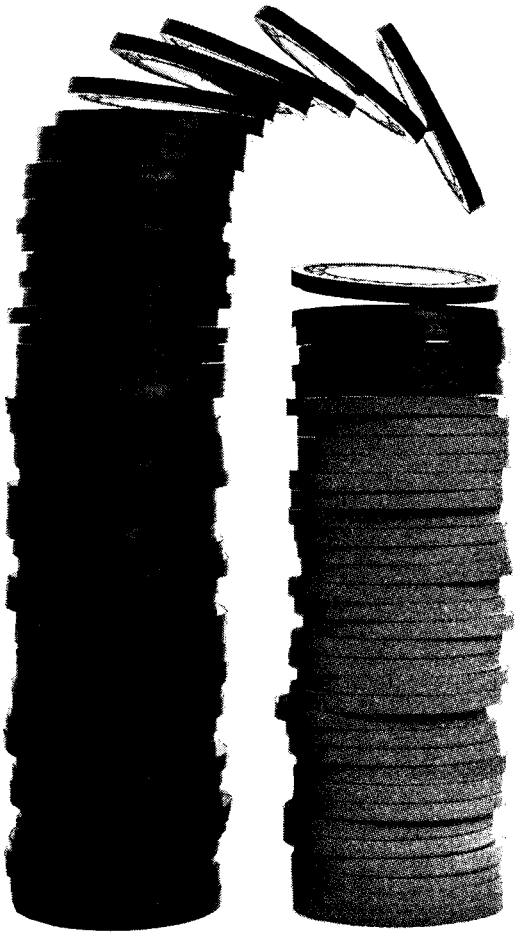

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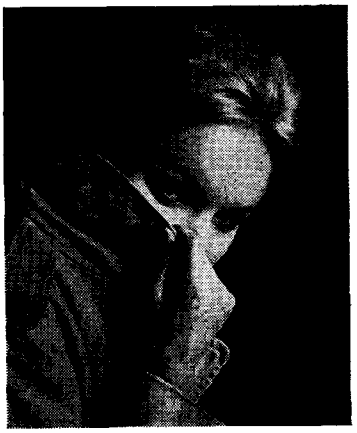

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kind of noisy fanfare that accompanies the arrival of Ringling Brothers.

It has been suggested by several seasoned patrons of the Metropolitan, however, that the following mundane items be brought to its new director's attention (as though the gentleman hasn't already made note of every one of them): The museum's main entrance is shabby, and often filthy. Inside, in most areas, a new paint job is called for. The vaulted ceiling that, with a little love, could be handsome, now isn't. The ceiling lighting fixtures are a mess. The uniforms of the guards are drab, and so are the guards, at least two of whom should be instructed not to chew gum while on duty. The great interior stairway is depressing. The museum should be open several nights a week, with admission fees sufficient to cover necessary extra costs.

When Mr. Hoving attends to the above, which should not take *him* more than three weeks, a few suggestions are on hand for improvement of the museum's publications and for its bookshop.

Union City, New Jersey, is the most densely populated city in the United States. Laredo, Texas, is the poorest. One in five American couples lives to celebrate a fiftieth wedding anniversary. Of all college students, one in every four is married. More than half of our employed women are married. The United States has produced more Nobel Prize winners than any other nation, and twelve times as many as Russia. Some 19,500,000 cans of sauerkraut are bought annually by Americans. Our Northeastern states have a smaller population than any other region but one. For all the talk of a population explosion, the resources of the United States can support a population of one billion.

How do I know? I've been reading *This U.S.A.—An Unexpected Family Portrait of 194,067,296 Americans Drawn from the Census* (Doubleday). For $7.50, advertising people particularly can discover that much of what they knew before isn't true.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

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(From New York Herald Tribune, April 3, 1966)

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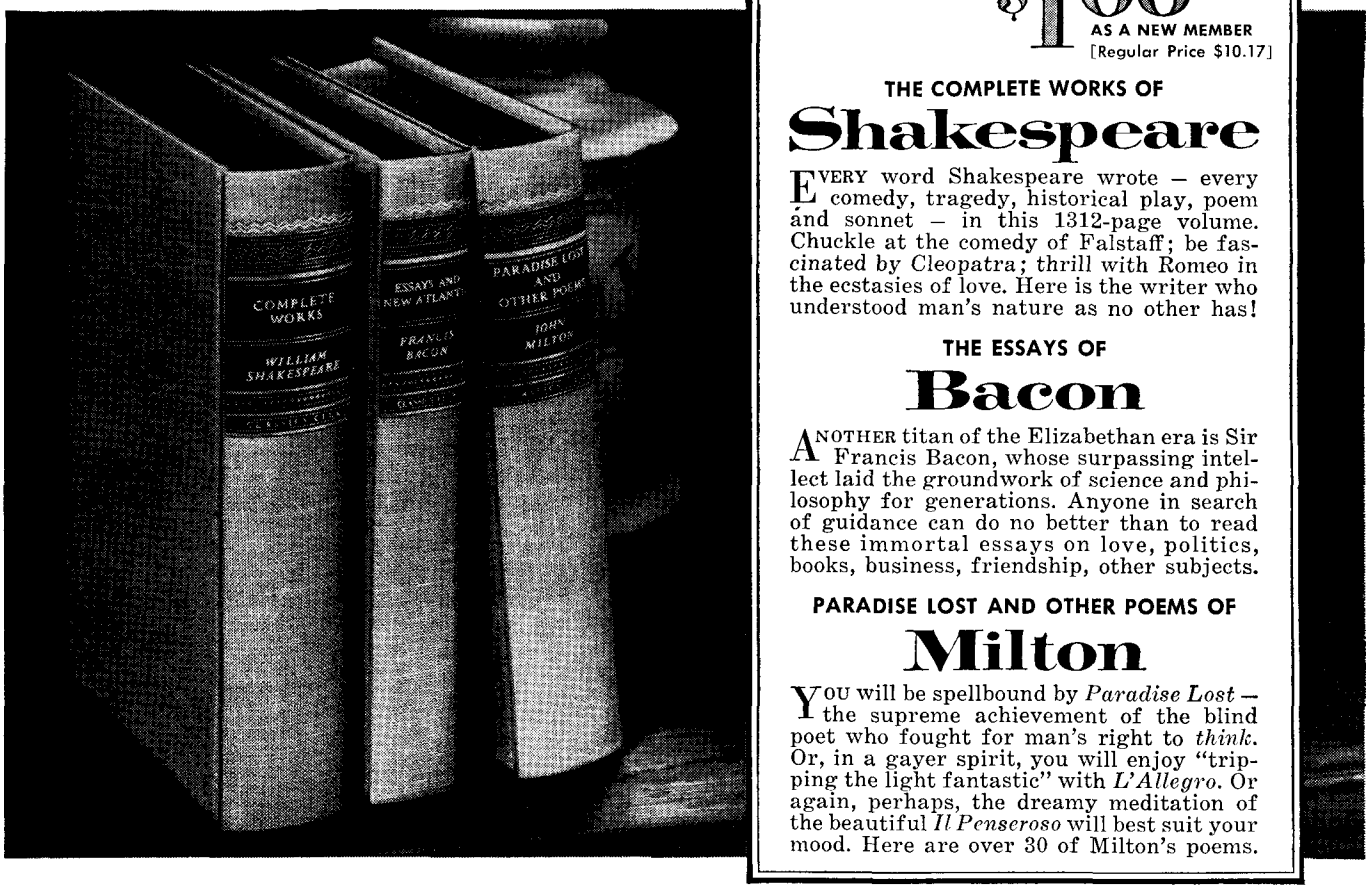

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1. *Your hot dog's getting cold.*

I'm not hungry.

2. *As the father of a brand new baby, you're none too cheerful.*

I had a disturbing thought.

3. *Tell me.*

It'll be years and years before the kid is self-supporting.

4. *It's not unusual for fathers to provide for their children until they're through school.*

That's just it—Jane and I love kids. We want 5 or 6.

5. *Wonderful.*

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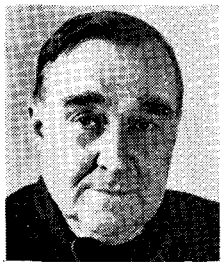

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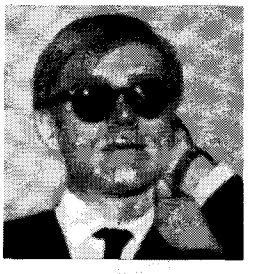
From the research laboratories of Andy Warhol comes this issue of Aspen Magazine.



t's definitely *fab*—an exploration he Pop/underground worlds done a *three-dimensional manner* not sible until *Aspen's* unique box for- t came along.

Until now, every magazine was a ich of pages stapled together. It ived in your mailbox folded, muti- ed and spindled—usually with more than editorial. But why? asked editors.

Why couldn't a magazine come in ox? *Why* couldn't each article be a arate booklet, in the shape, color l paper most appropriate to the sub- ? *Why* shouldn't an article explor- jazz be accompanied by an LP ord illustrating in sound our words rint?

Aspen Magazine is the answer. Our tors, no longer limited by the re- ctions of a bound magazine, could their imaginations soar. And they . They began thinking in three di- nsions. And there was no end to the iting ideas.

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Each issue of *Aspen* will be the work of a different top designer. George Lois, Tom Courtos and Ralph Tuzzo designed the first issue. Frank Kirk designed the second. The third is the Warhol-Dalton Fabulation. The fourth (our Marshall McLuhan issue) is now on the drawing boards of Bob McElrath and Henry Wolf. Our fifth (devoted to Far Eastern thought) will be the work of a Japanese artist in authentic oriental manner, complete with scrolls and fan-fold books, maybe even edible rice paper. So you see, it's like getting a surprise present every issue; you never know what will pop out.

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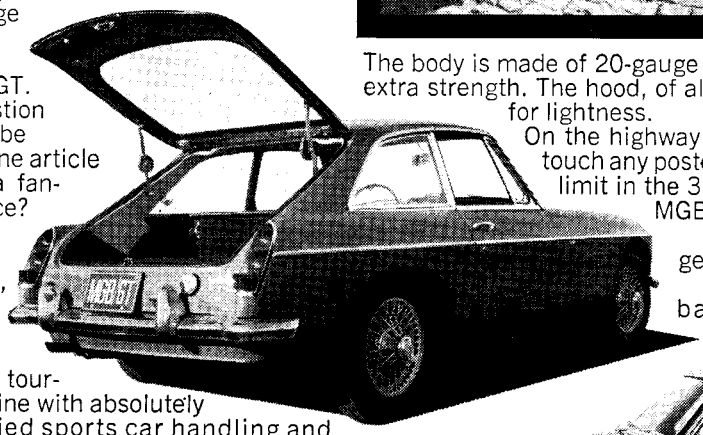

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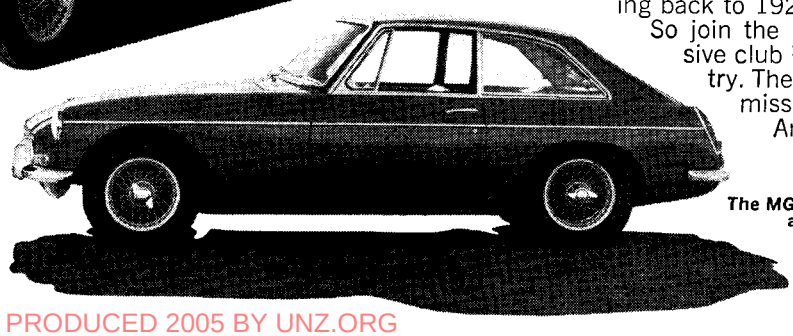

The MGB/GT: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.

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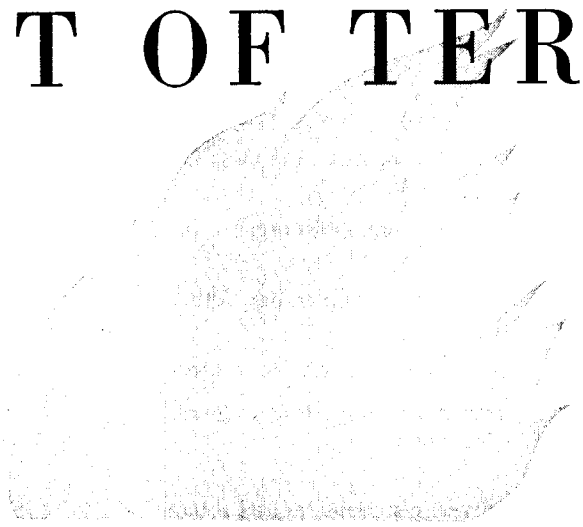
Saturday Review
February 4, 1967

INDONESIA'S NIGHT OF TERROR



Exclusive Report from Jakarta on the Red Purge

By HORACE SUTTON

Associate Editor Horace Sutton, who has been a member of SR's staff since 1947, is usually represented in these pages by travel articles. From time to time, he has also been on major reporter-at-large assignments for SR. Mr. Sutton operates out of New York and Honolulu. He lives with his family in Honolulu.

THE east monsoon is a hot wind that settles across Java like an endless blast from an open oven. It blows for six months, bringing no rain, only the withering heat that reduces living things to a nodding torpor. It was that kind of time in the early days of September 1965 when the Chinese doctors and acupuncturists arrived at the palace in Jakarta, summoned from Peking by President Sukarno. The Great Leader of the Revolution lay ill, felled by a stroke which had rendered him speechless. However mild the seizure, there were the compounded problems of his severe kidney disorder and his ailing gall bladder. The doctors could read only one diagnosis: The end was imminent for Indonesia's first and only President, then sixty-four. They so informed Peking.

Barely three weeks later, on the night of September 30, gangs of young Communists, accompanied by members of the Palace Guard—which, under Sukarno's long party sponsorship, had been heavily infiltrated by Peking—climbed into trucks and fanned out through the residential streets of Jakarta. In front of the houses of seven of the Army's highest ranking generals they stopped their trucks and knocked at the door. A member of the Palace Guard was deputized to explain that the general's presence was wanted immediately by President

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Sukarno. It was not necessarily an uncommon request and most of the generals complied. One, General Pandjaiton, refused. He was shot on the spot. A second, General Abdul Haris Nasution, the Defense Minister, sniffed a plot. Nasution's resolute wife held off the night riders at the door while her husband scrambled over a back wall into the refuge of the Iraqi Embassy, which adjoins his house. Later, Nasution made his way to the home of friends and was smuggled out of the city. In the melee the Communists fired at a moving figure. It turned out to be Nasution's six-year-old daughter. The child was hit in the spine, lingered for a week, and then died.

The five captured generals and the body of Pandjaiton were taken to Halim Air Base, twelve miles south of Jakarta. Many of the Air Force pilots had trained at Bakersfield, California, but the indoctrination of their leaders had come from China. By the fall of 1965, some 60 per cent of the entire force—six men and officers out of every ten—were in full political sympathy with Peking. Halim Air Force Base was an important control point.

In the wild night that drifted into the early morning hours of October 1, the generals were subjected to a hysterical orgy performed by members of the Gerwani — the woman's Communist organization — helped by violent young Communists. There are indications that the ritualists were frenzied with drugs and armed with instruments of torture smuggled from Peking. Systematically the generals were mutilated, then murdered—their bodies were hacked with knives and stuffed down a well known as the Crocodile Hole.

The hideous night of September 30-October 1, when the facts were ultimately made known to the 106 million people of Indonesia, triggered an outbreak of anti-Communist violence that was to grow into genocide. The hunting and the killing ranged from the fanatically Moslem western tip of Sumatra eastward across the archipelago to the lovely Hindu isle of Bali. Java shuddered with violent death. The killers ranged through the Celebes and across to Borneo, which the Indonesians call Kalimantan. When it was over, the dead filled mass graves and corpses clogged the rivers. The country-wide count was only an estimate, and the estimates ranged from 50,000 to 500,000. Long afterward, when he finally broke his silence, Sukarno publicly admitted that 87,000 had died. The next day, a government official, sensitive to world opinion issued a correction. "The president meant to say 78,000," he said.

LAST fall while in Central Java, I made a trip to Solo, a seething city of 450,000 where Dipa Nusantara Aidit, the Communist chief for all Indonesia, had been captured after the coup. One Sunday night I was received by the chief of police at his home. When the conversation finally worked itself around to the number of killings in this center of violence, the chief paused and looked around as if the walls were listening. "How many did you hear?" he asked. For the Solo area officials give newsmen the figure of 11,000, but as the chief was later to admit privately to my Indonesian interpreter the count was about 20,000, or 4.4 per cent of the population. It meant that in Solo one of every two dozen citizens fell to the mobs or the Army.

In Bali, where 2,000,000 people live on an island the size of Delaware, wor-

Indonesian Political Glossary

BAPERKI *Badan Perkumpulan Keturunan Tionqhoa*	Political party of Indonesians of Chinese heritage.
BTI *Barisan Tani Indonesia*	Indonesia Farmers' Front.
CONEFO	Conference of new emerging forces.
DARUL ISLAM	Movement to make Indonesia an Islamic state.
GERWANI *Gerakan Wanita Indonesia*	Woman's Communist organization.
GESTAPU *Geraken Tigapuluh September*	Movement of September 30th.
HADJIS	Moslems who have been to Mecca.
IPKI *Ikatan Pendukung Kemerdekaan Indonesia*	Army party supporting Indonesian independence.
KAMI *Kasatuan Aksi Mahasiswa Indonesia*	University students united action movement.
KAPBIR *Kapitalist Birokrat*	Communist term for bureaucrats and capitalists.
KAPI *Kasatuan Aksi Peladjar*	High school students united action movement.
MASJUMI	Modern Indonesian Moslem party, including most intellectuals.
NASAKOM	Sukarno's trinity of power—nationalism, religion, and Communism.
NEFO	New emerging forces.
NU *Nahdatul Ulama*	Conservative Moslem religious teachers' party, including most of clergy.
OLDEFO	Old established forces.
PARTINDO *Partai Indonesia*	Left-wing nationalists associated with Communists.
PKI *Partai Kommunis Indonesia*	Indonesia Communist party.
PNI *Partai National Indonesia*	Indonesia Nationalist party.
TNI *Tentara National Indonesia*	National Indonesian Army.
TPNI *Tjalon Partai National Indonesia*	Candidates for membership in the PNI.

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shipping their Hindu deities, dedicating their lives to art, beauty, and the dance, the official figure is 40,000. The Balinese to whom I spoke acknowledge that the real count is probably closer to 100,000. No one knows for sure because Bali keeps neither birth records nor death records. Projecting country-wide, American diplomatic circles are inclined to put an educated estimate at 300,000. Mochtar Lubis, an Indonesian editor recently released from four years of jail which followed six years of house arrest, reasons the tally this way: An official committee set up by Sukarno to determine the number of deaths traveled to East Java, Bali, Sumatra, and the Celebes. The official figure they released was 180,000. If one acknowledges that official figures are always distorted, then it is probably safe to double it. Somewhere between 360,000 and 400,000 is his estimate.

The quibbling difference between the official figures and the actual deaths scarcely reduces the enormity of the public vengeance. Whole villages were sent against other villages. Young boys were made to kill to prove their manhood. Suspects were made to kill to prove their loyalty. Whole families were exterminated to preclude some future revenge. Sometimes mothers, daughters, and young sons were allowed to live, but fathers and boys older than twelve were put to death. Brothers were set against brothers, sons against fathers.

Sitting in the air-conditioned sophistication of the new Bali Beach Hotel one day, a Balinese long exposed to Western ways and Western thought told me, "I'd rather kill my own father than let someone else do it." At the big hotel which opened this fall under American management, more than 100 trainees who had been Communist sympathizers suddenly disappeared and were never seen again. The Indonesian hotel executive who hired them for the hotel and also recruited them for the Communist PKI (*Partai Kommunis Indonesia*) has disappeared. The duty of finding him and executing him has been assigned to his brother.

All along the Indonesian archipelago, an island string so long that, overlaid on the American continent, it would stretch from California to Bermuda, every Western resident and many an Indonesian has his own horror tale. In Surabaya a maid went swimming in the river and screamed when she was suddenly embraced from behind by a man. The man wasn't alive; he was a decapitated corpse that had floated downstream. In Kediri in East Java an American Baptist Mission Hospital rescued a half-dead victim. Doctors had him on the operating table and were stitching his partly-severed neck when the mob returned, pulled its victim off the table, and finished the job it had so maladroitly begun.

British observers told of seeing a football match with a head used for a ball. Other Englishmen pushed into a crowd and found three severed heads impaled on an iron fence. In gentle Bali the heads of many victims were pulled back and their throats slit. But even here the end was not always so quick. There was the tale of Gde Buger, who was an exporter and a contractor in league with the former Communist governor. When Buger was caught they marched him to the cemetery. He was a fat man and seemed to epitomize one who had grown rich at the expense of the people. They shot nine of his companions in front of his eyes and taunted him with their deaths. Then they slashed Buger with a *pedang*, a curved and ominous sword, and the blood ran from the flesh where the fat had bulged. He fell at last and then they shot him in the head and dumped his body in a common grave, piling his dead cohorts on top of him.

WHAT had caused so bloodthirsty, so horrible a reaction in a people often thought to be so gentle and even courtly? What had begun so incredible a turnaround against a party that was the third largest Communist political force in the world—3,000,000 members and more than 20,000,000 sympathizers, second only to the parties of the Soviet Union and Communist China? In September of 1965 Indonesia had been a Communist plum for the plucking; not many months later the party lay decapitated, decimated, and outlawed; its members and its sympathizers and a few hapless innocents had been victims of a genocide not seen since the gas chambers of Buchenwald and Dachau. The dead outnumbered the toll at Hiroshima by a third, were more than all those killed on both sides in Vietnam since the fight began against the French fifteen years ago.

Trying to understand such an emotional reaction through cold Western logic can prove confounding and fruitless. Indonesia is to all outward appearances a gentle land. Its people are not given to assassination. Indeed, there has been less visible coercion in its politics than in almost any other new country. Even some of the rebels who had sought, with CIA connivance, to overthrow the government in 1958 have been politically and socially rehabilitated and given jobs. It is a land in which outward courage is not manifest and the spirit of compromise is high.

One key to national behavior can perhaps be found in the banteng, Indonesia's national animal, something between a bull and a bison. The banteng is almost extinct now except for the few herds that exist on protected reservations. It is a slow and basically gentle

—*Rory Dell (Pix).*

Anti-Communist demonstration by Moslem youth — "Systematically [five captured] generals were mutilated, then murdered. . . ."

—*Rory Dell (Pix).*

Outside Sukarno's holiday palace in Bogor—"The Great Leader of the Revolution lay ill, felled by a stroke. . . ."

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—Kerry Dell (Pix).

Jakarta mob at height of terror—"Whole villages were sent against other villages. Whole families were exterminated. . . ."

animal with strong family instincts, but when aroused the bulls rampage. Around the elaborate statue symbolizing the Indonesian nation which Sukarno built in Merdeka Square are four banteng, angry and snorting, thundering off in four different directions.

Indonesians properly classify their temperament with the banteng. The Javanese, who comprise 70 per cent of the national population, fit the pattern even more perfectly. A Madurese who lives in Surabaya put it to me this way: "The Javanese is like a caribou. Slow to get started and once started, impossible to stop." As for the Madurese, who migrated across the channel from the island of Madura and now heavily populate East Java, they are admittedly hot-blooded and no less quick of temper than Latins.

To this national character one must add the racial characteristics of the Malay people, whose geographic domicile begins at the Malay peninsula, sweeps south and east through the Indonesian islands and north through Borneo and Sarawak into the Philippines. Running amok is a Malay tendency—the term itself was derived from the Malay word *ngamuk*. Says an educated Sumatran evenly, "We have some something in us, something deep in our Malay subconscious—a devil, you might say—that runs amok. We could be driven by anger or hatred or big disillusionment. It doesn't matter. A mob might not even hate you. They just go on a rampage of killing without even realizing what they're doing." A Javanese student activist leader assesses his own reactions in pure candor. "Masses don't think, they feel. When I'm in a mass," he told me in British-tinted accents, "I don't think. I'm emotional. I just act." The U.S. Army's memory stretches back over fifty years to the fanatic Moros whom they battled in the Philippines. Ordinary bullets often didn't stop them, and the Army ordnance experts were pressed to find a new gun with greater power. The Colt company produced the .45 automatic. Only that stopped the Malay Moros.

The first stirrings of Malay amokism that resulted in the slaughter began with the news of the events of September 30. As the stories and the photographs of the mutilated bodies filtered through the archipelago the astonishment was wide-eyed and mounting. The sad death of Nasution's daughter was bad enough, but then there was the hand-wringing remorse of General Yani's wife. Yani had been given a second wife by Sukarno, a luxury permitted under Moslem law, but not always accepted with grace by Indonesia's modern women. General Yani's first wife was irate and there was a family split. On the night of September 30, General Yani arrived at the home of his first wife and tried to effect a reconciliation. Mrs. Yani refused. Later, as she was to tell it, her youngest child woke up once at 3 a.m. and again at 4 a.m. crying, "Daddy, Daddy." General Yani was being killed at Halim Air Base. If Mrs. Yani had taken back her husband that night, he would have been in another house, possibly safe from his assassins. The country heard the story and shuddered. Says Marshall Green, the erudite, articulate, hard-hitting American Ambassador, "It was almost as though the whole nation sucked in air in one gasp of astonishment and horror."

In that gasping pause a vacuum formed. The nation seemed leaderless. An anarchic situation breeds violence in almost any society, but nowhere more hysterically than in Java. Deep among the mysticisms of this crowded island is a respect, an obsession, a desperate need for authority. Sukarno and the Army represented authority. The night of September 30 was more than murder; it was a violation of authority. Sukarno's position was not known, for he retired to the Halim Air Base on the morning of October 1 and did not speak. He withheld condemnation of the coup for a full year, and even then he dismissed it as a "political problem that needs a political solution."

IN that agonizing lull that followed the coup, Communists in the Celebes, Sumatra, and Bali were emboldened to move against groups that were blocking their way. The killing that triggered the mass slaughter was started by the Communists themselves. They murdered a high ranking Army officer in Jogjakarta, killed village leaders in East and Central Java, and sprang a few ill-timed traps of their own. The incident at Banjuwangi was one few Moslems were to forget.

Banjuwangi means fragrant waters. It is the name of the harbor town at the eastern tip of Java, five miles across the straits from Bali. Late in 1965, well after the attempted coup, PKI teams dressed themselves to appear as members of the Islamic Youth group and arrived in Banjuwangi spreading the false rumor that Communists were burning mosques. The Islamic leaders hurried to their mosque for a meeting. On their way they were invited to refresh themselves at a well. The well had been poisoned. Those who survived the poisoning were skewered with swords.

The reaction in the religious centers was violent. The *Nahdatul Ulama*, or NU, the Moslem teachers' party of orthodox religious scholars, had been on the defensive in pre-coup days of Communist supremacy. Its members had lost land in the sweeping reform which limited personal real estate holdings to seven hectares [17.29 acres]. The Communists had used the land reform law as a front to get at the religionists. Since many NU members were land owners and land owners were capitalists, then

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—K. Murali (Pix).

Former Foreign Minister Subandrio —"In Sukarno's international alignments, 1956 was the watershed. . . ."

—Wide World.

General Nasution—"[He] sniffed a plot . . . made his way to . . . friends, and was smuggled out of the city."

—C. Bernay (Pix).

General Suharto—"Like Sukarno before him, Suharto is a Javanese and a mystic who consults a soothsayer."

NU members were the enemy of the ordinary man, or so went the Communist line. Besides NU members, the PKI also flicked away at the Hadjis—the Moslems who had been to Mecca and so had increased their social standing and prestige. Now the NU flared into retaliatory action. In the Koran leaders found a law defining as legal the murder of any person who prevented the normal existence of Islam.

The first flickerings of revolt were fanned by the underground members of Masjumi, the Modern Indonesian Moslem party, which had once been a leading party in the nation. When it involved itself in the 1958 Sumatran uprising of the colonels, an adventure in which the CIA also participated, Masjumi was banned by Sukarno. From its subterranean position Masjumi at this ripe moment began to agitate among the religious leaders. What had begun as revulsion and revenge now began to take on the trappings of a religious war.

In Surabaya, a sweltering city of 1,200,000, the bands operated at night in black. The raiding parties combed the town and the suburbs, filled the jails with suspects, then requisitioned the schools as prisoner pens. Vigilante bands grew to thousands. They clamored for the prisoners. The mob provided the cover of courage to a people not overly endowed with it. To the hot-blooded Madurese, who often dress in black anyway, went the honor of performing the executions. Mutilated bodies, some missing heads and hands, and some already decomposing, came floating down the 375-mile-long Prantas River, longest in East Java. At Probolinggo, where the river is lower than sea level, the bodies jammed like logs and stayed like that for days, decaying. The Islamic authorities decreed that it was not proper to give the infidels a decent burial. On the outskirts of Surabaya the Marines forced the citizens at bayonet point to clear the river.

In Bali the mood was different, but it soon got just as ugly. The bitterness which the Communists had left in the years of their ascendancy was repressed, but it was everywhere. For the Communists the island had been a fertile field full of all sorts of targets of opportunity. Bali still lived within the web of a caste system in which the rich and the high-caste were feudal lords. The low-born addressed members of higher castes in a deferential language. Until the Dutch left, it remained a jail offense for a man of low caste to address people of the higher castes without deference to their social stations.

The Communists, like good politicians, had something for everyone. To the poor farmers they promised more land. To the rich they promised exemptions from the land-reform law. Both elements of society became members of the PKI. The rich must be credited with some foreknowledge of what they were doing, but the poor had hardly the vaguest ideas of what the *Partai Kommunis Indonesia* stood for. As far as they were concerned they were, in their own words, members of the "hammer and sickle."

THE Balinese society is banded together in several ways. In order to get at the individual the party, ironically enough, had to chip away at forms of a communal life which the Balinese were already living. First, there is the *bandjar*, or ward, the smallest unit of the village, which all married men are invited to join. To refuse is unthinkable, for it brings ostracism and coventry. The *bandjar* is a mutual help association under which the village is run. Second, there is the irrigation system, the *subak*, a cooperative organization of local farmers whose elected head decides, according to the available supply of water, which paddies are to be planted and which left fallow. Finally, there is the temple, to which the Balinese are supremely devoted. The temple was an irritation to the Communists; they severely criticized the people for spending too much time on festivals and too much money on restoring shrines.

In attacking these systems the Communists were breaking up the *adat isti adat*, the customs which had lasted for centuries. The Balinese were not about to give them up. They chafed under the autocratic rule of Anak Agung Bagus Sutedja, the Governor, who, if not a party member, afforded the Communists every opportunity for advancement. The Indonesia Farmers' Front (*Barisan Tani Indonesia*) could seemingly do no wrong. The Governor allowed it the widest privileges, and if its members were arrested for overzealous proselytizing, he dispatched a release order to the police.

Peter Jennings, an American student living in Bali, returned to the island from a trip to Jakarta a week after the coup. "Bali was peaceful, beautiful, and the Communists, as always, were parading," he recalls. But that month a comet appeared in the sky trailing a long tail. In the mystical world of the Balinese the forebodings were ominous. It could mean a change or the onset of something fearful such as the plague. There had been a comet like it just before the Japanese invaded at the beginning of the World War II. Now a brooding silence fell over the island. The temple dances stopped and there were no festivals or boisterous cock fights. At

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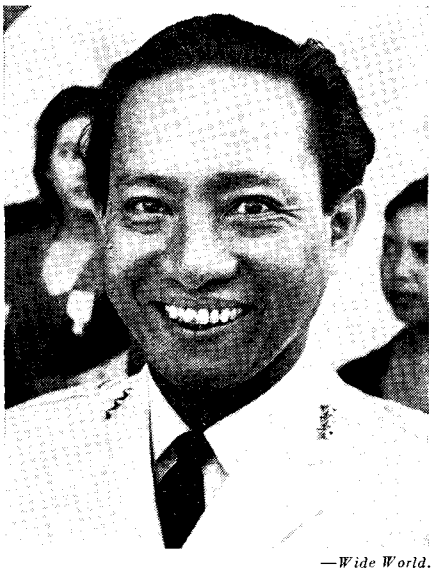
—Harry Redl (Pix).

President Sukarno—"[His] weakness was self-glorification, with its attendants, vanity and foppery."



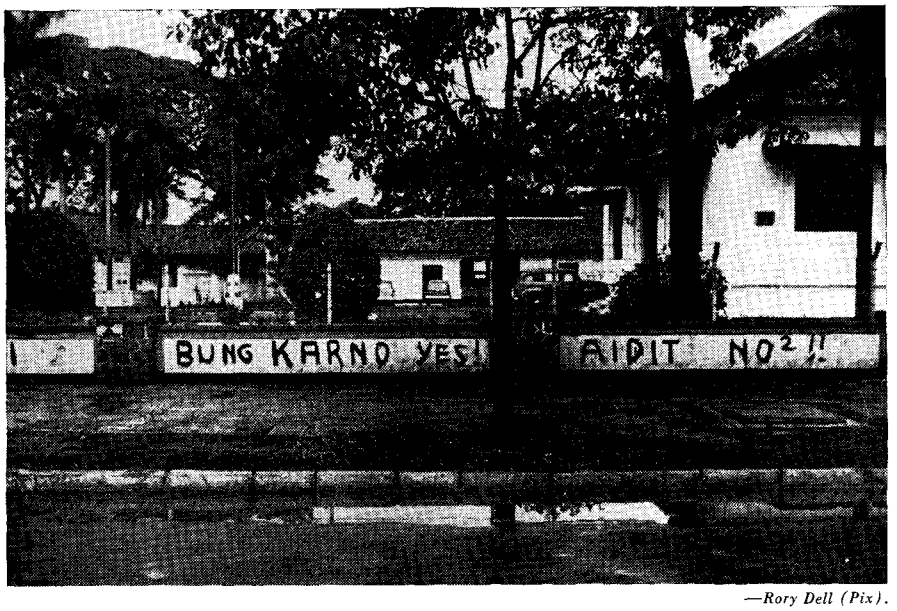
—Wide World.

Communist leader D. N. Aidit—"Speaking for Communist Indonesia, [he] announced there was no room for revisionism."

the request of the people the Governor was recalled. The Balinese became solemn, spiritless, waiting.

The PKI had already started to disband its village cells. Members renounced the coup, denounced the party, and put signs on their houses indicating they were really members of the PNI (the Nationalist party), or, more incriminating still, TPNI, indicating they were *candidates* for membership in the Nationalist party. The inference could clearly be drawn that they had been PKI members, and many wrote their own death sentence by this attempted abjuration. Some PKI members, having renounced the party, put up signs saying *suda sadar*, or "I have returned to my old self." That abnegation was equally incriminating.

The PNI members began to work themselves into a religious fever. To ask God's deliverance from calamity there had to be a *sanghyang* in which two girls, eyes closed, dance for hours, to the accompaniment of a vocal chorus. In 1945 when the Dutch returned to Indonesia nearly every village had a *sanghyang* dance. Balinese still hold great store by trance dances and kris dances in which young braves stab themselves with daggers without apparent pain. A Balinese whom I shall call Siang says the people of the island under such extraordinary circumstances are "driven by some force, they know not what. . . ." The long repetitive singing, the music, and the smoke of the incense reduces the consciousness to the suspended state of trance.



—Rory Dell (Pix).

War of slogans, before slaying of Communist leader Aidit—"If the wholesale slaughter accounted for 300,000 victims, then it is plain that many Communists and sympathizers remain at large."

Bali was swirling with smoke and seething with the hate of old grudges when in November the lid finally blew. When the PKI had been the aggressors, the Nationalist party had formed *Pentjak* groups—bands of young stalwarts who would fight for the party and protect its leaders. They were called the *tameng* and bands of them now began to burn and stone the houses of Communists and their suspects. Then the burning stopped and the killing began. The *tameng* came down the rivers and through the rice paddies, calling out names and slitting throats. After December when the Army moved in, the executions were somewhat more refined. Those on the guilty lists were shot.

"In my village of Obud," says Jennings, "it was done by the military who came in trucks with their lists. Those who were called out were supposedly taken to the police station to be questioned, but the trucks rolled up toward the mountains and the condemned men were lined up in front of a common grave and told to say their prayers. The Army officers, accompanied by members of the *tameng*, explained that they were not acting out of malice but out of duty. They wished them a better incarnation."

The Communists offered no opposition, a peculiar circumstance which also puzzled the anti-Communist Balinese.

"In my village of Bratan," says Siang, "there are a hundred men. All of them went one day to Pandji, a big village with a thousand members of the Communist party. The Communists were told to assemble in their communal hall. My village had only clubs and sticks, but their authority was never questioned. We induced them to burn down the houses of their own leaders. But if any of the Communists of Pandji had resisted no man in my village would have returned. They had a guilt feeling and surrendered meekly. It amazed us, especially since they were very aggressive when they were in power."

Anthropologists have adduced that the victims had come to believe in their own guilt in letting themselves be misled. Hinduism preaches reincarnation. Depending upon one's mortal sins, one is reborn up or down. The condemned Communists were eager to get out of this life, knowing that they would doubtless be reborn lower than man—perhaps as a pig, a rat, or an eel. They had to start up the ladder once more, and the sooner they began the journey the better.

By now, death and rampage were in the air from Kutaradja in northern Sumatra, south of Rangoon, to the eastern island of Kepuluan Aru north of Australia, but the methods, the motives, and the targets were frequently different. Atjeh Province in northern Sumatra feeds on fanatic Mohammedanism and

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virulent xenophobia. It reacted first, reacted bloodiest, and was the last to be pacified. Here the religious partisans are known as the "people of the long knife," a blade carved to resemble the phrase in Arabic script which says, "There is no god but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet." Here the reaction was pro-Moslem, but also anti-Javanese suzerainty and violently anti-Chinese. Atjeh's initial rampage became known as "the night of the long knife."

Ninety per cent of all of Indonesia's population is dedicated to Islam, but of these 95,000,000 people, perhaps only 10 or 15 per cent, would, in the strictest tenets of the religion, be considered real Moslems, at least in the Middle East sense. This core resisted Communism because it denied God. While denying religion, the Communists also decried it as man's manufacture, deplored it as an opiate, and (as in Bali) denounced it as a wasteful expense. Farmers resisted Communism because they were afraid their land would be expropriated for collectives. To the peasants under their broad straw hats, steering their caribou through the magnificent paddies, ownership of land is the basis of life.

FINALLY, there were the Javanese—70,000,000 of them on an island as large as New York State, born in mysticism and animism, and utterly obsessed with a caste-iron set of social rules that dictate strict patterns of behavior. Nowhere is Java more sensitive to behavorial code than among the peasants of the rural areas who have never left their village. For them, the night of September 30, with all its gory trappings, was the final indignity, the ultimate affront which the Communists, in their overbearing zeal, had brought to Indonesia.

Nono Anwar Makarim is a young student editor. He explains the code of manners patiently to visitors from the West. "If you were to step on my foot, I would not, as you might, say, 'Get off my goddam foot.' I would skirt around the subject as delicately as I could and I would eventually point out that perhaps inadvertently you had placed your foot upon mine. The PKI were relentless, they pushed everywhere, pressed hard in rural areas, grabbed land, took government acreage, appropriated the property of other groups. Put all those tigers under the rug, pile it up, and there has to be an explosion." The metaphor was mixed, but the equation was clear.

Selo Seomardjan is a professor of sociology at the University of Indonesia who has done graduate work at Cornell. In the morning he lectures at the university, in the afternoon he functions, as he has since 1946, as personal assistant to Sultan Buwono Hamengku III, one of the three men—with General Suharto and Foreign Minister Adam Malik—who run the nation, steering its course away from the Sukarno line. Perceptive and articulate, Professor Seomardjan calls the coup merely the detonator, probes deeper for the discontent. "Innocent people who stood in the way of the Communists were put out of the way by declaring them criminals, guilty of crimes against the revolution. The Communists took property, leaders of opposing political parties were jailed without trial. There was no tolerance for any other form of political thinking. The way they forced people to agree with them was not always very elegant. Indonesians are courteous, honest, and respectful of older people. The Communists disregarded all that in the name of the revolution."

When Indonesia finally exploded in a bomb burst of wrath, scapegoats fell with the guilty. Peking's apparent collusion in the coup of September 30 was cause enough to ignite a new flame of terror against local Chinese residents who have been the object of oppression in Indonesia for more than two centuries. The Dutch massacred the Chinese colony in 1740. The Republican Indonesians turned against them in 1945, accusing them of consorting with the Dutch. On December 10, 1965, a mob of Moslems, infuriated when some of their number attacking the Chinese consulate in Medan in northern Sumatra were wounded by police, fell upon the city's Chinese with sticks and rocks. Two hundred were killed. Ten thousand Chinese homes have been looted in Macassar in the Celebes. In Atjeh the Chinese, some of them in Indonesia for four generations, were handed threatening notes, then blackmailed for protection money and finally marked for expulsion. Late in 1966, 6,000 Chinese Indonesians, many of them with no ties to the motherland other than dim ancestry, were waiting in camps to be sent back to China.

But the wave of hate against the Chinese—as much as it was tied to Peking's participation in the assassination of the generals, as much as it was a nationalistic grudge against an alien people, as pointedly as it was a reaction of bitterness against a race that works harder than the Malays and consequently lives better—was also a manifestation of national frustration and total disillusionment with the economy. The inflation began to approach those days in Germany following the first World War when it took a barrow full of money to pay the bill at the grocer's. The 10 rupiahs that fed the family one day would feed only half the family on the next. The salary that was meant for a month hardly carries the wage earner through one week. The average civil servant's monthly salary will last him for five days, forcing him into corruption in order to keep his family alive. A young lawyer may be paid 50 rupiahs a month, which is 50 cents on the free market exchange.

In Jakarta the people could see the rise of big marble monuments, enormous stadiums, giant hotels, but in the hospitals there were no sheets. The Navy had submarines, but in the capital city there were no public toilets, and the citizens bathed, defecated, and did their laundry in the same mid-city canal. The farmlands grew some of the world's best rice, once an export. Now, to get

—*Wide World.*

Village in Bali where only old people and children survived—"We must begin from the bottom . . . with less than we had when independence was won."

enough for home consumption it was being imported. "What's happening to your rice?" I asked a colonel of police one day as we drove through the splendid green paddies of central Java. "I don't know," he said darkly, "perhaps we are sending it to China."

Some of this discontent was softened by Sukarno's series of nationalistic adventures and by his succession of campaigns which welded the people together to hate Malaysia, hate colonialism, and hate the United States. In Sukarno's international alignments, 1956 was the watershed year. That was the year he went to the United States, as he said, "not to kiss babies, but to kiss

(*Continued on page* 75)

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Do We Need Peace Candidates?

1. The Case for the Mainstream

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It has been suggested that adherents of peace movements should run for public office on a Peace Ticket. Here are two views on the subject, by SR Editor-at-Large Theodore C. Sorensen and by Arthur I. Waskow, resident fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington, D.C.*

THE SINGLE MOST important fact for SR readers to grasp about the 1966 American "peace politics movement" is that there was no such thing.

To lump together the candidacies of various Republicans, Democrats, independents, "New Leftists," and Communists as a "movement" is the height of absurdity. To claim that all or even most of the votes received by successful incumbents or even by nearly successful challengers represented voters favoring immediate withdrawal from Vietnam is the height of naïveté. To label as a success an effort which after considerable noise and energy cannot accurately claim as its own a single new Congressman or solid new organization of respectable strength is the height of exaggeration.

Absurdity, naïveté, and exaggeration in American politics are neither new nor evil. But when they are self-deceiving and self-destructive, then those who are genuinely concerned about more emphasis on peace in American foreign policy ought to reconsider the wisdom of these tactics.

I admire the idealism of those who advocate this kind of "peace politics movement." I share their distress over the frequent lack of high quality candidates in both parties in many areas. I sympathize with their frustrations over Vietnam. But I question whether they are helping the cause of peace as much as they are hurting it.

In those areas in which the peace candidate was principally supported by extremists in politics, appearance, and mores, it became more difficult for voters or candidates in the mainstream majority of American life to identify with peace causes. In those areas in which the peace candidate received a pitifully small handful of votes, it became easier for "hard-line" Congressmen to ignore all future pleas and petitions in that direction.

In those areas in which the peace candidates were entered as independents or write-in candidates in the general election, they diverted into a hopeless effort the votes, money, and energy sorely needed by the least hawkish of the main party candidates. In those areas in which the peace candidates, by dividing the liberal vote, made even greater the margin of conservative victory, it was natural that the victors interpreted their gains as a stronger mandate for escalation.

In those areas in which the peace candidates diverted enough votes to defeat the Democratic nominees—which apparently happened in Connecticut and possibly Michigan—they antagonized the Democratic leaders whom they hoped to persuade, and elected Republicans unlikely to give the "peace movement's" views a moment's thought. In some areas, peace-minded incumbents (whose victories nevertheless are now claimed by those hailing the new "movement") were even opposed by other peace candidates who did not find the incumbents peaceful enough.

In short, the "peace politics movement" is not a movement, did not serve the interests of peace, and clearly knows little about politics.

I can understand why these peace warriors—many of them as uncompromising, dogmatic, and militant as any "hard-liner"—would not have wanted Paul Douglas or Pat Brown to be Secretary of State. But does that justify their refusing to support for re-election "the Conscience of the Senate," who was for so long a leader in the struggle against discrimination and poverty—or justify their permitting Ronald Reagan to take over responsibility for Watts, for California's system of higher education, and for all the other problems of the nation's largest state? If this country moves toward the Reagans and away from the Douglases, does that build the kind of domestic climate from which a new foreign policy can emerge?

The fact is that the American electorate in 1966 contained widespread and deeply felt discontent over Vietnam and related issues. But that discontent could not be effectively tapped by a wildly unrealistic, undisciplined, unappealing assortment of write-in and independent candidates. Nor will it in the future. Americans desirous of a basic change in our foreign policy in general and our Vietnam policy in particular ought to face frankly the fact that the two major parties, as imperfect as they may be, offer the best and probably in our time the only hope for bringing about such a change.

No doubt many of those who feel strongly about the war in Vietnam sincerely feel that neither major party in 1966 or 1968 offers them a real choice on the issues that matter to them most. That is the same cry now being voiced by former Governor Wallace of Alabama. But despite all the illusory talk about a coalition peace movement embracing everyone from businessmen hurt by the war to student radicals, it is extremely doubtful that control of either party, or the Congress, or the White

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House, will ever turn on one issue alone; and single-issue candidates and parties (who, no matter how much they pretend to be multi-issue in character, inevitably relate all other issues to Vietnam) are not truly helping the cause of peace when they ignore or oppose those "imperfect" mainstream candidates whose efforts on race relations, foreign aid, poverty, education, and population control may in the long run shape our posture in Asia far more than their stand for or against Marshal Ky.

I do not want those stirred by the war to drop all interest in politics. I want them to take a realistic interest—by seeking to influence those major party figures who will affect the key decisions—not by denouncing them or pressuring them, not by entering against them extremist candidates with no appeal to the general electorate, but by educating and involving the opinion-makers in each constituency to a point where they are ready to urge reason upon the incumbent or urge a more reasonable candidate to run. For, as John Kennedy said at American University:

"Genuine peace must be . . . a process . . . the sum of many acts . . . based not on a sudden revolution in human nature but on a gradual evolution in human institutions. . . ."

—THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

2. *Building from the Grass Roots*

FOR THE AMERICAN peace movement, 1966 was a year of putting unprecedented energy into electoral politics. In the process it learned—or should have learned—two major lessons: 1) Victory is never enough; 2) you don't campaign for peace alone.

Victory is never enough and defeat is not always a disaster because in American politics there is one factor more important than the number of votes you won on Election Day: the number of people who came together *and will stay together* to organize, pressure, question, and energize. Without such a permanent group at home, a victorious "peace candidate" can find the opportunities of Washington distracting him from his original commitments; with them, a defeated candidate can build a wider, deeper base for another day.

The point of multi-issue peace politics is that only by joining the issue of war and peace to issues of immediate domestic concern can those who care most about peace command the attention of those who care most about the schools, or the slums, or food prices. And indeed, since American society is not a cluster of unrelated elements but a system of interrelated parts, the achievement of peace is closely connected to the workings of our domestic institutions. (The need to plan ahead to cope with the economic impact of disarmament is only the clearest instance of that rule.)

But although the multi-issue approach is essential, peace people ought not to feel apologetic about their own issue. If they do, the multi-issue approach could degenerate along the lines of a story told in New York recently:

"My favorite uncle visited me last month, and he was the most remarkable guest imaginable. He painted and repaired the house, built me a garage, took my children to the museum, worked out a way for me to make more money and give some of the surplus to my maid, discovered that my maid's son was not mentally retarded as everyone had thought but had been psychologically damaged by insensitive teachers, taught him to read, and even got him registered to vote. Great guest!

"Only objection anyone might have—and I mention this with reluctance—is that one day he tied up two teen-agers who live down the street, poured gasoline on them, and burned them to death. But you have to remember that *one* of the kids was a real delinquent, used to deface our property; and the other one was an honest mistake on uncle's part . . . and besides, he's a *great* guy!"

IT was the kind of story that bitter old grandfathers tell, but perhaps the grandchildren should heed this one. While heeding it, they should realize that there are many ways of being "multi-issue." They range from Mark Hatfield's letting solid Oregon businessmen know that *he* knew the war was disrupting the housing and savings-and-loan industries, to the way in which Theodore Weiss of Manhattan united middle-class liberals and Negroes by attacking the war as not only immoral and illegal but also totally destructive of the poverty program and social reform at home, or to the radicalism of Robert Scheer of California, who won both the desperate Negroes of Oakland and the young people of Berkeley with the claim that the war was only one symptom of a pervasively sick society.

Where next? Just as during 1966 the National Conference for New Politics brought together at the national level peace people and civil rights people, Reform Democrats and the New Left, in order to raise money and place volunteers for peace and civil rights campaigns, so on the local level similar alliances must now be created. The peace movement should take the lead in dozens of local communities in bringing together the "new class" who care about education and a society of high quality, Negroes and others caught in poverty and racial injustice, and the lower-middle and working-class people hurt by the war inflation, in a joint electoral effort. (In some areas businessmen hurt by the war could be added to this alliance; in others, where students are especially numerous, the alliance might turn more radical.)

These local alliances should base their campaigns on the platform of a local and national "peace and freedom budget." Such a budget should first of all spell out the savings possible if the Vietnam war were ended and the reforms proposed two years ago by former Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric were adopted—a total of $40 billion a year. Secondly, it should explain how this money, plus other huge sums accruing from our increasing productivity, could be used to end poverty, end air and water pollution, and create schools which have excitement and individuality. And finally, the peace and freedom budget should call for this money to be spent in accord with the wishes of those in every locality who would be most directly concerned (the poor, in the poverty program; faculty and students in the colleges), rather than by some national bureaucratic plan.

With such a platform, Congressional candidates for '68 could start campaigning now. Men can run for local and state

offices on the basis that no man can govern Detroit decently so long as the war is eating up the money. Campaigns should begin for seats as delegates to the national party conventions—pledged to oppose war candidates for President (including Lyndon Johnson) and to support either a favorite son who opposes the war (Spock in Ohio, Nelson in Wisconsin, etc.) or a national figure like Kennedy or Percy who gives some sense of seriously wanting to negotiate. In some states elections could be called through popular initiatives to set up local or state offices to work on the redirection of funds from war to peace.

But always, always, the goal should be to energize new people and create new working relationships around the question of peace—relationships that will stay alive even if an election is lost.

—ARTHUR I. WASKOW.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Technology and Education

THE SPECIAL section, "Changing Directions in American Education" [*SR*, Jan. 14], coupled with the July 23, 1966, issue on "The New Computerized Age," should be required reading for educational decision-makers and those responsible for their education and training.

The problem of getting the attention, and more important, the active involvement of superintendents and others in "top management" of educational institutions is a strategic one. Decisions about "systems" problems and their solutions cannot be left to engineers and to technical operating personnel. Neither can they be put onto the classroom teacher.

ALBERT L. GOLDBERG,
Industry Manager,
Government and Education
Industry Marketing,
Honeywell, Inc.
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

TECHNOLOGICAL INNOVATIONS will not provide the improved education which our society demands. The key to improved teaching is the improved teacher. No gimmicks, no fads, no committees—just the very best teachers that money can buy. When the starting salary for the beginning teacher on an annual contract is comparable to that of other college graduates entering business and industry, the process and product of education will be improved.

JESSE L. MCDANIEL,
Head, Department of Education,
Asheville-Biltmore College.
Asheville, N.C.

Paying Women Teachers

THE STATEMENT by Roald F. Campbell in his article, "Tomorrow's Teacher" [*SR*, Jan. 14], that some way ought to be found to pay married male teachers more than single female teachers is not only repugnant and undemocratic, but illogical.

He suggests that payment on a merit scale would soon approximate what he considers the ideal conditions of the university, where qualified males predominate. May I point out, first, that few professors are in it for the money, which is sometimes less than in the public schools; rather they are held by the greater stimulation and prestige provided by the colleges. Second, if salaries were based on a merit system, the single teacher with equivalent credentials, male or female, would probably outmerit the male teacher with the family and all its accompanying distractions.

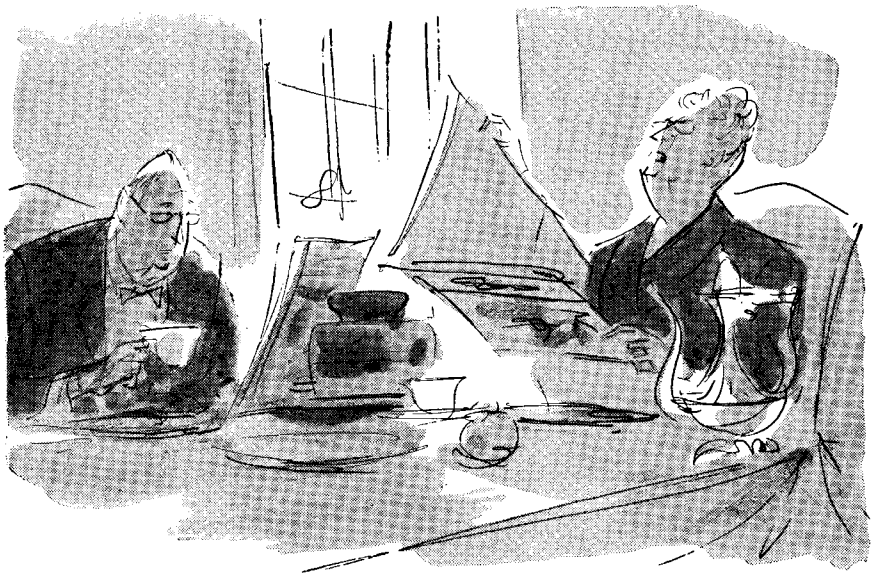
I suggest a better solution to the problem: continue to raise teachers' salaries.

(MRS.) CAROLYN H. BROWN,
Secondary Social Studies Teacher.
Long Beach, Calif.

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE long-range consequence of unequal pay for men and women teachers would be the intensifying of differences between rich and poor schools. Since women teachers would command a lower price on the open market, the poor schools would be able to afford this sex only. The rich schools could hire men, even some with families. But here, too, the elementary schools would have a much higher proportion of women because money would be spent first for men for high school positions.

Salary increases and merit pay will help to attract men, as Dr. Campbell suggests. Extending the school year on a voluntary basis also can give men a chance for higher earnings. In addition, supervision of after-school activities might be promoted in areas other than athletics to give men an opportunity for overtime pay.

(MRS.) ARDITH HANNA.
East Lansing, Mich.



"Overpopulation scare indeed! I've known for years there were far too many people in the world!"

Business and the Student

I WAS BOTH INTERESTED and concerned by Theodore Sorensen's editorial, "Scrooge and the Students" [*SR*, Jan. 14]. As a high school teacher of social science . . . I feel there is some truth in the idea that business reveals a very small social conscience.

A business community which is relatively unconcerned with the national disgraces of air and water pollution, with the destruction of the natural beauty of the country, which gears its advertising to greedy materialism, can but receive a degree of scorn from a thinking younger generation.

It will be up to the younger generation to correct the abuses of today's business world without destroying the incentives that free enterprise affords.

ROGER DONEY,
Claremont High School.
Claremont, Calif.

MR. SORENSEN suggests that the lack of prospective businessmen in the colleges might be overcome by having business identify with the student's ideals on social responsibility. But ideas, no matter how heartfelt or well wished, do not leap from mind to mind on the force of their good intentions. Rather, workable and mutually desired channels for communication must be established.

WALTER MCGILVREY,
Kent State University.
Kent, O.

Travel and the USTS

I THOUGHT William D. Patterson's editorial, "Agenda for Travel" [*SR*, Jan. 7], was particularly well done. As he pointed out, the experience to date with our U.S. Travel Service indicates what could be accomplished with an expanded program.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON,
U.S. Senate.
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Kennedy's Rights

CONGRATULATIONS to Goodman Ace for his fine article, "The Death of a Husband" [TOP OF MY HEAD, Jan. 14]. My own thinking had become clouded concerning the Manchester book and Mrs. Kennedy's role in it. In the tumult and shouting I had "forgotten"—and was quick to criticize the President's widow. Jacqueline Kennedy does give this country a glow, and I shall continue to wrap myself in the mantle of her dignity and courage.

KATHERINE RHODES.
St. Louis, Mo.

MOST PEOPLE give lip service to the support of the dignity and rights of individuals but too readily will sell someone *else's* dignity and rights. Thank you, Mr. Ace, for standing as one willing to forgo curiosity (which, after all, is what it *is*, though others choose to cloak it in the phrase "right to know") as a token recognition of the debt each of us owes Jacqueline Kennedy.

B. SABONIS-CHAFEE.
West Brookfield, Mass.

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Books

SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR SR

20 Check List of the Week's New Books
35 Literary Horizons: "The Man Who Knew Kennedy," by Vance Bourjaily
36 Letters to the Book Review Editor
38 European Literary Scene
39 "The Bitter Heritage," by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
41 "The Searchers: Conflict and Communism in an Italian Town," by Belden Paulson with Athos Ricci
42 "Death in Rome," by Robert Katz
43 "Auschwitz," by Bernd Neumann; "The Trial of the Germans," by Eugene Davidson
45 "Shepherds of the Night," by Jorge Amado. "War Memorial," by Martin Russ
46 "The Wizard's Child," by Helga Sandburg
47 "American Ambassador: Joseph C. Grew and the Development of the United States Diplomatic Tradition," by Waldo H. Heinrichs, Jr.
48 "The Big Blue Line: Police Power *vs.* Human Rights," by Ed Cray
50 "Athens and Jerusalem," by Lev Shestov
51 "Edgar Cayce," by Jess Stearn

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Generation of the Assassination

AT ONE session of the University of Chicago's conference on "The Arts and the Public" (*SR*, Nov. 19) three novelists — Wright Morris, Reynolds Price, and Richard Stern — opened the discussion by talking about their own most recent books. The fact unexpectedly emerged that each of the novels had been significantly affected by the death of President Kennedy. The death is, of course, the center of Morris's *One Day*, the event which makes that day different, for the people in the book, from any other day. In Stern's *Stitch* the assassination takes place only five or six pages from the end, but, as Stern pointed out to the conference, the tragic occurrence served his purposes as a novelist by permitting him to bring together the various themes with which he had been engaged. In Price's *A Generous Man* the assassination does not figure at all, but, as he explained, it was responsible for the shape his novel took. He had been working for some time on a "story of waste and self-destruction," and it wasn't going well. Then came the assassination, "and the great wave of blank waste which rolled over all of you of course included me and added to my own sour taste of idleness and failure." In despair for days, he suddenly got an idea for a different sort of book, a funny book, a book that would be an antidote to his unhappiness, and he went to work on it with enthusiasm. But it turned out to be a sad book after all.

Not many Americans were unaffected by the assassination, though it had various meanings for various people. Vance Bourjaily in *The Man Who Knew Kennedy* (Dial, $5.95) is examining the meaning of the event for the generation to which Kennedy belonged, and his novel is the story of a part of that generation.

When the incredible news comes over the radio the narrator, Barney James, and his wife are flying to San Juan, where they are to meet an old friend, Dave Doremus, and his new wife, with whom they plan to take a week's cruise on a chartered boat. All Barney knows is that he wants to get home and be with his children, and he insists on abandoning the cruise in spite of Dave's pleas. On the trip back he can think of nothing but the tragedy. He remembers that when he heard of Roosevelt's death he had just returned from a routine flight (he was in the Air Force in England). "Roosevelt's death had brought an hour of sadness for an old hero, gone to rest. We were ready for it, even if we didn't know we were. But I am no more ready for Jack Kennedy's death, I thought, than I am for my own."

Through Barney's recollections of Dave we learn about the relationship between the two men—their meeting in high school and their subsequent adventures, an idyllic cruise after the war with two beautiful and obliging sisters, and the ups and downs of their friendship through the years. Although Dave is the man who knew Kennedy, and it is his story Barney sets out to tell, they are of equal importance in the novel. In the Literary Guild *Preview* Bourjaily says that he had learned, living in exurban Connecticut, that not all businessmen were "Babbitts, or tyrants, or dupes, or operators," and in Barney James he tried to show "one of the good guys, the kind I liked." By and large he has succeeded. Barney is a small manufacturer, with reasonably high ideals and relatively broad interests, including jazz, Elizabethan poetry, and bird-watching. He dislikes Madison Avenue and tries to protect his children from television. His marriage is less than ideal, but, as he says, he knows how to get along with his somewhat promiscuous wife even if he doesn't always love her.

Dave, the more venturesome of the two, has led a less conventional life than Barney. Trained in the law, he has worked as an industrial consultant and has done well. He has also had a brief fling in politics. Although he knew Jack Kennedy only for a week or so, when they were in the same hospital during the war, he has known about the Kennedy family all his life, and has dreamed of doing as well as Jack Kennedy—or better. However, in the years before the story opens, before the assassination, he has had bad breaks, including a serious involvement with a young singer who is a drug addict.

As he is thinking about Kennedy, Barney suddenly remembers a man who was in college with him, a man to whom everyone looked up, a man who seemed to have everything, a man who possessed all the virtues of the moneyed families on the Eastern seaboard. The man in Barney's life was named Tom Angus. "Tall Tommy, hell, that was it. That was it; I knew Kennedy. We all knew Kennedy. He went to college and the war with all of us." Dave Doremus, he thinks, belonged in a way to the Kennedy type, and might have gone on to greatness if he had had better luck. Even Kennedy's luck, he reminds himself, didn't last: when he was on top of the world, he was struck down by "a screwy, jittering little clown." "Every man, even

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the most blessed, needs a little more than average luck to survive this world."

In an earlier novel, *The Hound of Earth,* one I have always liked, Bourjaily also made a historic event his center—the explosion of the atom bomb over Hiroshima. It is the story of a young scientist who tries to resign from the world when he discovers what it is he has been working on. Bourjaily's most recent novel, on the other hand, *Confessions of a Spent Life,* seems to grow almost entirely and directly out of his own experience. His strength, whether his approach to a novel is subjective or objective, is his familiarity with American manners in the postwar world. It is really, of course, only a small segment of American experience that he presents in *The Man Who Knew Kennedy;* but, such as it is, he gives it life.

The book is extremely readable, and in part, despite its solemn theme, it is charming. The Jameses and the Doremuses do take a cruise in the end, and though the days they spend on the ocean are full of emotional complications, Bourjaily writes with warm affection of the voyage itself. After the others have disembarked at Nassau and Dave has gone to his destiny, Barney and the skipper sail *The Bosun Bird* along the inland waterway to Long Island Sound, and the account of this trip, too, is written *con amore.*

What mildly bothers me about the book is that parts of it seem to me a little slick in a way that Bourjaily's earlier novels haven't been. Perhaps it is hard to write about the upper middle class in this age of affluence without either being angry or seeming smug. Bourjaily, who has written angry books, wanted to keep anger out of this one, and in that he was wise. I don't know exactly what would be the right tone, but I'm afraid he hasn't got it.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1226

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1226 will be found in the next issue.

DUIMI OMI ZIF CLMMLFC, ULF-

INIM BLYJWOWD, YW FUYHU O

JLLT YWHLAI YC LZ WL ONOYR.

—R. B. CAYDU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1225

I regard reviews as a kind of infant's disease to which newborn books are subject. —Lichtenberg.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Ciao Africa Addio

On hearing that a sequence of the purportedly documentary film *Africa Addio* showed the shooting of three Congolese youths, the Italian government brought charges of participation in willful murder against the makers of the film. Approximately one year later, Jacopetti and Prospero were happy to see the charges dismissed when footage turned up portraying the "victims" in the best of health and spirits, getting into position to be shot . . . by the cameras. Several other sections of the work were proven to be equally fraudulent.

Following its release, twenty African nations and other interested or well-meaning parties have demanded that the film be withdrawn from circulation, claiming that it is not only unauthentic but also hate-inspiring.

To this I would say that, since hatred is in the eye of the beholder, people's feelings, whatever they may happen to be, will not be changed by the outrageously uncouth piece of camp conceived by Jacopetti and Prospero, promoted by John Cohen's text (commissioned by the film's distributor), and highly recommended by your reviewer Charles Miller [*SR,* Jan. 14], *provided* that it is not passed off as a true, documented account, but as—I quote the definition coined by Mr. John Cohen's American publisher—"a factual camera-eye story," and a tall one at that.

Haidy Scafetta.
New York, N.Y.

New Campus Individualists

It is perhaps worthwhile to correct any false assumptions which might have been drawn from the statement in "New Look for the Campus Bookshop" [*SR,* Jan. 14], that "Ayn Rand . . . is popular with the new campus conservatives." To those who are not familiar with the writings of Miss Rand this might leave the impression that she herself is a political "conservative," a term which, unfortunately, represents as great a disappointment to the admirers of Miss Rand as does the current term "liberalism."

It might have been more accurate to call Ayn Rand's readers the "new campus individualists," as opposed to those students who merely defy convention and order of any nature for the sake of acceptance by the new breed of educators who wish to destroy the concept of true individualism.

It would have been even more accurate to refer to this group of young people as did Miss Rand herself—that is, as the "new intellectuals," as opposed to the members of the several literary, educational and political groups who are regarded as the intellectual élite of American society, and who at the same time are attempting to prove the helplessness of the intellect over such vague concepts as "society"-"culture"-"environment" and other favorite escapes from the concept of individual responsibility.

Martha Rather.
Starkville, Miss.

To Bogart

I have had a communication from a friend whose address is—and will continue to be for some time—Leavenworth, Kansas, and who is not permitted to write to editors. I quote:

> I read the review of *The Riot* [*SR,* Jan. 7] and almost blew my top. It was the most unfair thing I can ever remember reading. If not that, the reviewer was ignorant. Elli had each of his characters modeled after a type common in all prisons, and except for the protagonist they were necessarily two-dimensional, or they'd have detracted from the protagonist. The reviewer said it reminded him of Jimmy Cagney movies. Of course it did! That's the role 50 per cent of the men inside are playing. Gangsters learned how to act like gangsters from the movies. In prison slang, to intimidate is to Bogart—revealing in itself. Men with twenty to thirty years of their lives spent in prison read *The Riot* and to a man said it was the most realistic and honest prison story they'd ever read.

From the horse's mouth . . .

Dan Marlowe.
Harbor Beach, Mich.

Negative and Positive Forces

I must take serious issue with Harry Schwartz's assumption in his review of *The Jews of Silence* [*SR,* Nov. 26] that "in every century it has been the anti-Semites who have guaranteed Jewish survival by provoking a stubborn reaction" from Jews who might otherwise have left their faith. This negative view of Jewish history cavalierly disregards Torah, Jewish learning, the Holy Land, charismatic leadership, strong family life, and, in America, a growing network of *yeshivot* and day schools as positive forces in Jewish survival. Does Mr. Schwartz really believe the cliché, long discounted by serious thinkers, that without anti-Semitism there would be no Judaism?

In his oversimplification, Schwartz also does an injustice to two other important positive elements in Judaism: the mystery of the election of Israel, and the stubborn belief in a God who is not dead.

Incidentally, would Schwartz suggest that we in Israel import a few thousand anti-Semites to insure our survival here? This is one aspect of our culture in which there is, fortunately, a grave shortage.

Rabbi Emanuel Feldman.
Ramat-Gan, Israel

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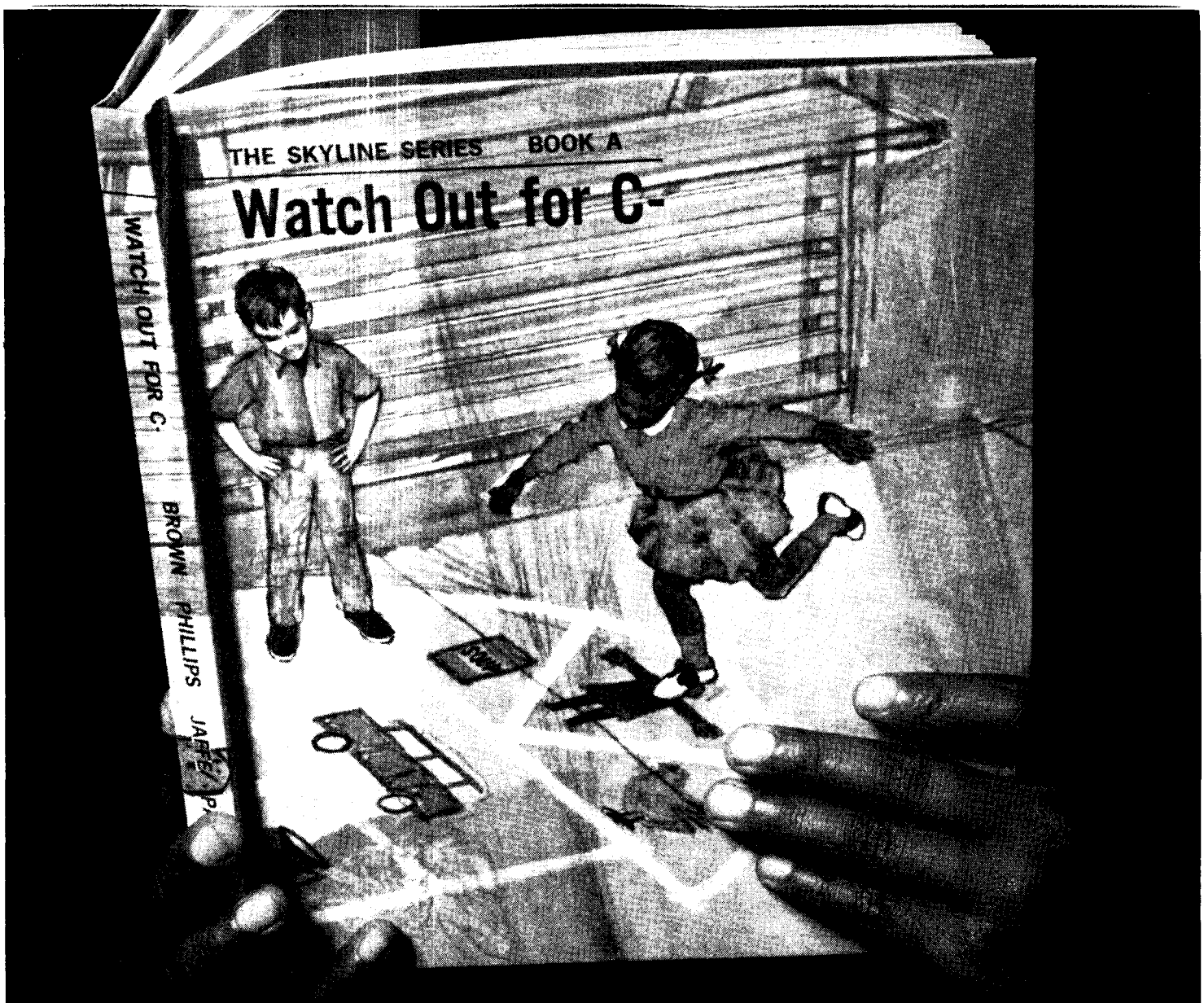

His name isn't Dick. Her name isn't Jane. They don't live in a white frame house in the suburbs. They've never seen a cow. They don't own a dog named Spot.

Sure, they're story book children.

But they live in a world where lots of people have black skin.

And Spanish names.

And make their homes in apartment buildings.

Where children often play on the streets.

And share a bedroom with their brothers and sisters.

It's a *real* world.

A world that an urban child can read about without feeling isolated.

Or left out.

Or somehow different.

It's the world of the *Skyline Series*, an important new group of grade school readers published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Skyline stories are beautifully written, and true to life. All arise out of the personal experiences of the authors, distinguished educators who have worked with interracial groups of children.

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And reading is just one of them.

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European Literary Scene

Vasco Pratolini's Florentine trilogy, *An Italian Story,* weaving together *Metello* (1955) and *Lo Scialo* (1960), now concludes with *Allegoria e derisione* (Mondadori). Metello was an obscure Socialist bricklayer whose sturdy body was to incarnate an entire society and period, Florence between 1875 and 1910. Written during the decline of Italian neo-realism, *Metello* provoked much dissension over whether it represented the transition of the postwar Italian novel from neo-realism to realism. *Lo scialo* ("Display") carried Tuscan history through 1910-30, a prelude to conflicts between nationalists and trade-unionists, ostentatious Fascism, and war. The 620 pages of the concluding volume record the most difficult period of all, up to that liberation which left Florence so visibly scarred. Hero Metello has given way to Valerio, also a worker but an intellectual coeval of the author's with whom he obviously identifies. Thus the series assumes here its greatest veracity, with Pratolini's own memory, as Dante might put it, "dictating" to him. Giuliano Gramigna summarizes the role of recollection in this latest work: "In Pratolini the victory over memory as a pathetic celebration has always come to him in the context of affable neighborhood narration, there where the world of the *rione* (people's quarter) contained, as if inevitably, the appearance of the truth of history, even though partial and humbled." Uncertain whether Pratolini has achieved a masterpiece, the critics are nevertheless impressed by the sweep of his vision and his total recall. What they might well point out is that the prolific Pratolini's many novels (including the important *Hero of Our Time*) all fit into a vast *tragédie humaine,* and that the trilogy is merely an integral part of this *roman fleuve* which is still to be completed. Indeed, an anachronistic page and a half dated "Valdarno, 2 July, 1965" in *Allegoria e derisione* indicates the novelist's interest in bringing his chronicle down to the present.

The exodus of Loyalist writers after the fall of the Republic left Spain bereft of Pedro Salinas, Jorge Guillén, Francisco Lorca, Arturo Barea, and others who settled at least temporarily in the United States. Not the least of these was Ramón Sender, who chose New Mexico as a Hispaniolized section of our country where he might write in peace. (His first published work dealt with Mexican religious problems.) His intensely Aragonese temperament unalienated by exile, Sender has continued to write novels in the best Spanish realistic vein. He must have been gratified to learn the other day that a reissue of his *Epitalamio del Prieto Trinidad* (Destino, Barcelona) sold out in a few days, and to read the critic José-Carlos Mainer hailing him in *Insula* as "our foremost living novelist." A new volume of tales, *Cabrerizas altas* ("High Goatherd's Huts"), just issued in Mexico, has provoked appeals in Spain that his works be more adequately published there. In the title story Sender goes back to his military service in Morocco, where he wrote his first novel, *Imán.* His violent hero, head of a colonial battalion harshly dealt with by justice, has been compared with Camus's Meursault and Cela's Pascal Duarte. The last story, "The Pasadena Roses," pictures a number of men in San Quentin's death row analyzing their destinies as their eyes follow on television the Parade of Roses. So far as I am aware, Sender has not yet published the collection of poems he showed me briefly during a visit to Albuquerque. These might well have the sober genius of his prose.

In France, where women copped most of 1966's major literary prizes, Mme. Simone de Beauvoir has come up with another short novel, *Les belles images.* In this she makes a tardy attempt to emulate the mode of expression characteristic of the familiar New Novel, and particularly of Nathalie Sarraute. Although at length she returns to traditional narration, at the outset she mixes conversations and observations in such a way that we must slowly sort out her characters, their identities, and their relationships. Dominique, Jean-Charles, the Dufrènes, and the rest—a mundane group they are, rather like figures in the slick magazine advertisements: the black-tied gentleman exhibiting his whisky glass like a trophy, or the tiara-ed girl sensuously fingering the surface of the 1967 sports car. The more Mme. de Beauvoir unveils her cast, the more foibles we discern. Laurence, the narrator, works in an advertising office, and gradually concludes that our society tries too hard to see itself reflected in the sleek artificial world of high fashion, cosmetics, and luxury.

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Simone de Beauvoir—"an impression of remaining unfinished."

That good living and creature comforts are not enough is symbolized by Laurence's daughter Catherine, who wants for nothing and yet weeps herself to sleep. She asks the probing questions for which the author seems to expect answers: Why do we exist? Why is everyone so unhappy? Etc. The message confusedly suggested by the novel is as old as Rousseau: civilization corrupts. The critics are by no means satisfied. Robert Kanters in *Le Figaro littéraire* arrives at an equivocal summation: "She has perhaps said what she intended to say, and yet her book leaves an impression of remaining unfinished."

Driven to repeated theft in the past, Jean Genet must now, to judge by his English-language royalties alone, be one of the wealthiest of authors. Blond has just brought out an English edition of *Querelle of Brest,* while Grove Press is publishing his third novel of lost innocence, *Miracle of the Rose.* Will there ever be a saturation point? His fans say no. Yet *The Times Literary Supplement* explores the possibility: "Genet seems to insist that we should hold reactionary views about crime and homosexuality, not for our own benefit, but for his . . . The proposition that what is most degrading is thereby most noble becomes a tiring one, as all such closed systems must. Genet leans too heavily on what he sees as our innate respectability, until we resent it."

The first of this month a distinguished German poet, Günter Eich, reached sixty. It is a high time we examine his work, or at least the two new volumes published by Suhrkamp of Frankfurt. He has been writing and winning major literary prizes (including the Gruppe 47 Award) since 1932, discounting his years in military service and an American Army prison camp. His collection *Anlässe und*

(*Continued on page* 49)

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The American Commitment in Vietnam

How did we get there and where are we going?

By BERNARD B. FALL

SAIGON.

SOUTH VIETNAM is the ideal place for reviewing books on this tortured country, for they restore a certain balance to one's own views of what is going on. Indeed, as one takes root here, he gets, like the proverbial Ph.D. candidate, to "know more and more about less and less"—*i.e.*, to understand fully the interplay of one small facet of South Vietnamese politics, or of the tense relations between one part of the U.S. Mission with another over the much-vaunted Revolutionary Development Program. But it is no longer possible to see how Vietnam is viewed elsewhere: American newspapers are unavailable or very old; local papers are heavily censored, and the reporting of the three major American news magazines is so heavily slanted in rewrite and editing by their home offices as to offer little that is relevant.

Even in the United States far too much of the writing on Vietnam is devoted either to particular aspects of the conflict or to the pleading of special causes at each end of the political spectrum. Few political scientists or historians have thus far made a concerted effort to place the Vietnam problem within the over-all context of American politics in the mid-twentieth century. Hans Morgenthau is one of them; and now we have Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The author of *The Age of Jackson*, *The Age of Roosevelt*, and *A Thousand Days* provides in *The Bitter Heritage* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) a brief but cogent appraisal of where the American commitment in (or is it to?) Vietnam came from, and what effects it may have in the long run, not on Vietnam or America's relations with the rest of the world, but on America at home. That is a worthy subject that has begged for treatment for years, and it is good that a historian and writer of Schlesinger's stature and talents has addressed himself to it as it were in midcourse—for, the way it looks in Saigon, this may be a long and nasty war with the end nowhere in sight, even if negotiations were suddenly to "break out," as some of the hard-liners around here are fond of saying.

Like all of Schlesinger's writing, *The Bitter Heritage* is peppered with hard-to-forget quips which will probably be quoted for decades or more, simply because they have, in addition to wit, the sharp ring of truth. Mme. Nhu was indeed "serpentine" long before she spoke of "barbecued monks" and suggested that American soldeirs were here to get themselves killed and not to dance. Diem did think of Americans as being "naïve and childlike, to be humored but never to be heeded," as certain past U.S. ambassadors should have found out (and informed the State Department) before Diem's attitude dragged us into a major war. And Schlesinger's definition of the Vietnam mess as "a triumph of the politics of inadvertence" will surely go down as the best and pithiest description of what really happened here: the United States picked up the Vietnam war as Britain once picked up her Empire—in a fit of absent-mindedness. Schlesinger decribes the present dissensions in the Communist world as "a scramble of warring tongs," a phrase that may soon be applicable to Red China alone. He brands unilateral military action as "the essence of isolationism," and not, as it is presented nowadays (ignoring U.S. military intervention in a dozen Latin American states at the height of her isolationist period), as the epitome of unselfish fulfillment of solemn pledges. And, finally, he warns his readers against "those theological statemen whose self-righteousness has almost sunk our age," among whom he includes "some . . . American secretaries of state."

In terms of hard substance, the book retells in nine chapters "how we got there" and what has happened since; takes issue with the war-by-proxy-with-China school; examines the analogies of the "this-is-our-Munich" theorists, and analyzes the impact of the war on American internal politics. This is a tall order to fill in a slim volume of 126 pages, and at times it would have been helpful if the author had taken a few more paragraphs to give his readers a fuller background. Thus the abandonment of Roosevelt's proposal to take Indochina away from the French and make it a U.N. trusteeship is not clearly explained, and my reading of the pertinent State Department documents does not show that there occurred a switch to a policy of making France a trustee instead, as was the case with Italy in Libya and Somaliland. On the contrary, it was decided at Potsdam in July 1945 to split Indochina (*i.e.*, Vietnam and Laos) at the sixteenth parallel, with the Chinese Nationalists occupying the North (into which they brought Ho Chi Minh) and the British the South (into which they brought back the French). Potsdam is nowhere mentioned in the book. The story of how America's intention was sabotaged by her Chinese and British allies would make for interesting and wholly new reading.

Schlesinger scores an important point when he reminds his readers that in

—*Wide World.*

Women and children being evacuated from village in northern Phu Yen province.

Hell in a Very Small Place is the latest book by Bernard B. Fall, author also of *Viet-Nam Witness* and *The Two Vietnams: A Political and Military History.*

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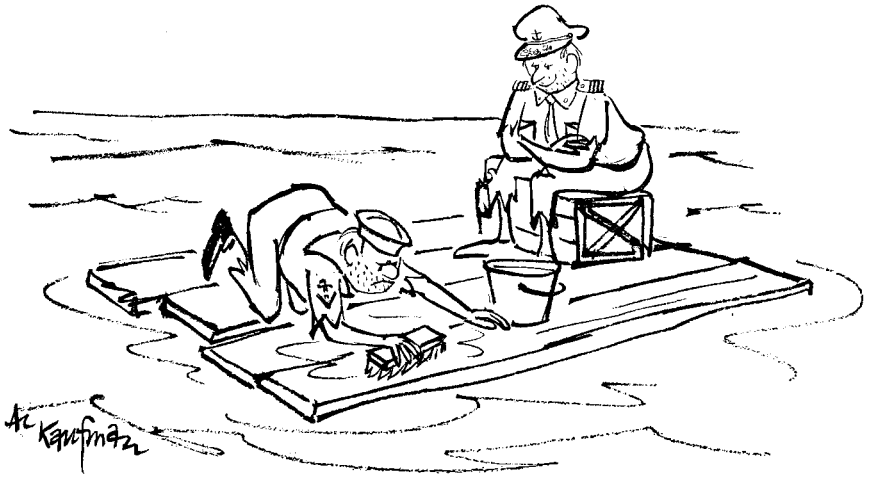
1954, when the French were agonizing at Dien Bien Phu, an American aerial intervention was planned and a Congressional resolution submitted by the Eisenhower Administration. In a dramatic showdown between Congressional leaders (including Senator Lyndon B. Johnson) and senior Administration officials, the White House backed down because, as Schlesinger observes with nary a smile, it had not yet "hit upon the latter-day doctrine that criticism of American policy in Vietnam is unforgivable because it brings aid and comfort to the enemy, and the nervous Nellies of 1954 had their effect." But Schlesinger unfortunately errs when he says that the United States "declined to take part" in the 1954 Geneva negotiations which led to the partition of Vietnam. On the contrary, the U.S. was very much in evidence throughout the conference, even if its positive contributions to the eventual settlement were at times not visible to the naked eye. America (and South Vietnam with her) declined to associate herself with the famous Final Declaration which stipulated nation-wide elections for 1956—but, contrary to some latter-day neo-*realpolitiker*, even that does not get anybody off the hook, for Article 27 of the 1954 Geneva Agreements most clearly stipulates that "The signatories of the present Agreement *and their successors in their functions* [italics added] shall be responsible for ensuring the observance and enforcement of the terms and provisions thereof." In other words, the Diem régime and its American ally, which succeeded the Bao-Dai régime and its French ally, had the choice of either adhering to the Agreement, or going back to war. In the words of President Johnson in July 1965, "we are at war in Vietnam."

On the other hand, Schlesinger gives us the quintessence of the late President John F. Kennedy on the Vietnam crisis. With all due reverence to the dead President, it will become part of the historical record that it was he (or men under him) who made all the decisive mistakes in the Vietnam situation. Probably no Chief Executive in recent memory was so badly informed about an increasingly serious situation as JFK was about Vietnam. It was during his Administration that the "politics of inadvertence" blossomed into a full-grown commitment. As soon as American "advisers" were engaged in combat operations, the fact that there were 20,000 under Kennedy and 400,000 under Johnson becomes of little importance; and perhaps some critics would be kinder to LBJ and his "credibility gap" if they were fully aware of the huge "misinformation gap" that existed between JFK and his own Embassy in Saigon, and between both and Vietnamese realities on the ground. Schlesinger, like the sound historian he is, does not sidestep the issue altogether when he tells the late President's anecdote about gradual escalation: "It's like taking a drink. The effect wears off, and you have to take another." Adds the author: "Yet he felt obliged to offer a small drink himself, and he increased the number of military advisers." To continue the metaphor somewhat further, it could well be argued that it was the Kennedy Administration that brought the bottle to the party.

Of course, *The Bitter Heritage* quotes in full the repeated assurances of President Johnson during his 1964 campaign that he would not allow "our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys," and his equally emphatic promise not to go to the North or South; and it is amazing how often both themes were repeated. Yet to the North the planes went and to the South the boys are going—and both are doing the fighting for apparently highly reluctant Asians. Figures that have become available in Saigon show that 117,600 members of the South Vietnamese armed forces went AWOL in 1966, an appallingly high figure which beats last year's record of 113,000 and leaves only inveterate optimists comforted by the thought that almost all of them went home rather than joining the enemy. During the same time span only 14,000 Viet Cong military surrendered under the "Open Arms" program. Here again it is well to wonder whether the real problem is not that the President is not telling the country the truth, but that he himself is being told different sets of facts at different times and then tends to forget it. Thus, Schlesinger cites Johnson's statement of April 4, 1966, to the effect that "50,000 of the enemy had been killed since the beginning of the year." Yet final reports for 1966 available here indicate that the cumulative total of enemy dead for the whole year was only 55,871! The same holds true for the alleged successes of the civilian Revolutionary Development Program. There is no doubt that some progress has been made, but when I cited back to some extremely well-versed U.S. Embassy officials in Saigon the facts and figures given last fall in a widely circulated White House report, they simply laughed: most of the figures were at best unverifiable if not altogether meaningless.

On China's role in Vietnam, Schlesinger holds to the generally sensible position that the Chinese are not by any means terribly desirous to become embroiled in a war with the U.S. and that, far from "controlling" Hanoi, Peking has shown a singular inability to bring its supposed lackey to heel. That, if anything, merely reinforces the proposition which American officialdom expounds about the Saigon governments since 1954: it is possible to pay much of a nation's bills without being able to control its policies. Schlesinger sees ultimate Asian salvation as lying more in Asian nationalism than in American intervention—a proposition which the fates of Afghanistan, Nepal, Burma, Cambodia, and Indonesia seem to verify. Those naïve souls who still wish to attribute the anti-Communist Indonesian upsurge of last year to the American "successes" in Vietnam should be reminded of two small facts: a) the Indonesian coup broke out at a time when there were two weak U.S. divisions in Vietnam, and there was not yet a certitude of their survival, let alone a build-up; and b) in 1948, in the midst of their anti-Dutch struggle, the Indonesians crushed another Communist uprising without outside prompting.

But perhaps the most valuable parts of the book are those in which Schlesinger reverts to his traditional role as a historian of America and a historical philosopher. There is a brilliant discourse here on the nonapplicability of Marxism to the solution of historical problems, as well as on the overapplication of the Munich parable to all situa-



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tions involving some sort of concession to the adversary, whoever it may be. In a few brief sentences the author describes how Eisenhower invoked Munich to Churchill in 1954 in order to obtain the latter's assent for joint action in Indochina, only to have Churchill—the man who had said "no" to Munich—refuse because Dien Bien Phu was not Munich. Just as Eisenhower, in 1956, refused to countenance British and French pleas in behalf of their Suez invasion as a step to prevent a "Mideastern Munich," because Nasser was not Hitler, the Suez Canal not Czechoslovakia, and the world not as it was in 1939. America's expulsion from bases in Morocco and France did not carry with it a rollback of bases in other countries. Nor did the Communization of Czechoslovakia in 1948—this time with America standing mutely by—bring about the collapse of Western Europe; on the contrary, it gave an enormous impetus toward the creation of NATO. "In deciding when to decide," says Schlesinger, "the criterion must be the human consequences—the results for people, not for doctrine." In Vietnam that option already has been exercised: "Chinese-inspired Liberation War doctrine" is going to be stopped once and for all, and hang the costs to the Vietnamese.

Which brings us to Vietnam and American democracy. Here the returns are far from in, and neither the Congressional elections of last November nor anybody's public opinion polls shed much light. Schlesinger sees McCarthyism on the rise and what he calls "explosions of political irrationality" on both Right and Left, not to speak of rising government pressures against *any* dissent. To be sure, he finds bright spots on the horizon in the leadership of some public figures and parts of the press; but he considers that the Establishment failed the country in the McCarthy era and is now failing again. He does not mention, however, the future price that may have to be paid in America for the Vietnam war, win, draw, or lose, when hundreds of thousands of young men come home completely inured to fighting in a semi-civilian environment where those civilians often suffer more than the military opponents. The resulting trauma is known to the French, after their Indochinese and Algerian adventures, as the "centurion complex"—the tendency of the returning frustrated military to apply "pacification" at home. Much of what passes here for pacification might work for a time in Georgia or Harlem, but let us hope that it never will.

Arthur Schlesinger has not got all the answers to the war in Vietnam (nobody has), but it provides an inescapably lucid background for asking the right questions.

A Cause for Castelfuoco

The Searchers: Conflict and Communism in an Italian Town, *by Belden Paulson with Athos Ricci (Quadrangle. 354 pp. $6.95), employs the tape-recorder approach to set down the attitudes of a cross-section of the citizens of Castelfuoco, 70 per cent of whose voters are Communist. Charles F. Delzell, professor of history at Vanderbilt University, is a specialist in modern Italian history and author of "Mussolini's Enemies: The Italian Anti-Fascist Resistance."*

By CHARLES F. DELZELL

IMAGINATIVELY organized and skillfully written, *The Searchers* offers to both the general reader and the specialist many revealing insights into the ways Communism has appealed to different social groups in postwar Italy. More than just the story of a small hill town thirty miles from Rome, where 70 per cent of the electorate vote Communist, Belden Paulson's book is a study of the individuals who happen to live in Castelfuoco and have both molded and been molded by it. The author is concerned with these people's search for self-realization—however they may define it or, as is often the case, how someone else defines it for them. Because their lives intersect, the fulfillment of one may deny it to others, Paulson emphasizes.

The book is the outgrowth of long acquaintance with Italy's social problems. During the 1950s Paulson spent six years there working with the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, helping to establish the Casa Mia center in the slums of Naples and a new community in Sardinia. In the summer of 1961 an Italian editor told him about the hill town with one of the highest percentages of Communist voters in the nation. He also put Paulson in touch with Athos Ricci, who, after joining the Communist Party in the 1940s and becoming one of Castelfuoco's most effective local officials, had left the Party because it threatened his individuality and negated

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

HERE DWELLETH

The characters in the middle column resided, for a shorter or longer time, in the homes listed in the first column. Lorraine Wise of Winnipeg challenges you to match up the place, the character, and the story in which they appear. The key to the directory is on page 46.

1. Kellynch Hall	Ashley Wilkes ( )	A. *Ivanhoe*
2. Woodview	Lord Emsworth ( )	B. *A Scandal in Bohemia* (Doyle)
3. Satis House	Edward Rochester ( )	C. *The Portrait of a Lady*
4. Thrushcross Grange	Irene Adler ( )	D. *Summer Lightning* (Wodehouse)
5. Manderley	David Balfour ( )	E. *Gone with the Wind*
6. Thornfield Hall	Anne Elliot ( )	F. *Wuthering Heights*
7. Rotherwood	Isabel Archer ( )	G. *Great Expectations*
8. Briony Lodge	William Latch ( )	H. *Rebecca*
9. Twelve Oaks	Catherine Linton ( )	I. *Kidnapped*
10. Blandings Castle	Maxim de Winter ( )	J. *Persuasion*
11. Shaws	Miss Havisham ( )	K. *Jane Eyre*
12. Gardencourt	Lady Rowena ( )	L. *Esther Waters* (Moore)

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the values of integrity and justice that had first attracted him to it. After talking at length with Ricci, Paulson decided to spend the autumn in this walled town of 4,000 and try to learn why its people were attracted to Communism. He obtained lodging in a nearby Dominican monastery, and walked every day through the piazza and countryside, talking to the inhabitants.

After returning to America for a few years, Paulson went back to Castelfuoco and its monastery in the summer of 1964. With the collaboration of Ricci and the help of a research grant from the University of Wisconsin, he launched an "in-depth" study of the community. Lugging tape-recorders, the investigators approached the townfolk at three different levels: first, they chose some of the "central characters" who either had made local history or who typified members of historic groups; second, a number of "supporting actors" who represented significant local interests; third, as a random sample, 200 of the 3,000 voters.

When the local people decided that Paulson was really an honest professor and not an embassy spy, most of them became surprisingly communicative. At the start of each chapter the editors introduce the characters (who are given such suggestive pseudonyms as Cristiano Terra, Amleto, and Spartaco) and provide a short synopsis. Otherwise the speakers are allowed to tell their own stories with a minimum of editorial revision. The interviews focus on several themes: the end of rural society, the decline of the aristocracy, the coming of Fascism, the advent of the Communist "idealists," the politics of the Communist organization men, the priests, the Christian Democrats, the bourgeoisie, the youth, and the rise and fall of a Communist Party secretary. The concluding chapter is entitled "Search for Commitment."

What emerges most clearly from the interrogations is that the end of World War II ushered in a period of popular ferment in Italy perhaps never before equaled, and that into this moment of intense search for a more equitable, forward-looking society the Communists stepped vigorously, offering the people a "revolution." Although they talked of class struggle and great social forces, their message was at the same time highly personal, and they generally succeeded in persuading people to join them in their cause. Many of the interviews reveal that a substantial portion of voters consider the Christian Democrats and other centrist groups to be really "reactionary" and incapable of offering effective competition to the Communists. Often they talk about liberal democracy as if they were discussing a punch-drunk boxer or a defrocked priest.

Paulson and Ricci's book partially explodes such stereotypes about Italian Communism as the belief that it will inevitably decline as *la miseria* is reduced or as political stability emerges; that it possesses monolithic unity; that all of its members regard themselves as atheists, and that the Party is simply a power-hungry, international revolutionary conspiracy not really concerned with improving local conditions.

The authors offer no quick solution. What is necessary, they insist, is not a new political party but action by small nuclei of individuals who seek to kindle genuine humanitarianism and to bring out in the Italian people those qualities that are wasting away.

The research methods employed are probably not as novel in contemporary Italy as the authors seem to suggest; but in any case they are useful and can shed additional light on our understanding of Italian political behavior. This excellent study would have been even better, however, if the authors possessed greater familiarity with the literature dealing with modern Italy.

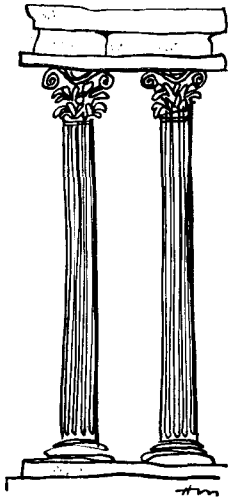
Hitler's Tenfold Revenge

Death in Rome, *by Robert Katz (Macmillan. 334 pp. $6.95), details for the first time in English the World War II massacre of the Ardeatine caves, in which 335 Italians were shot in reprisal for the killing by partisans of thirty-three German soldiers. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., was formerly Time-Life bureau chief in Rome.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

DURING the war in Italy no one was a Fascist and everyone was a partisan—or such, at least, is the way Italian memories choose conveniently to gild the past. Such delusions, coupled with the very real and very embarrassing fact that the partisan movement was largely directed by the Communists, have made almost impossible the proper reconstruction of some of World War II's most intriguing episodes. The fabled treasure which Mussolini was rumored to have hidden at Dongo during his attempted escape is one of those persistent mysteries that is caught, even today, in a web of pride and prejudice, and so is unlikely ever to be cleared up.

Some of the same elements are present in a horrible incident that the Italians refer to as *Le Fosse Ardeatine*, the Ardeatine caves. Italian partisans, most of whose activity was confined to the north, struck at German SS troops in the heart of Rome, on the Via Russella, one block from the Piazza Barberini. A bomb planted in a heap of rubbish exploded; it was followed by four mortar shells. Thirty-three German soldiers were killed. The German reaction was swift, predictable, and terrible: Hitler and Himmler ordered tenfold revenge. Italians picked up from Rome's Regina Coeli prison and swept at random off the streets were herded to the Ardeatine caves and shot. The mouth to the caves was blocked off by explosives, although that action did not conceal the crime for long. Altogether, 335 Italians were executed; the five extra ones were killed, in the words of one German officer, "because they were there . . ."



The details of this atrocity have never been published in English. Robert Katz, a young writer who has lived in Rome, has now reconstructed the events of those forty-eight hours, setting off his account with an introductory passage called "The Eve" and two concluding chapters, "The Aftermath" and "The Epilogue." Katz has searched faithfully through the records of the time, which include depositions from witnesses who testified before the Ardeatine Cave Commission, set up by the U.S. Fifth Army. He has supported his research with extensive personal interviews, and he writes his account with care, right down to documenting conversational fragments with footnotes.

All this should make an interesting book, and it is not easy to say why it doesn't. On analysis, though, several factors contribute to its lack of success. To begin with, Katz is a lusterless writer. Staccato sentences and short paragraphs, calculated to have shock effect, create only an impression of jerkiness in style

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and structure. Grisly aspects are included merely because they are grisly. The journalistic observation of detail is pointless, and does not build up to a sense of meaning and direction.

Beyond that, there are flaws inherent in the material which Katz has chosen. For all the rolling of drums, the fact is that there seems to be really no mystery about the Ardeatine caves; or, if there is a mystery, the author never tells us what it is, or what its solution is. He comes down hard—and one suspects rightly—on Pope Pius XII's "grotesque silence at the massacre"; somehow, though, *The Deputy* took care of that issue in part, and the theme is not quite able to sustain an entire book.

Many American writers and journalists who are not professional historians have done brilliantly with the stuff of history, and one is inclined to view efforts in that direction as commendable. It is not impossible that Mr. Katz may some day be able to make a real contribution to this literary movement. But he has a good deal to learn about writing first.

Beyond Human Judgment

Auschwitz, *by Bernd Neumann, translated from the German by Jean Steinberg (Praeger. 433 pp. $7.95), and* ***The Trial of the Germans,*** *by Eugene Davidson (Macmillan. 636 pp. $12.50), document respectively the court proceedings at Frankfurt in 1963-65 and those at Nuremberg in 1945-46. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, is the author of "The Weimar Republic."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

THE BRITISH historian Hugh R. Trevor-Roper once wrote a remarkable sentence on the mind of Adolf Hitler: "A terrible phenomenon, imposing indeed in its granite harshness and yet infinitely squalid in its miscellaneous cumber—like some huge barbarian monolith, the expression of giant strength and savage genius, surrounded by a festering heap of refuse—old tins and dead vermin, ashes and eggshells and ordure—the intellectual *detritus* of centuries."

This was the mind to which the German people, politically naïve, conditioned to discipline and obedience, turned in 1933. This was the man who set standards for the topsy-turvy land of Nazism, in which human dignity and justice were destroyed in favor of nihilism and blood values, and in which normal ties of public life were cast aside and were succeeded by ideological fealty to a monster.

These two books contribute much to the record of a tragic descent into barbarism. It is a horrifying picture of degradation, of triumphant sadism, of human beings turned into animals. This was civilization at its nadir.

Both giant volumes are devoted to court proceedings against Nazi war criminals—the twenty-two big fish at Nuremberg and the twenty-two minnows at Frankfurt. Let us consider them in reverse chronological order.

Auschwitz concentration camp was located in Poland on a marshy tract between the Vistula and a tributary, the Sola. It was opened in 1940, with old military barracks and factory buildings forming the core of what later became a complex of buildings. In this camp of death an attempt was made to exterminate European Jewry and other "inferior races." Historians estimate that from one to four million human beings died in the gas ovens and by a variety of other methods in Auschwitz.

On December 20, 1963, Robert Karl Ludwig Mulka and twenty-one other SS officers (*Schutzstaffel*—Hitler's élite corps) were brought before the court at Frankfurt in a trial lasting twenty months, the longest German legal proceedings on record. The case came to an end on August 20, 1965: sentences varied from life to three years and three months at hard labor.

Bernd Neumann, of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, was present on each of the 182 days of the trial. His *Auschwitz*, alternating paraphrase with direct quotation, is superb reportage. The author inserts no value judgments. The accurate, day-by-day account of events at the trial is in itself a document of great historical importance.

The defendants came from middle-class families; eight of them had a higher education. Most showed contempt for the court, laughed, insulted witnesses, and demanded that the prosecutors apologize. Few took the proceedings seriously: they regarded themselves as small fish who were trapped while the big fish continued their careers. Having deposited their consciences with their superiors, they had merely followed orders. They claimed that they were as innocent as their victims:

"I knew only one mode of conduct: to carry out the orders of superiors without reservation" (Boger). "I had nothing to do with it" (Hocker). "I believed in the *Fuehrer*. I wanted to serve my people" (Stark). "I naturally sought to save the lives of as many Jewish prisoners as possible" (Dr. Lucas). "No one died by my hand" (Hantl).

The defendants denied everything. "I have yet to meet anyone who did anything at Auschwitz," said Judge Hofmeyer.

The testimony brought out items of statistical interest:

—Barracks were horse stables with a

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capacity for 500 people, into which 1,200 miserable human beings were crammed together.

—Clerks worked night and day in shifts at seven typewriters making out death reports.

—The lockers of SS men contained a fortune in jewelry, the property of murdered victims.

—A main concern of the SS guards was that "new-born infants should have a prisoner number tattooed on their thighs right away, because the arm of an infant was too small for a number."

Other items are heartbreaking:

—Like dogs, Jewish prisoners in the yard of the crematories circled a doctor who was making selections for life or death—all "eager to read the least wish from his face."

—Women and children on their knees cried: "Take pity, take pity on us!" Nothing helped.

—No mother let her child go alone to the gas chambers. All of them went along.

—Scratched in blood on the wall of a barracks: "Andreas Rappaport—lived sixteen years."

—A nine-year-old boy: "I know that I know a lot, but I also know that I won't learn any more."

And above the front gate through which the new arrivals marched was written the proud slogan: "Work Makes Man Free."

The brilliant Hannah Arendt, who apparently suffers from a compulsion to shock her many admirers, has written the introduction to *Auschwitz*. After a careful analysis in which she speaks about evil, satanic ingenuity, and the climate of German public opinion at the time, she suddenly reverses her field: "Upon a first and careless reading of this book, one might be tempted to indulge in sweeping statements about the evil nature of the human race, about original sin, about innate human 'aggressiveness,' etc., in general—and about the German 'national character' in particular." The warning of exaggeration is fair, but how much can one exaggerate these atrocities? Such acts of overt sadism did not occur in a vacuum. Moreover, when Hannah Arendt's quotation marks tend to cast doubt on the existence of German national character, a host of scholars would be ready to challenge her.

EUGENE Davidson's *The Trial of the Germans* is a recapitulation of the story of the Nuremberg trial in 1945-1946. The author, known for his book *The Death and Life of Germany*, worked in research centers in Berlin, Munich, Amsterdam, Nuremberg, London, Washington, and Jerusalem. He interviewed three defendants (Admiral Doenitz, Hjalmar Schacht, and Franz von Papen), as well as survivors of concentration camps, prisoners of war, and Luise Jodl, wife of the executed general.

Davidson's introductory remarks concern the problems of guilt, mass murder, and the crime of aggression. The body of the book is devoted to the life stories of the defendants. Even though the trial was a collective one, the author seeks "the hidden springs of the National Socialist state" in the careers of the men in the dock. The presentation is scholarly, well-organized, smoothly written. The pen portraits, sketched in acid, are sharp and illuminating.

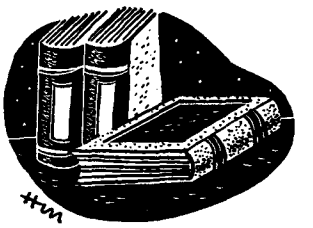
For those familiar with the material, the author's last chapter, "Two Decades Later," is of most interest. In 1946 Walter Lippmann saw Nuremberg as the milestone of a new era and compared it with Magna Carta, habeas corpus, and the Bill of Rights. In that same year Senator Taft objected to the trial as *post facto* law and expressed his doubts about its morality. The argument goes on today.

Davidson takes a middle view. He believes that the trial had to take place for political and psychological reasons, for shocking crimes had been committed on a huge scale. "Nuremberg was attempting to say something that was universally felt." A catharsis for the pent-up emotions of millions had to be provided and a record preserved for future generations. "The record would not completely document the infamy in the twentieth century, but it would reveal the vast concentration of evil that could be exorcised."

At the same time Davidson feels that Nuremberg was not the best forum to establish the rules for a new order: the victors were judging the vanquished. There was demonstrated a remarkable fairness and a fine show of legal form, but some of the individual cases left room for doubt. "It is difficult to avoid the uneasy notion that a man like General Jodl was executed because he came before the tribunal of the first trial instead of before a later court or preceding the executive clemency that marked the years after 1946."

But Davidson has no doubts about the tragic story unfolded in the course of the trial, which "shook the complacency of a Western culture that had overestimated the depth of its civilized qualities."

The sad fact remains that the Germans had received plenty of warnings. In 1835 the poet Heinrich Heine informed his



countrymen that if ever "the taming talisman, the cross" should shatter among them, primitive fury would break loose again. It was a remarkable prophecy.

In 1966 Karl Jaspers, the philosopher, told his people frankly that it was not all Hitler's fault; some of it belongs to the Germans who followed the *Fuehrer*. Jaspers is explicit: Hitler's heritage cannot be dismissed, and the new generation must recognize that history forms a continuity. This is precious advice from a wise old man to the bewildered youth of a nation scarred by the horrors documented in these two books.

For the Season

By Robert Wallace

ON a wintry parkway, far and deep
in black Connecticut,
we crested
on a lit Christmas tree of cars:
red,
slender,
blinking, tall
as something Danish,
rising to the next long wooded ridge,
topped with real stars.

Dark snow on either side, out-buildings,
woods,
dark farms,
the countryside itself
a sky of occasional, furry lights,
and rabbits in cold leaves.

We rode that tree, right up its lights!

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The Peaceable Kingdom of Bahia

Shepherds of the Night, *by Jorge Amado, translated from the Portuguese by Harriet de Onís (Knopf. 364 pp. $5.95), set in Bahia, reveals the author's exuberance and delight in the preposterous. After leaving the University of California Press, David Hales spent several months last year in Brazil.*

By DAVID HALES

THE BRAZILIAN novelist Jorge Amado already has many devoted American readers because of the rich vein of humanity he revealed in such books as *Gabriela: Clove and Cinnamon* and *Home Is the Sailor.* They should welcome this new novel about Bahia, which he so passionately loves. With its upper town of old colonial buildings and its lower town of commerce, San Salvador of the Bay of All Saints—to give the old capital of Brazil its full name—is one of the most romantic cities in the world. Replete with baroque churches (one for each day of the year) and temples of the Candomblé or Afro-Brazilian voodoo cults, Bahia has been called the "black Rome," a "medieval city surrounded by African villages." Its people represent a great variety of racial mixtures. "Any child can have bluish eyes, even if the father is a Negro, for it is impossible to sort out and classify the different bloods of a child born in Bahia. All of a sudden a blond crops up among mulattoes, and a pickaninny among whites. That's the way we are, praise be to God!"

It is not the saints but the sinners whom Amado cherishes and describes with such affection. Perhaps—with respect to his earlier novels—it would be better to say the sinned-against because, like Zola, he utilized his art to impale injustice. Amado's recent books, however, have tried to affirm the community among races.

In *Shepherds of the Night* the cardsharps and prostitutes, the poor and homeless take on a legendary air as though the author were describing a mythical kingdom; even the authorities, at whom he only occasionally jibes, seem to be malevolent gods who care little for the lot of mortals.

The first half of the novel deals with the marriage of Corporal Martim, favorite son of the taverns and brothels and a real "enlivener of the night." A gambler, he has pushed his luck too far with some

—*Desi Kegl-Bognar (Pix).*

Jorge Amado—"magic at work."

visiting backlanders and therefore, leaving his friends and love affairs, has had to go into exile up the coast. Rumors filter back that in his loneliness Martim has taken a wife but no one will believe it. It would be a bad omen if the most carefree of them should make so desperate a move no matter how desolate he was feeling at the time. Nevertheless, the rumors persist, dominating the talk at his good friend Tibéria's bordello and at all the saloons. Has Martim not been in many scrapes before? Does he not carry about with him a newspaper clipping of a recent court case that describes him as "a seducer" — which he considers flattering?

BUT one dawn reveals Martim scanning the outline of his city from the prow of a small boat, on which the beautiful Marialva is sleeping beside him. Ashore, he does not, as was his custom, immediately seek out his friends; instead he takes his wife to the house he has rented, playing the role of husband with ease. Gradually his friends put in an appearance and, much struck by her glamour, for the first time see themselves as husbands. However, the king of the vagabonds has met his match, a dominating woman, and it is left to his sentimental and gullible friend, Bullfinch, to bring about drastic changes.

The second part of the novel concerns the struggle of squatters in a *favela,* or hillside slum, to hold on to their homes in spite of orders for evacuation from the authorities. Amado has some fun at the expense of the politicians, who, as the storm brews, change attitudes like weather vanes in order to remain on top. Corporal Martim's adventures with love continue but this time in a plaintive key that introduces a lyric note to the narrative. Good storyteller that he is, Amado will often nod in the direction that the plot is going only to delay its progression by unfolding yet another of the incidents and surprises with which the book abounds. With absurd and charming episodes he also introduces and develops a multitude of characters. Amado's kingdom is far from underpopulated.

One of the interpolations, a short story entitled "Interlude of the Christening of Felício," contains the quintessence of Amado's art. A little masterpiece, it involves all the personae of the novel but singles out the Negro Massua, who, having briefly loved and lost the gay, fickle, harum-scarum Bendita, is later presented with her blue-eyed son. Massua cherishes the child, whom he plans to baptize. So that no injustice ensues in selecting one of the seven good friends longing for the honor of being godfather, Massua goes to the Candomblé temple to consult with the god Ogun. Ogun, the god of iron, whose decisions are inflexible, announces that he will be the godfather. Astonishing news, as no deity had been known to play that role before. Could Ogun actually be Exu, the god of deception and pranks who delights in imitating the other deities? How will the priest accept this sponsor? Nervous about it, Massua is nevertheless overcome by the honor. In this story, which is like an arbor in a lush tropical forest, one can see Amado's magic at work, his exuberance, and his delight in the preposterous.

There will, however, be some readers, and I confess that I am among them, who will at times find his writing in this novel effusive and overblown and his characterizations too sentimental, resembling an exotic breed of Guys and Dolls. As with Saroyan's writings, much depends upon falling under Amado's spell and accepting the world that he conjures up. For a more astringent view of Brazil the recently published *Plantation Boy* by another fine Brazilian writer, José Lins do Rêgo, is recommended.

Neurotic Brave: When you meet Joe Shasta on the first page of Martin Russ's new novel, *War Memorial* (Atheneum, $4.50), you know that Joe is going to make a decision, and you have a good idea what his decision will be. Joe Shasta is a Navajo from Gallup who comes to

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"I'm recommending it to novel-hungry friends. It has the double quality of charm and tease—no, a 'hook' into the mind is nearer it."
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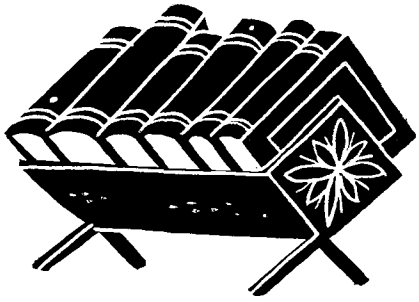
the Pacific Northwest in 1950 to look up his old Marine Corps lieutenant—and finds himself selling vacuum cleaners and sewing machines in the ex-lieutenant's shop, while fending off the assaults of the lieutenant's married sister.

The neurotic brave keeps his shoes shined and walks around in a battle reverie trying to find someone to listen to his war stories. He sees himself "just rusting, like an old tin can." Selling vacuum cleaners ("Those housewives out there are the *enemy*.") can't match the glory that Joe's warped recall finds in his memories of the three gruesome days on Tarawa, although in fact Joe only killed one Japanese soldier there and that one by accident.

For Joe, "Peace is hell," and when he learns the Marines are toe-to-toe with Red Chinese in Korea there is little



doubt what he will decide to do. That being the case, it is fortunate for the reader that he need not concentrate on the plot.

War Memorial is an effective little book (185 pages of sparsely-printed type). Its flashback scenes are abrupt, macabre, and gruesomely humorous. The aimless searchings of the prodigal warrior are skillfully depicted. But the story seems to be notes for a novel, rather than a complete work; it is a terse novelette in which the characters are as cryptically sketched as the writing style. While the reader can admire Russ's wry wit, and grimace appropriately at the pungent puns, he will have great difficulty pressing past the stark, arid shorthand of the narrative in order to find the bleak realities meant to underscore the story.

Joe Shasta is the kind of Marine who jumps eagerly on an arriving enemy grenade, only to have it fizzle out, a dud. With greater development, he could have been a significant tragicomic figure. Unfortunately, he is born, lives, and drifts away in altogether too short a time.

—BRIAN GARFIELD.

Pure in Heart and Pregnant: What do you suppose North Carolina hill people were like in 1915? It's possible, of course, that some believed in wizards and others dispensed magic, that they called their neighbors Sheepman, Schoolmaster, Farmer, and Dutchman. It's more than likely that young men lured young girls with promises of marriage; that the girls got pregnant and the men ignored them, and they had to settle for men who were better-natured but whom they didn't really love. But one thing I'm sure of: none of this happened as Helga Sandburg has it happen to Marn Coombs in *The Wizard's Child* (Dial, $4.95).

The author isn't out for realism in this pastoral idyl, so it has to get by on winsomeness and charm. Marn, the wizard's daughter, is beautiful, innocently wise, pure in heart, and pregnant. She is also an economical and Bible-reading housekeeper. Marn doesn't talk like any hillbilly I've ever heard, and neither does anybody else here in Old Mountain Country on the edge of Endless Quagmire. Maybe that's part of the charm, like Wizard's affinity with animals, though, as his wife says, he's half common-sense and half fake. The plot is pretty complicated, with startling turns that never quite surprise. First Sheepman's son impregnates Marn, and then Miss Sandburg marries her off (to whom?—that *is* a surprise), and other couples are appropriately matched.

Miss Sandburg's heart is in the right place, but she lacks the imagination or the depth to make this book serious. The novel affirms honesty and sympathy, values that attract us to the fellow Marn marries; but the ethic of hard work, a subsidiary theme, is inadequately related to these ideals. Moreover, Marn, the only character who acknowledges sexuality and finds sex normal and easy, still has her romantic evasions. One fears she isn't going to be altogether happy with her husband, nice guy though he is. But these deeper issues are never explored.

—JOAN JOFFE HALL.

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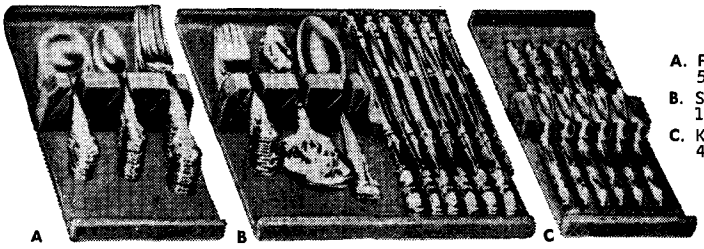

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9E, 10D, 6K, 8B, 11I, 1J, 12C, 2L, 4F, 5H, 3G, 7A.

In the January 7 puzzle, the No. 1 name should have been "Agrippina."

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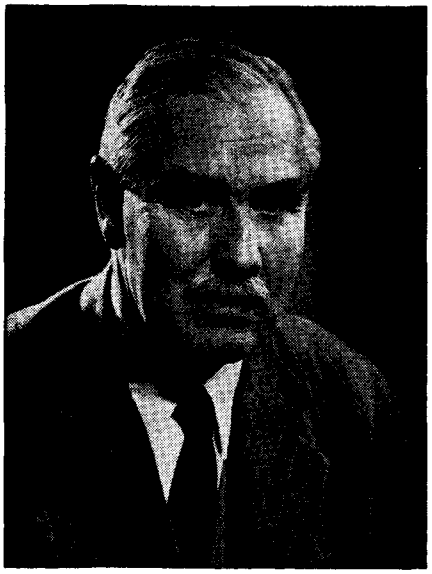
Foreign Service with Finesse



—Halsman.

Joseph C. Grew—sensitivity and optimism.

American Ambassador: Joseph C. Grew and the Development of the United States Diplomatic Tradition, *by Waldo H. Heinrichs, Jr. (Little, Brown. 460 pp. $10.50), reveals that "old school" manners in international dealings might well be applied to new states. John M. Allison, who served in the American Foreign Service for more than thirty years, was Ambassador to Japan from 1953-57.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

DURING his forty years in the United States diplomatic service Joseph Grew had two chief objectives. One was to forward the development of a professional American foreign service which would give young men the opportunity to progress until they had reached the highest rank, that of Ambassador. The other was to advance the cause of peace and cooperation among the nations of the world, which he believed could be done by the application of intelligence, sensitivity to different points of view, good will, complete honesty, and patience.

Waldo H. Heinrichs tells in this book how Grew achieved considerable success in the first objective but how, in spite of his best efforts to encourage peaceful change in an endeavor to settle the issues dividing the United States and Japan, war came. Perhaps it is asking too much, but it would have been interesting if the author had added a chapter showing how the good will and understanding that Ambassador Grew exhibited during his ten years in Japan carried over into the postwar era and helped ease the burden of those of us who followed him after peace had returned.

I first met Ambassador Grew almost thirty-four years ago when he came to take up his post in Tokyo and I was a junior language attaché in his Embassy. The Boston Brahmin from Groton and Harvard and the young Midwesterner from Lincoln High School and Nebraska University had little in common at that time except a devotion to the American Foreign Service and a penchant for detective stories. As this book makes clear, only a few years previously Ambassador Grew, in his attempts to bring about what he considered a professional foreign service, had been charged with favoring the products of the Ivy League colleges and young men of wealth and social position at the expense of those who came from less exalted schools and a more plebeian background.

There was truth in these charges, but, Professor Heinrichs scrupulously points out, just as the Ambassador changed his attitude toward social, political, and international affairs as the world around him changed, so did his attitude toward the newer type of foreign service officer, who in greater and greater numbers was coming from all sections of America and from many different milieus. Whatever our background, we who worked directly or indirectly with Ambassador Grew were constantly inspired by word and deed to do our best to make the foreign service worthy of the trust of the American people. I can think of seven of us who, due in no small part to his encouragement and example, eventually became Ambassadors; four in fact are still serving—in Paris, Stockholm, Djakarta, and Colombo.

As one reads Professor Heinrichs's account of the principles that motivated this leader of what we now call "old school diplomacy" it is interesting to note how few of these "old school" precepts are out of date; we might benefit from a judicious adoption of certain of them in our diplomacy today. The training of the "old school diplomat" was, the author remarks, a positive help to Am-

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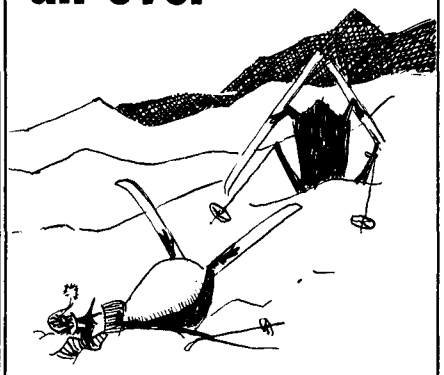

SYNANON: THE TUNNEL BACK. *Lewis Yablonsky.* This is the story of Synanon, a community of ex-drug addicts who help one another through the exhausting experience of withdrawal and rehabilitation. The members of the community live together, work together, and participate in group sessions, during which they probe their individual and joint problems with savage candor. The experiment has had a rehabilitation rate far higher than those of more "legitimate" agencies. *(A891)* **$1.95**

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bassador Grew in his dealings in Turkey with the new government of Kemal.

> Courtier diplomacy, after all, was not so far removed from popular diplomacy. Both depended partly on mood, impression, form, the irrational and emotional in human conduct. . . . None were more sensitive than old school diplomats to the barometer of national prestige, none more devoted and assiduous in ministering to the ego in nationalism. Every curlicue in protocol had as its objective the preservation of unruffled national dignity. To a nation quivering with new-found dignity such as Turkey, Grew's seasoned diplomacy and manifest good will were flattering indeed.

The application of these same principles to the new nations in Asia and Africa is, it seems to me, obvious.

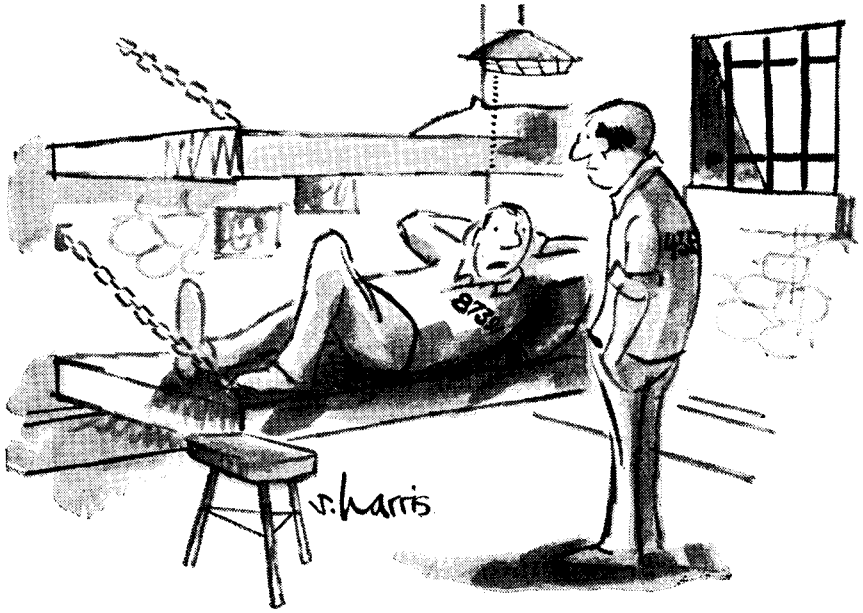
Ambassador Grew's experience in old school diplomacy also gave him a sensitivity to different viewpoints and customs, and an understanding that we cannot judge others by ourselves, which no diplomat today can afford to ignore. Professor Heinrichs summarizes a portion of the Ambassador's diary while in Japan which still has validity:

> No greater error could be made than to think that because Japanese adopted Western dress, language and customs, they thought like Westerners. One should never try to measure their reaction by Western yardsticks.

The largest portion of this book rightly deals with Ambassador Grew's long residence in Japan and his constant efforts to keep the relations of our two countries on an even keel. The author has consulted Mr. Grew's voluminous papers, Japanese and other sources, including interviews with persons closely associated with the Ambassador. The result is an intriguing case study of the limitations of diplomacy when overpowering national ambitions and popular emotionalism complicate the issues. Mr. Grew's diplomacy was essentially personal, based upon mutual trust and good will; at several points it seemed on the verge of success, but in the end it could not prevail. Professor Heinrichs makes much of the Ambassador's congenital optimism, which he sees as one of the factors that at times led Mr. Grew into error. This is probably true, but his optimism was not of the Pollyanna variety, and in the world which he faced then and which diplomats face today one must be something of an optimist if despair is not to take over and prevent any constructive action.

The book has some minor mistakes that could easily have been avoided. The Ambassador would have been horrified, I'm sure, to have seen the Metropolitan Club in Washington called the "Cosmopolitan Club." Also, the *Gripsholm*, which brought the Grews and some 1,500 other Americans back from temporary internment in Asia after the Pacific war began, did not dock in New York but in Newark; at least that is where I got off. Moreover, the author's style leaves something to be desired. Although everything of importance is included, along with some items of but slight significance, one is reminded of what Sir Harold Nicolson says in his diary about his own biography of Dwight Morrow: "It just crawls along in prose."

This study may not have too large a popular sale, but it should be a most useful adjunct to college courses in diplomacy and international relations. The book is full of meat and tells much of our recent history that should not be forgotten.



"They feed us, they clothe us, they tell us where to work—this place is a perfect example of Communism in action!"

Law and Limits

The Big Blue Line: Police Power vs. Human Rights, *by Ed Cray (Coward-McCann. 226 pp. $5.95), presents the case for civilian review boards and other restraints on law enforcement officers. Fred J. Cook's latest book is "The Secret Rulers," a study of organized crime.*

By FRED J. COOK

ONE CRISP spring morning in Albany, New York, a telephone company executive stopped to watch policemen manhandling and beating a young Negro. He expressed mild wonderment—and was shoved into the back of a police car, himself under arrest for having the presumption to question.

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Irene Lucero was giving her children a bath when two plainclothesmen came bursting in and started to ransack her bedroom. The police had no warrant, but they had picked up Mrs. Lucero's brother, who allegedly used narcotics, and they had decided to search her home. When she protested, they twisted her arms behind her back, snapped handcuffs on her wrists, and dragged her off under arrest.

The difference in the treatment of these two defendants after they arrived at the station house tells much about American law enforcement. The telephone executive had friends (after all, he was on a first-name basis with the chief of police), and once his lawyer arrived, he was freed on his promise not to sue for false arrest. Mrs. Lucero was submitted to indignities. Police in their illegal search had found a bottle containing pills. She had told them they were vitamin pills (which they were, as the police laboratory subsequently found out), but the arresting officers were obsessed with the idea that Mrs. Lucero must have narcotics secreted upon her person. She was ordered to undress. When she refused, two male cops held and half-strangled her while two policewomen stripped her, spread her buttocks, and examined her rectum. "The humiliated woman lay weeping on the floor of the room," Ed Cray writes, while the two male cops stood there "making deprecating remarks about her nude body."

In the morning, after the police lab had filed its vitamin pill report, Mrs. Lucero was released without any formal charge having been placed against her. Her brother was also freed. In a suit against the two arresting officers—an action that brought the Los Angeles Fire and Police Protective League roaring to their defense—Mrs. Lucero ultimately won a judgment of $5,000.

The experiences of the Albany execu-

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tive and the Los Angeles mother are not isolated examples of injustice. On the contrary, as Ed Cray makes clear, they are all too typical of patterns of police behavior that are repeated again and again in cities across the nation. Because they are, *The Big Blue Line* is must reading for anyone who wishes to understand the demands for civilian review boards, the need for recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions restraining police powers, and the underlying causes of racial riots like those in Watts.

Any reporter who has worked in the ghettoes knows that, all too frequently, the police become the hated enemy. This book explains why. Ed Cray, director of publications for the American Civil Liberties Union of Southern California, documents instance after instance of police brutality towards minority groups. There is one law for the white; quite another for the Negro, the Puerto Rican, the Mexican-American. As a retired Detroit policeman testified, "the Negro is living in a police state" and there is always an "open season on Negroes." They are often arrested for no legitimate cause, brutally beaten and at times even shot to death. One patrolman in Pittsburgh had been suspended eleven times for such offenses, but still retained his badge and authority until he shot and killed in an unjustified incident.

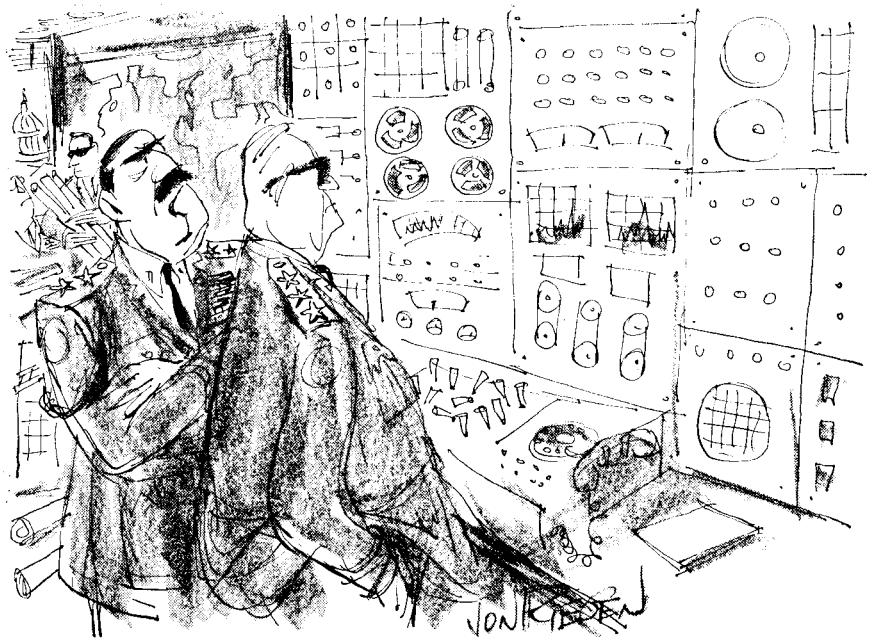
In such cases, the blue line bands together to defend the accused brother. Prosecutors, who must rely on the police for evidence; the FBI, which needs their cooperation, and frequently the lower courts, which consider themselves part of the official family, all combine in fraternal solidarity to protect the wrongdoer in uniform against the citizen wronged. The result is that situations develop like the one described by the Los Angeles Commission on Human Rights sixteen months before Watts exploded:

> A significant and ever-growing number of minority group persons are being led to feel that in any contact they have with police officers, they are going to be treated roughly. On the other hand, a growing number of law enforcement officers feel that in any contact they have with members of minority groups they are likely to meet resistance. These "expectations" on the part of both groups are likely to produce what each expects.

The Big Blue Line is a vital and much-needed book in the age of the mass society with its enormous police and official bureaucracies, each dedicated to the self-serving proposition that authority can do no wrong. Cray documents beyond question the necessity for the restraint of arrogant authoritarianism. He details the all-too-prevalent evils of bugging and wire-tapping; the unjustified search and seizure; the long and often brutal interrogation aimed at getting a quick confession—and often, as in three New York cases within the past year, succeeding only in coercing confessions to crimes the suspects did not commit.

Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis once wrote: "Crime is contagious. If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy. To declare that in the administration of the criminal law the end justifies the means—to declare that the government may commit crimes in order to secure the conviction of a private criminal—would bring terrible retribution."

The tragic events of the past two summers grimly testify to that wisdom.



"How do you suppose Grant took Richmond without one of those things?"

European Scene

Continued from page 38

Steingärten ("Occasions and Rock Gardens") raises its sights from social and political matters to more transcendental concerns—a breadth of interest which *Die Tat* of Zurich applauds as continuing "with great consistency along the road his intuition earlier revealed to him." This collection also commemorates the 700th anniversary of Dante's birth with "*Beitrag zum Dantejahr*," comparing him to two detective-story writers.

In Eich's radio plays his imagination races most freely. *Funfzehn Hörspiele* ("Fifteen Plays for Listening") contains his favorites. Probably no German poet has so fully explored the medium of radio for verse and plays. Appealing to their sense of hearing alone, Eich carries his listeners through many centuries and climes. His belief in the power of sound is illustrated by *Blick auf Venedig* ("Glance at Venice"), in which a blind beggar who regains his sight is moved to destroy it again so that he may recover the splendid concept of Venice which he had created out of its sounds and smells. Eich, says one German critic, is the poet of our dreams. In 1952 he won the War-Blind Prize for Radio Drama.

London's most controversial book this month is not literary but religious in nature. It is *God's Grace in History* (to be published in March by Sheed & Ward), by Charles Davis, Catholic editor and columnist who has just left the Church and plans to marry, as did Luther. Of the book Rabbi Albert Friedlander writes: "This is the final publication under Church imprimatur by the English Catholic theologian whose decision to abandon the Catholic Church has been compared in the English press to Newman's leaving the Church of England. Found free of doctrinal error by the Catholic censor, this exploration of secularity and religion nevertheless speaks in the language of Bonhoeffer's 'religionless Christianity.'" However, Charles Davis chose to make New Year's Day his own Guy Fawkes's Day by blasting the Vatican with blazing words, calling the Church "an institution which constantly crushes people," charging the Curia with "lies and stupidities," etc. Needless to add, the announcement of Davis's personal heresy on the day of publication is helping the sales of his book. Yet, as Dr. Friedlander concludes, "its interpretation is suffering. Some reviewers are overly concerned with tracing his road out of Catholicism within these lectures. Taken in conjunction with his earlier work, this book in fact becomes a contribution to Christian thought which deserves the closest consideration." —ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

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The Tyrant Necessity

Athens and Jerusalem, *by Lev Shestov, translated from the Russian by Bernard Martin (Ohio University Press. 447 pp. $7.50), attacks reason, logic, and knowledge as enslaving forces, and maintains that Biblical faith is the means of liberation. Will Herberg, graduate professor of philosophy and culture at Drew University, is the author of "Judaism and Modern Man" and "Protestant-Catholic-Jew."*

By WILL HERBERG

ALMOST every philosopher in the Western tradition has maintained that his teaching would prove a liberating force in man's intellectual and spiritual life ("and the truth shall make you free"). It was not until the early part of this century, however, that a philosophy emerged which made the liberation of the human spirit its message and goal. It was a characteristically Russian philosophy, with acknowledgments to Dostoevsky, though a variety of other sources were recognized as well.

The most brilliant representative of this school was Nicolas Berdyaev, who, in the quarter-century before his death in 1948, made a deep impression on the thought of the West. In *Slavery and Freedom* (1944) and in a number of earlier works Berdyaev laid down his doctrine and his program.

Lev Shestov, born in Russia in 1866 of Jewish parents, was a gifted exponent of these ideas. With a slight variation in terminology, he proclaims the same philosophy as Berdyaev. *Athens and Jerusalem* is a collection of four long essays published just a few years before Shestov's death in 1938. The theme that is sustained throughout, though variously elaborated, is the liberation of the human spirit from metaphysical enslavement.

This enslavement, Shestov insists, operates through the reign of Necessity—the necessity imposed by objective fact, and the necessity imposed by logic. Objective fact tells us that Socrates died of a state-imposed punishment in 399 B.C.; and however outraged we may be by this "impossible" event, fact it remains, and nothing we can do can change it. We are beaten and frustrated by Necessity. "Not even the gods can fight necessity," Plato sadly recognized. And Aristotle, quoting Agathon, laid it down that "one thing only is impossible to God: to make undone that which has been done." God too stands under the harsh and implacable rule of Necessity.

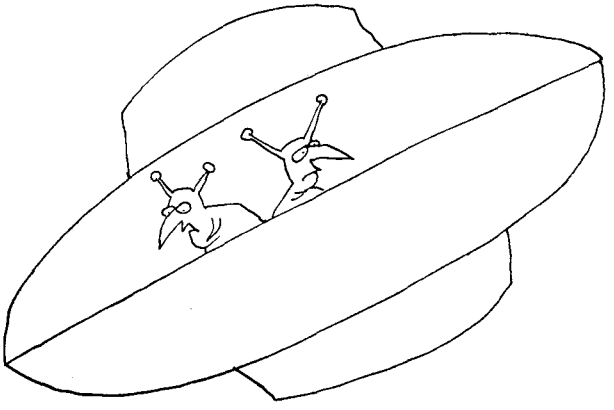
Even harsher and more implacable are the compulsions of logic: the "laws" of identity, contradiction, and the excluded middle. Who ever imposed these "laws" that are allegedly binding even on God? Shestov demands. By what right? And why should we acknowledge this alien and hateful rule?

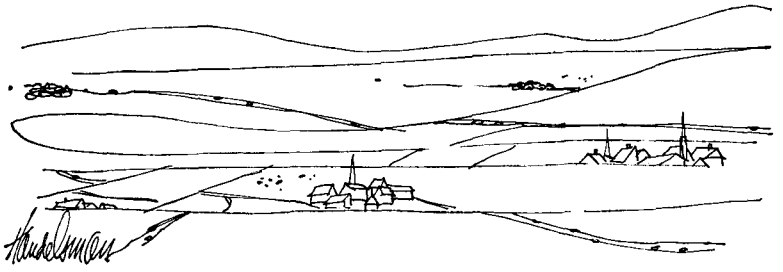
BUT may not these detested fetters be precisely what we need to lend stability, security, and ontological ground to existence? Ah, rejoins Shestov, this craving for stability, security, grounding, is what leads man to enslave himself, renounce his primal freedom, and settle down under the spiritless rule of Necessity. And he goes on:

> Groundlessness is the basic, most enviable, and to us most incomprehensible privilege of the Divine. Consequently, our whole moral struggle, even as our rational inquiry . . . will bring us sooner or later (rather later, much later, than sooner) to emancipation not only from moral evaluations but also from reason's eternal truths . . . It is granted to man to have prescience of ultimate freedom.

And this brings us to the second basic theme in Shestov: the liberating promise of faith. If reason, knowledge, logic are all agents of the tyrant Necessity, faith in the God of the Bible, for whom "all things are possible" and who has promised that for the truly faithful all things will be possible, is the power of liberation. In faith we may find the strength to "renounce knowledge, and seek the protection of the 'caprice' [of God]." "If you have faith. . . . nothing shall be impossible to you" (Matt. 17:20). Reason, logic, science are the word of Athens; faith is the word of Jerusalem. The one is the word of enslavement, the other the word of freedom.

Of course the theme of *Athens and Jerusalem* is not new. Shestov himself refers frequently to Tertullian and Martin Luther, for example. He might also have referred to the medieval Jewish thinker and poet Judah Ha-Levi, who warned: "Be not seduced by the wisdom of the Greeks; it bears flowers but no fruit!" Yet, however familiar the theme, Shestov develops it in such profound





"Amazing! You'd swear there were villages, farms, and roads down there. Actually it's nothing but marsh gas."

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and original ways that we soon come to overlook the irritating repetitiousness of his treatment. Yes, he ackowledges, "I irritate people, because I am always repeating the same thing. This was also the reason for the Athenians' dissatisfaction with Socrates." In the face of such candor, what can one say?

Indeed, what can one say about Shestov's entire philosophy, if philosophy it can be called? We have just about managed to swallow Sören Kierkegaard, with his Paradox and "objective uncertainty held fast by personal appropriation." Kierkegaard made no such frontal attack on reason and knowledge as does Shestov, and Shestov chides him for "hesitancy." Are we now to move over to Shestov's absolutely uncompromising position, burning all bridges behind us? There are several reasons, I think, why we should not be too precipitate.

IN the first place, Shestov's own position, despite all the repetition, is not very clear. Is he against philosophy as such, or does he want to lay down the "true" philosophy? It makes a good deal of difference. And then, how can we honor his revolutionary appeal to us to overthrow the tyrannical rule of reason, logic, and fact—quite in the spirit of Dostoevsky's "man from the Underground"—when he himself, in his very appeal, in this very book, relies so heavily on the cogencies of logical inference and coherent argumentation? In fact, reason emerges from Shestov's assault not altogether destroyed, because it is reason that is employed to destroy it.

And is Lev Shestov's conception of Biblical faith as opening up the vista of pure freedom true to the Bible? Hardly, despite Berdyaev and the mystics and theosophists to whom Berdyaev so often appeals. The Biblical faith has its own compulsions, coercions, and commandments, which are as rigorous as those imposed by the goddess Necessity. Shestov's "annulment" of history, moreover, is even more unbiblical.

There are many other objections that could be raised. And yet—for there is a "yet"—is it not shatteringly true that "all metaphysical systems begin with freedom and end with necessity" (slavery)? This is the shocking truth that gives real force to Shestov's radical crusade.

This is probably the best of Shestov's writings, and it is his only book as yet translated into English. The translation, by Professor Bernard Martin of Western Reserve University, is excellent, and so is his introductory essay on the life and thought of Lev Shestov. The Berdyaev school is now rather under a cloud—which is all the more reason why everyone interested in philosophy, theology, or the history of ideas should read this work of a truly gifted thinker.

Healer and Seer: Edgar Cayce, who practiced a special type of clairvoyance, has had several able and enthusiastic chroniclers, among them Thomas Sugrue, who wrote *There Is a River,* and Gina Cerminara, author of *Many Mansions* and other books centering on Cayce. The number of people willing to swear by his gifts is doubtless very large, and inquiry into his work—Cayce died in 1944—is further facilitated by the files of the Association for Research and Enlightenment at Virginia Beach, which has indexed more than 14,000 of his "psychic readings." Besides interviewing several people who assert they have benefited from Cayce's medical diagnoses and his suggested treatment, including the composer-conductor Alan Hovhaness, Jess Stearn scrutinized Cayce's retrocognitive and precognitive impressions on such subjects as geology (earthquakes, sunken continents, etc.), as well as his concepts concerning reincarnation, past and future civilizations, and the life patterns of new-born babies. Although in *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet* (Doubleday, $4.95) he maintains the stance of the detached, even hard-boiled reporter, Stearn gives Cayce the benefit of virtually every doubt. With dramatic human-interest material this works well enough; in other areas it tends to be all too selective.

When, for instance, a Cayce precognition suggests that Manhattan will sometime be submerged by an earthquake, Stearn tries to verify it by interviewing a retired Con Edison engineer, who tells him about "the Fourteenth Street fault" and adds "in the event of a major earthquake in this area, all Manhattan from Fourteenth Street south could very easily drop into the bay."

Anyone who has seen the full texts of Cayce readings must find them tough going, with convoluted sentences and elusive metaphors. Stearn has been almost too successful in picking out the concrete, leaving aside the verbiage that envelops it. Much in the manner of the priests who interpreted the all-but-impenetrable language of the Delphic Oracle, he selects, illuminates, juxtaposes, and amplifies prophetic and diagnostic Cayceisms for which he is able to find positive correlations.

The book makes one realize the immense comfort that a man of Edgar Cayce's obvious empathy and graciousness brought to those who approached him with their problems. As a diagnostician-healer he was in many ways unique; yet he was in the ancient mainstream of the sage-and-counselor who dispels doubts, reassures, suggests remedies, and points in specific directions. In our computer-ridden era the need for the sort of attention that Cayce gave is as strong as ever, but the medical profession and its adjuncts no longer adequately respond to it.

I think it does no injustice to the man to speak of a "Cayce legend," which Stearn's book tends to reinforce, and which the executors of his legacy would prefer to prevent from developing into a personal "cult." Nevertheless, the trance-like condition in which Cayce practiced his clairvoyance remains a mystery, in need of further research, as do the apparently related hypnotic and auto-hypnotic states. Stearn's enthusiastic reappraisal of Cayce's work should encourage additional inquiries that neither embellish nor scoff, but add to our objective knowledge of psycho-physiological frontiers. —MARTIN EBON.

"Aw, forget it, Bernie. It's either them or us."

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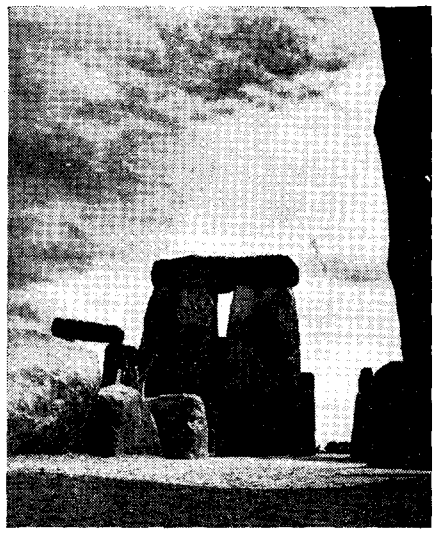
The Beauty and Mystery of Stonehenge

IT WAS a gray-silver day—which is something specifically English. It was neither raining nor sunny, but the sky was pearl and laced with sunshine one moment, sunless the next, and the rain came in short bursts like fine spray. On Salisbury Plain, the rain stopped, and a soft, cold wind blew. The plain offered an immensity that was an illusion, but an illusion never dispelled. In the distance, clouds piled up and here and there a thin black windbreak of trees or a clump of thicket—otherwise nothing. No dog or cat or man or car. It was the time of the day and the moment, yet here in the midst of the most populated area of one of the most heavily populated lands on earth was this great stretch of emptiness.

We were only a few miles from Stonehenge now, and already we had begun to feel the aura of the place—that indefinable sense that so many others had mentioned.

We parked our car. The British national monument people, who are a part of the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works, have been scrupulously careful to do nothing that would lessen the impact of the circle of stones standing alone in the immensity of Salisbury Plain. The parking lot is in a fold of the ground, almost out of sight. Rest rooms are underground. You come to Stonehenge, and it still stands alone as it has stood for so long. You walk up to it—and you become a part of it. It is a very strange place indeed.

Technically speaking, Stonehenge is a cluster of dolmens—*dolmen* being a Cornish word that means holestone, namely any large stone upended and fixed in a hole in the ground. There are dolmens of one sort or another all over



—*BTA.*

Stonehenge—"You become a part of it."

southern England and much of Western Europe. For the most part these dolmens, wherever they occur, are oblong slabs of stone, one end of which is set in a hole. Occasionally, they are finished stones; more often, they remain in their natural state and were chosen for their shape and symmetry

All dolmens are related, perhaps through religion or magic, perhaps as the work of one people. We do not know just how, but this we do know: that Stonehenge is unlike any other group of dolmens in the world. It consists of dolmens, yet it is not another dolmen cluster; it is related to the people who created the other dolmens—yet it is different from all other dolmens, and among its many other qualities, it has become one of the most enticing mysteries on earth.

From the air, you would see it as a great circular dish about 100 yards in diameter. In the center, about 30 yards, a broken circle of giant stones; outside the stones, meadow; then an earthworks, grass grown; and then a wide ditch. There is a break in the ditch where the entrance-road crosses it, and there is a big stone, fallen and called the slaughter-stone, although in all probability no slaughter was ever done upon it. Once, it was part of the entrance, the gateway to whatever Stonehenge was.

It is the inner circle of big stones that we think of when we say Stonehenge, and that is certainly the most dramatic part of the ancient ruin. This is called the Sarsen Circle, the stones that constitute it being of sarsen, a type of sandstone found on the Marlborough Downs, not very far to the north of Stonehenge. Originally, there were thirty of these great stones, standing upright to make the circle, and these were capped with thirty lintels, hardly smaller than the uprights. These thirty upright stones averaged about 25 tons each in weight, but within the ring were ten more upright stones, these also sarsen, and each of these almost twice as heavy as the 25-ton circlestones. The ten inner stones were arranged in a sort of horseshoe shape, every two uprights capped with a massive lintel.

Between this inner horseshoe-shaped arrangement and the outer circle of sarsen stones, there was originally a circle of sixty bluestones. Smaller than the sarsen stones, the bluestones were nevertheless substantial—each of them weighed between 11,000 and 14,000 pounds. Another circle of nineteen bluestones made an inner horseshoe, within the sarsen horseshoe.

Just inside the earthen bank that makes the larger circle of 100 yards, there are fifty-six pits or potholes set in a ring. They are called the Aubrey Holes after their discoverer, John Aubrey, and they are marked out in white chalk, and just what they are or were no one really knows; but they are the most fruitful source of speculation.

Such was the original construction of Stonehenge. There is enough left today to make it worth going a long way to look at. Seen from a certain angle, where four of the 25-ton standing sarsen stones still support three matched lintels, one can evoke Stonehenge as it was in the beginning, some 3,000 years ago; one can form the structure again, reconstitute it in the mind's eye, and partake of it. And that is the essence of Stonehenge—that one does not simply look at it; one partakes of it, recognizes it, and knows why it is there without knowing at all.

IT means nothing to say that Stonehenge was a temple used for religious purposes, for when it was built, there was no separation between man and his religion and his life and work. All were one. It was once thought that Stonehenge was a Druid temple, used for strange rites and human sacrifice, but the people who built Stonehenge were long dead and gone when the Druids first came upon the scene.

As to who built Stonehenge, there, too, all the authorities are less than specific. Out of any book on Stonehenge, you will find a listing of prehistoric people who inhabited that part of England, down through the centuries from 4,500 years ago listed as: "Native Hunters," "Windmill Hill People," "Tomb Builders," "The Beaker Folk," etc. This is simply a historical calendar. Those who built Stonehenge left only Stone-

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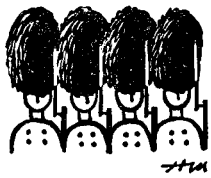
henge and some barrows and dolmens, no history or record or explanation.

In the world of ancient man religion was something quite different than it is today. It was not a thing for Sunday, church, holy days, or respectability; or a matter of faith or sin or forgiveness. It was something else that we have forgotten—the interrelationship of man and the universe—the beat of the universe and man's response to it. Stonehenge is a measure of this beat, an instrument, a tool, a vast clock. Not a clock of minutes and hours to mark off an indecent race with time, but a clock of days and months, of seasons and years.

This notion has been raised and abandoned many times. I cannot abandon it, because it makes sense. If Stonehenge is a clock, then obviously it is a sun clock, and as with all sun clocks, the position of its axis holds the key to it. We are not absolutely certain when Stonehenge took its present form, but in the band of years that would make a good guess, it was constructed so that its axis would point to the sunset on the evening of the summer solstice, or the longest day of the year. From this, it is commonly deduced by various writers about Stonehenge that its builders were sun worshipers; and here again is the confusion of today's religion with ancient religion. There is no real evidence that they were



sun worshipers, but sun worship is a tag to which we have attached our own meaning. The sun was a part of ancient religion, but so were many other things; and in terms of Stonehenge, there are many other factors besides sun worship.

What was the purpose and meaning of the fifty-six potholes that surrounded the stonework just inside the five-foot-high mound? These could have comprised an intricate system of measuring the year. A British investigator sees them as a sort of primitive calculating machine, and another British writer on the subject insists that they are a calendar. Why the circle of bluestones inside the circle of sarsen stones? The large sarsen stones were hauled only 20 miles over the gentle slopes of Salisbury Plain, but the smaller bluestones—the eighty weighing between 11,000 and 14,000 pounds each—were brought to Stonehenge from the Prescelly Mountains in Southwestern Wales.

Here, on a high, bare peak called Carn Meini, are the great outcroppings of dolerite where the bluestones were found, and from Carn Meini to Stonehenge—by water and land as the stones must have come—is a distance of almost 200 miles. I have been over all this land and I have observed the possible routes, and the task of bringing the eighty stones from Wales to Salisbury Plain staggers the imagination. And why? Why did thousands of men labor for months and years, build sledges and rafts, cut roads to bring these heavy stones over such a difficult distance?

There are two ways of looking at ancient man. Colored by our own racial prejudices, by all the lies and nonsense we have absorbed about primitive people in our own historic time, we can look back on ancient man as a sort of superstitious savage who acted senselessly and blindly and did nothing very much that made sense in our own scientific and pseudoscientific terms. On the other hand, we can regard ancient man objectively, observe how well he organized his own society, consider the longevity of his civilizations, examine his skill as architect and engineer and artist, and come to the conclusion that he was quite a fellow—with a great deal that we have lost, not only in terms of his knowledge of the world, but in terms of his knowledge of himself and his relationship to the universe.

It was in this latter sense that Stone-

A craftsman carving a Chinese chop (or seal) from a piece of ivory.

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henge was built, a precise engineering achievement constructed primarily out of two sizes of stone and two kinds of stone. Not only were the bluestones smaller than the sarsen stones, but they did not have to be cut to shape and size. In the outcroppings on Carn Meini, hundreds of them lay waiting, split by nature into perfect size.

But size for what? For what is that size the perfect size?

Again we return to the religious interpretation that stops all thinking about Stonehenge. Certainly Stonehenge was connected with the religious practices of the people who built it—just as a computer is connected with the social and industrial life of our own society. We need computers for our own social ends; and the people who built Stonehenge needed it for their social ends. Religion could not be separated from their social life and needs.

They needed a machine—a great unwieldy machine—but they needed it sufficiently to spend enormous collective effort to make it. There were certain specifications for this machine. It began with a circle 300 feet in diameter. They had to dig a ditch and raise a circular barrow five feet high. Then they had to lay out fifty-six marks and dig fifty-six holes. Then they had to erect a circle of great stones, shape them, and connect them with a circular roof of lintels. Within this, they required a second circle of smaller stones—some sixty of them—and now they faced a difficult choice. They were engaged in a stupendous project and they possessed only the most primitive and inefficient tools. Should they attempt to cut sarsen sandstone to the size they needed? Or should they attempt to locate another quarry of a different type of stone that would perhaps lessen their labor very considerably?

They must have covered all of southern England and Wales in their search, and they must have weighed many possibilities before they decided to transport the bluestone from Wales to Salisbury. They made the decision because it was the best and quickest way to get what they were after, but they must have desperately needed whatever they were after. They were building a machine of sorts—a calculator, a calendar, a bridge for their dreams or a new doorway into the unknown. But they were not building a senseless tribute to superstition. That is the main thing.

As to who they were, what they were, and what was their way of life—this we can only surmise. In some ways they were a very primitive people, in other ways they were not. They had a door open to the world. Otherwise they could never have built Stonehenge. Knowledge never comes to maturity in one culture; it is always the result of an interchange among peoples and cultures.

Stonehenge is superbly planned and executed architecture. There is the essence of its difference from all other dolmens in the British Isles and in Europe, and there is the key to a solution of its mystery. Who was the architect who built it?

Anyone who has seen a picture of the Lion Gate in the ruins of Mycenae in Greece will immediately note the similarity between the handling of these huge stones and the stones at Stonehenge, and the parallel can be continued by comparison with Agamemnon's ancient city walls. Take this together with a minor but unexplained mystery of Stonehenge, a number of Mycenaen axheads and daggers etched in the side of certain of the dolmens, and a delightful area for speculation opens.

The dagger and axhead marks are almost the signature of Greek civilization of the time. It was a time when Greek many-oared ships plied the Mediterranean from end to end, the time of the Homeric tales, the fall of Troy, the battles of heroes, a time of the individual. It was also a time of image-breaking, frontier-breaking, opening doors and expanding knowledge.

In this time, a Greek architect could have come to Britain. He must have found the people of Stonehenge engaging and rewarding, for he fell into the spirit of what they needed. Was he young or old? Did he die there in Britain or did he sail away with the memory of what he had created? And what were his feelings as he took the techniques learned in the building of palaces and city walls and turned them to the engineering of the strange sun clock and computer? How did he organize the job? Where were the hundreds and even thousands of workmen found? Interesting questions that cannot ever be answered.

—Howard Fast.

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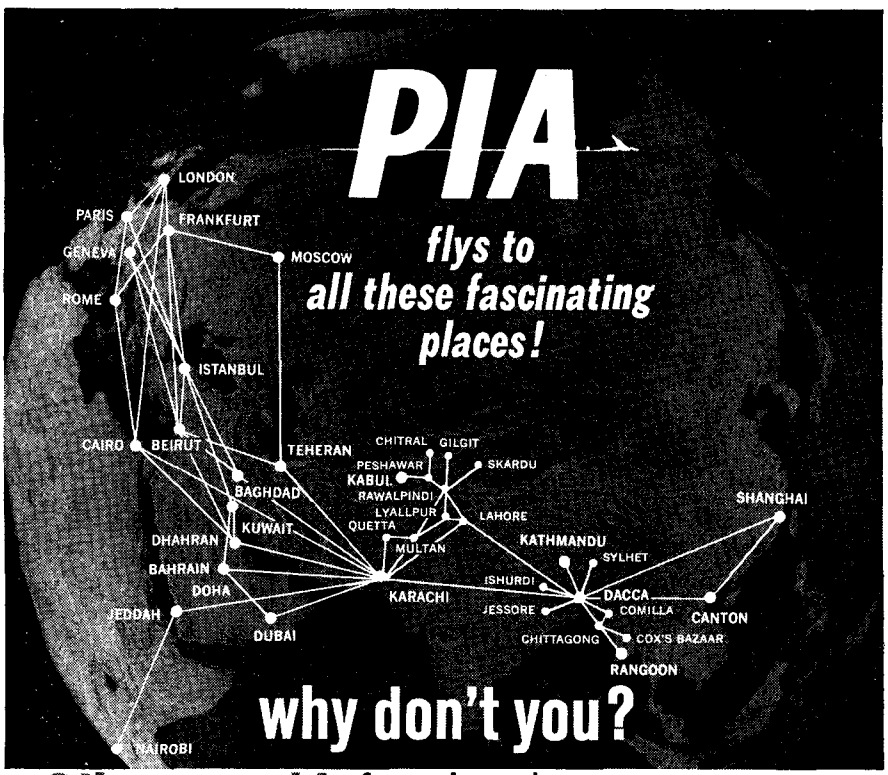

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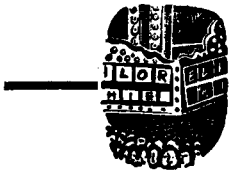

The Strain of Genius

I HAPPENED to meet Francis Ford Coppola, the screenwriter and director of *You're a Big Boy Now*, a few months ago, at which time he informed me that after a brief but torturous training period writing scripts for such big-budget films as *This Property Is Condemned* and *Is Paris Burning?* he had been granted the opportunity to make this, his own film, his own way. Coppola, still in his twenties, is thus new generation, new breed, possessed of talent, boldness, drive; and having proved himself — in some mysterious fashion—in the commercial ruck, now has the chance to prove his genius.

It is perhaps unfair to quote Coppola for or against himself, but reviewers, I suppose, ought to be able to equal the brashness of the film people they encounter. Therefore, I will further reveal that Coppola, who was financed in the making of *You're a Big Boy Now* by Seven Arts Productions, told me he was virtually off the hook when it came to getting back the not inconsiderable investment by Seven Arts. The television rights were sold for a sum very close to the production cost.

I mention this not merely to spread gossip, but because the information has bearing on the new shape of the film industry. Chances that might not otherwise have been taken, because of their commercial risk, are now quite feasible, especially if the film can be made in color, a factor that almost automatically guarantees network interest. Now the question becomes: How well has Coppola used his opportunity? The answer is: Not entirely successfully. He has, however, achieved some fresh, amusing, and invigorating moments, within a context of a slight and arch story. The film, made in New York, has not at all the look of a standard Hollywood product, as it skips along, pausing to examine some of the odder and colorfully seamy aspects of New York. It has an improvisatory air, and touches of modish mockery, particularly popular with the very young and certain film critics.

The tale, such as it is, deals with a virginal young man employed as a roller-skating stack boy in the Main Branch of the New York Public Library, where his father (Rip Torn) is curator of rare books. The father wants him to "grow up" by living alone; the mother (Geraldine Page) is doting and possessive, and given to sending him letters which contain locks of her hair. The boy, on his own, encounters a repressed landlady (Julie Harris), falls in love with the beautiful, sexy, disturbed star of a discothèque (Elizabeth Hartman), and is finally rescued by a nice, wholesome library clerk (Karen Black)—which, I guess, clears it for prime time. But so anxious does Coppola seem to illustrate his ability that it all becomes forced and entirely too artificial.

The boy, played by Peter Kastner, is a mixture of naïveté, sincerity, and goodheartedness, but, in attempting to sustain a prevailing tone of sympathetic cuteness, is just too cute. Better by far are Elizabeth Hartman, who makes her sexpot characterization into one of bewitching witchery, and Geraldine Page, who is delightful as the mother.

THERE IS, by now, no doubt at all about the sensitive and innovative abilities of Alain Resnais, whose latest film, *La Guerre est Finie*, was first unveiled here at last year's New York Film Festival. Now released, it shows Resnais as technically competent as ever, but the story he tells this time somehow never seems to live on the screen. With Yves Montand as a Spanish Republican still active in an anti-Fascist underground, still hoping to change the world, weary of the battle, yet persistent, Resnais explores his milieu, the dangers of his work, and, to a considerable degree, his sex life, with women played by Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. Resnais has made every effort to compose his film with precision, validity, and truth. He interlards a film that takes place in the present with flashes of what he terms "anticipation," and while these don't confuse, they are not particularly meaningful.

The relevance to today's political tide is never particularly clear, and I'm afraid the fact is that this tiny backwater of revolt and dedication to ideals is never made fully significant to the viewer. "Why should we care, why do you tell us this story?" we ask, and Resnais is too preoccupied with his technique to give us the answers. Thus, the film goes by like a vague dream, and a rather dull dream at that.

WHEN we come to *Hotel*, a Warner Brothers standard, we are on much more familiar ground. No question of genius at work here, just competent professionals, such as screenwriter Wendell Mayes and director Richard Quine, doing a workmanlike job. Constructed from the Arthur Hailey novel, the story focuses on a New Orleans hotel manager during one hectic twenty-four-hour period, and the problems posed by some of his guests. These include a British diplomat (Michael Rennie) involved in a hit-and-run car accident, his protective wife (Merle Oberon), a hotel thief (Karl Malden), a would-be buyer of the hotel (Kevin McCarthy), and his French mistress (Catherine Spaak). As the hotel manager, Rod Taylor is efficient and handsome enough to be a likely prospect for a job at the Plaza in New York. Karl Malden demonstrates the latest techniques in obtaining entrance to hotel suites, and Miss Spaak demonstrates certain sexual possibilities for a hotel manager with an eye for a feminine figure. While there is nothing thought-provoking or experimental about *Hotel*, it is pleasant, and painless, altogether slick—and rather a relief, in a way.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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The Quiet Merger

THE RECENT APPROVAL by a majority of the Federal Communications Commission of the merger of American Broadcasting Companies, Inc. (ABC), into the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (ITT) is a sobering reminder of the portentous need in this country for a national organization that will ably represent the public by continually scrutinizing the actions of the FCC. People will stir up storms over a single dubious program. Yet the largest transfer of broadcasting properties in history was made without the slightest whisper of public understanding or protest.

Several members of Congress raised questions during the proceedings, and Small-Business Committees of the House and Senate have suggested studies of the FCC's action—but the motions are of moot value. If Congress should hold hearings on the FCC decision and find it unsatisfactory, it couldn't do anything about it anyway, unless it rewrote the statutes governing the FCC. The transfer of seventeen radio and television stations and the ABC network and its affiliated stations has been officially approved, placing one of the three largest purveyors of news and opinion in America under the control of one of the largest conglomerate corporations in the world, a company that derives 60 per cent of its earnings from foreign sources, and 40 per cent of its domestic income from defense and space contracts.

The four commissioners who approved the merger said that it would serve the public interest by strengthening ABC's capacity to compete effectively with the other two networks. They said that ITT's financial help would enable ABC to enhance its programing services to the public, and that ITT, which now wholly owns ABC, would give support to the advancement of UHF broadcasting. Commissioners Bartley, Johnson, and Cox dissented.

Nicholas Johnson, the newest member of the FCC, wrote in an eighty-four page dissent: "The majority's treatment of this case . . . makes a mockery of the public responsibility of a regulatory commission that is perhaps unparalleled in the history of American administrative process." Robert T. Bartley, in his opinion, asserted: "The Commission has rushed into an approval of the merger without more than superficial attention to a study from the U.S. Department of Justice in which it states that the merger raises substantial anti-competitive questions." He warned of "the inherent danger of the broadcast operations' becoming a tool and image-builder for the corporate conglomerate. . . ." Johnson asserted that the ITT take-over would tend to reduce competition in broadcasting and that "the public interest will be significantly harmed by the merger."

At first no hearing at all was to be held. When Commissioner Bartley insisted on "a full evidentiary hearing," a compromise oral hearing was set; it lasted two days. "The most notable peculiarity of the "oral hearing," Johnson said, "was the total absence of any party whatsoever representing the public. . . . There was no cross-examination of a single spokesman for the applicants. There were no witnesses whatsoever presented by the staff. The applicants came with able lawyers, economists, businessmen, and distinguished citizens. The Commission had none. . . . To say that the individual Commissioners were there to represent the public is to totally miscomprehend the administrative process at this Commission. A Commissioner has but one legal and one engineering assistant. . . . Between them, ITT and ABC combine financial resources represented by total gross revenues well in excess of $2 billion annually. It is questionable whether the entire staff of the FCC (with an annual budget of $17,000,000) would be adequate match for such corporations. . . ."

There is not the space here to begin to report adequately the complex issues involved. The whole point is that not even professional observers of broadcasting could begin to study the transfer until after the FCC order was a *fait accompli*. The merits of the case cannot be debated here, nor can the efforts of ABC and ITT to effect the merger be questioned; their executives pursued personal and corporate goals that may or may not be in the public interest.

The majority of the Commission relied on the promises of the applicants never to let conflict of interests prejudice ABC's handling of news and public affairs programs. Broadcast journalism, said the majority, demands "eternal vigilance" and it "will receive our continuing scrutiny." Countered Commissioner Johnson: "The kinds of decisions which this merger will encourage are not susceptible to scrutiny even by the most vigilant agency. And the Federal Communications Commission has the well-earned reputation of being less than a thoroughly vigilant agency."

On the matter of ABC's alleged need for financial strengthening by ITT, the two dissenting Commissioners noted that the broadcasting company was doing very handsomely indeed. Actually, the financial assistance could flow the other way. Donald F. Turner, assistant attorney general, Antitrust Division, Department of Justice, in a letter to Chairman Rosel H. Hyde commenting on the proposed merger, said: "It was anticipated that after capital expenditures and debt repayment, and assuming ABC continues in third place, it would yield a cash flow approaching $100 million between 1966 and 1970, almost all of which was thought by ITT to be available for reinvestment *outside* the television business." A month later Mr. Turner asked the FCC to stay the merger, reconsider its approval, and reopen the proceedings. ABC and ITT agreed to delay the merger until February 2, but the Commission gave no indication that it meant to take any action to reopen the case.

TWO of our three national networks are now subsidiaries of conglomerate corporations with important foreign investments and military contracts. It seems inevitable that CBS will eventually seek to make the act a threesome, giving it corporate advantages comparable to those now enjoyed by NBC and ABC. The FCC has got itself into a mind set in which transfers of broadcast licenses are made as a matter of routine: Anyone who raises questions is somehow flying in the face of free enterprise.

It is not a question of the integrity of the applicants; it is a question of risking so much on the assumption of that integrity, at a time when America is deeply involved in the affairs of foreign countries, not to speak of domestic conflicts of interest. Surely the public has the right and the need to be better informed, *in advance*, about a situation where, in Commissioner Johnson's words, "ITT as the owner of ABC constantly will be faced with the conflict between the profit-maximizing goals which characterize all business corporations and the duty to serve the public with free and unprejudiced news and public affairs programing."

Perhaps the dissenting Commissioners should have sent up a signal—but even if they had, where are the public organizations with staff, with funds, with energies to keep on top of intricate dealings of corporate giants? Perhaps a foundation could provide the answer. Meanwhile, the public's interest lies in Commissioner Bartley's appeal to Congress to "study the matter of licensing broadcast stations to corporate conglomerates and enact legislation definitive of national policy with respect thereto."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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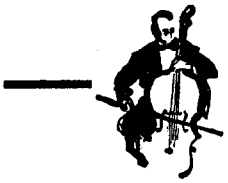

MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Return of "Peter Grimes"

FOR AN EXAMPLE of musical theater at close to its contemporary best, the reader is directed to the new production of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* at the Metropolitan. The dies that Rudolf Bing has cast in the customary gamble that goes into such a venture have, this time, all come up "natural" (in more than the sporting sense). By combining Colin Davis as conductor and Tanya Moiseiwitsch as designer, in their Metropolitan debuts, with Tyrone Guthrie as director, he has affiliated three English talents in the solution of a problem quintessentially English.

Between them, Davis, who had a superb success in his first Metropolitan venture, and Miss Moiseiwitsch, who fared nearly as well, could probably have brought off a result of high justice to the audio-visual requirements of Britten's score. But it was the resolutely resourceful, invariably solid intercession of Guthrie that put the emphasis specifically on the "theater" side of the equation. He gave a sample of what he was capable of, operatically, in some aspects of the fine *Carmen* and the less fine *Traviata* he did in the old Met. In each, however, he encountered resistances that made him resolve not to challenge again what he called "those high-C characters."

What prompted him to reconsider may very well have been that *Grimes* is devoted to characters of the high seas, those hard-bitten, time-tested, fate-challenged men who take to the boats daily (not always with an assurance of returning). The poem of George Crabbe, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, is poignantly realistic; and the libretto Montagu Slater elaborated from it is equally true to their lives and destinies. Thus Guthrie's abilities are as fully and fruitfully engaged as they have been on those numerous occasions, in dealing with plays ranging from Shakespeare to Shaw, which have established him as a dominant figure of the English-speaking theater.

He has, additionally, brought to bear something not quite within his grasp in *Carmen* and *Traviata:* an awareness that there are special problems to deal with in converting singers who are also acting into actors who are also singing. The order of priorities is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine; but Guthrie now understands the warring tendencies sufficiently either to bend to them or to work around them.

In *Grimes* he has established a workable relationship by making a foundation and supporting structure of the chorus, who comprise the people of "The Borough." They are, after all, the eternal ones, who greet the new day when the opera proper begins (after the prologue devoted to the trial of Grimes) and, again, greet another dawning day as the opera ends in the aftermath of his suicide at sea. This is as sound theatrically as it is poetically, for the chorus will go on, inexorably, as principals come and go. Thus to make them act and react as fisherfolk (within Miss Moiseiwitsch's atmospheric décor) is to ensure a permanently valid portion of the whole. Guthrie has not yet broken down the operatic convention which decrees that each voice group (tenors, baritones, sopranos, mezzos) must be segregated from every other voice group. But, at least, he has coached them all to be convincingly uncomprehending when circumstances so decree, or to convey a physically violent, natural reaction to a storm of gale force.

SUCH credibility alone establishes this *Grimes* as a vast advance on the production that introduced it to New York twenty years ago. Guthrie has proceeded from the general to the specific to evolve a series of character studies far more suitable to Britten's requirements than their predecessors. Outstanding among them is Jon Vickers, whose Grimes is not merely a career peak for this enormously gifted, sometimes contrary, individual, but very likely the best embodiment of the part the stage has yet known.

Possessed of both the physique and the vocal stamina for the part, Vickers has been formed by Guthrie into a powerful embodiment of the drives and the uncertainties, the inner tensions and, occasionally, the outer releases, of a fate-driven personality. Controlled this time were the lunges and purely muscular manifestations that Vickers has relied upon in even the best of his prior impersonations. Whether the credit is wholly Guthrie's, or partially Davis's, or mainly Vickers's, the end result is something of a rarity on the operatic stage: a virtuoso performance of a far from simple vocal task combined with a powerful involvement in the human condition that spells his life or death.

Affiliated with this centrifugal force are a series of equally valid embodiments of the other male roles—Geraint Evans as a properly stumpy, yet understanding, Balstrode; Raymond Michalski as a suitably self-important Swallow (the lawyer); Robert Schmorr as the pastor; Norman Scott as a particularly engaged interpreter of the carter, Hobson; Gene Boucher as the pharmacist, Ned Keene; and the others down the line (save Paul Franke, whose Bob Boles showed an incrustation of operatic barnacles beyond even the power of Guthrie to cut away).

His influence on the female performers depended, to an extent, on their receptivity. Jean Madeira, for example, has done nothing finer than her impersonation of Mrs. Sedley, the laudanum addict, to whom "crime" is an obsession, and Lilian Sukis and Mary Ellen Pracht were lively likenesses of the "nieces" who ply the world's second oldest profession in "The Boar," as was Lili Chookasian as their "aunt." On the other hand, Lucine Amara's Ellen Orford was not merely a gamble gone wrong: it was, for the most part, a limp suggestion of the strong counterforce this character should exert against the self-destruction implicit in Grimes. Whether a vocal indisposition (not entered officially but mentioned unofficially) was responsible for some of the odd-sounding, underproduced tones that were heard is arguable; but character projection was absent in the requisite degree.

What Guthrie did not do and what is, perhaps, beyond the capacity of any single individual to do, was to break the language barrier between the stage and the auditorium. Slater's somewhat stilted, archaic English bears its share of blame, but English remains the least intelligible of all the operatic languages, save from such a "foreigner" as Evans, who is, after all, Welsh. Madeira was next best, and Amara least good, with Chookasian very little better, Vickers off and on.

For so much to be said about the production of a contemporary work without discussing its musical quality may seem an evasion, but it is, rather, an affirmation of the status *Grimes* has won in its two decades. Whether New York "likes" it or not (and the reaction of an average Friday-night subscription gathering was decidedly self-contained), *Grimes* is a work with the smell and sound of the surroundings in it, redolent with the power of expression to command and hold the attention, superbly varied in its instrumental-vocal, solo-ensemble values.

So long as Davis is present to direct the aural traffic and Guthrie's influence prevails on the action, *Grimes* is exhibit B (for Britten) in the Metropolitan's gallery of contemporania. The management should persist with it, come empty seats or high water.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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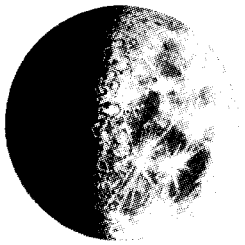
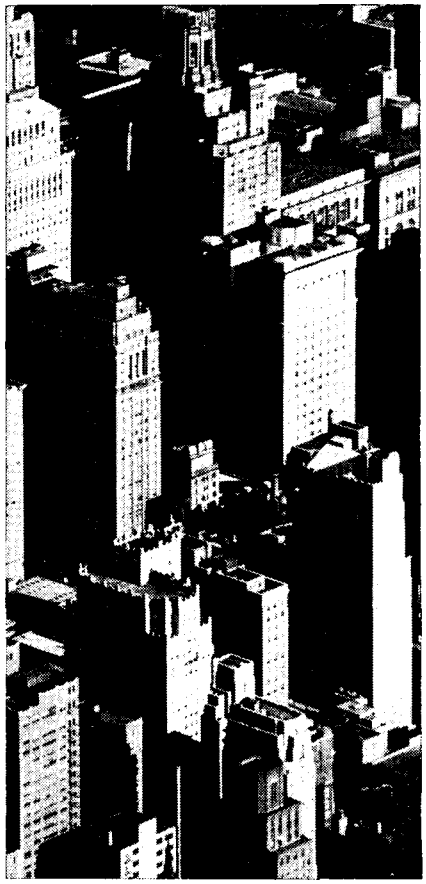
"If they can send a man to the moon



why can't they predict earthquakes?"



More than 650,000 people have died in earthquakes in just this century.

A warning, even a brief one, could save many lives.

But, there has been no known way to determine when an earthquake would strike.

Now there may be a way.

Aerospace scientists have used laser beams to detect and measure frequent, tiny movements of the earth.

By measuring small, but continuous, shifts on the surface of the earth, the scientists say they can pinpoint the major areas of stress.

This could lead to a means of predicting a major earthquake. The scientists weren't looking for a way to predict earthquakes. They were investigating use of the laser in space communications.

It often happens that way in science.

The solution to earthquake prediction may well be found within the aerospace industry. It is the same industry that is making it possible to send a man to the moon.

There are more than 200,000 aerospace scientists and engineers in the United States. They are putting science to work to solve the problems of a complex and heavily populated world.

North American Aviation, a leading aerospace company, is designing, developing, and producing some of the largest and most advanced systems known for space and defense.

Like many other aerospace companies, North American is also using the fallout of space technology to solve problems here on earth.

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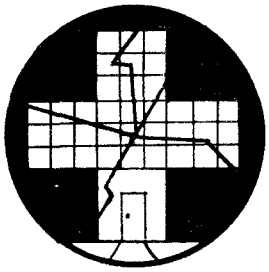

—Doug Anderson.

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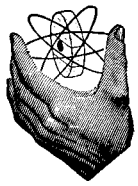

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN HOSPITALS?

"HOSPITALS started out as places of custody and consolation. Not long ago, all the hospital people could do was share your sense of despair.

"It's different today. The hospital people know they can help. And your hope has a toughness about it that earlier generations never knew."

Those are among the introductory sentences in a pamphlet that will begin circulating through American public schools in the month of February 1967. The little book was written and published in the Chicago headquarters of Blue Cross, the medical insurance agency, in an attempt to excite boys and girls into thinking of hospital work as a career.

The pamphlet's purpose is praiseworthy, for the care of sick people has become one of the biggest industries in America, and thousands of additional hands will be required if the job is to be well done.

What the pamphlet has to say about the past and present condition of hospitals is accurate as far as it goes. Hospitals once were way stations on a hopeless road. The next stop for most people was the cemetery. Today's hospital staffs do know they can help, and in many ways their help is magnificent. But in other ways they leave cause for wonder about their enthusiasm in giving the help that lies within their power. The patient's hope is tougher than before. It must be if he is to survive the host of minor shocks of inconvenience, uncertainty, and anxiety he suffers from those being paid to help him.

Consider my own experience just last month. I entered one of New York's finest hospitals a week after New Year's Day, for a minor operation. Since the scheduled surgery was elective, I had reserved a private room a month before. I checked in on a Sunday afternoon and was quickly assigned by number to a quiet room. Three different members of the admission staff repeated the room number to fix it in my mind. By the time I reached the designated floor on an elevator with an escort, the room had been occupied by a bright-eyed young female who had gone upstairs without an escort in order to get there first. The room I finally arrived in was the noisiest one on the floor, directly opposite the pantry and the public telephone booths. If there had to be such an incredibly noisy room in a hospital, someone, of course, had to occupy it. It might as well have been me. But what had moved the architect to perpetrate so ludicrous a travesty in designing the hospital?

My personal physician and the surgeon he recommended, both excellent men, advised provision for private registered nursing around the clock for the first couple of post-operative days. One of the three women chosen for the assignment spent a good deal of time away from the room, gabbing with old friends on the hospital staff whom she hadn't seen for awhile. We parted company before very long because of her resentment over my wish to discuss my medication with the surgeon rather than with her. Doctors didn't have time to talk to patients, she said crossly! Besides, she complained, I was the first man in her experience to object to taking sleeping pills. The other two nurses attached to my room were splendid people. One I class among the most dedicated individuals I have ever met.

Several days after the operation, which was so beautifully done I suffered no severe pain and only a fraction of discomfort I had anticipated (no recognizable effect at all from the anesthetic), there developed what my cautious physician thought might be a complication. A special type of time-lapse X-ray was ordered. In preparation for this examination, I was roused next day at 5 a.m., and my intestinal tract was washed clear of its contents by a series of enemas. My nurse left at 7:00 after telling me to expect a wheel-chair escort to the X-ray floor within a half-hour or so. The wheel chair didn't come for more than three hours, but various personages unfamiliar to me drifted in and out of the room, none of them able to understand why I should prefer to try to sleep while I was waiting.

I had been instructed not to drink anything after midnight. Anticipating my consequent hunger, the nurse who left me at 7:00 had explained that it would be possible for me to have a dry breakfast. "Dry breakfasts aren't much fun," she said. "If you could wait until after the X-rays to eat, you might enjoy your usual morning meal, complete with coffee." I had accepted her suggestion, and she had ordered my customary breakfast served after the X-rays.

PROMPTLY at 9 a.m., standard hospital breakfast time, while I was trying to nap in waning hope of the wheel chair's arrival, the dry breakfast I hadn't ordered was brought. The time spent in preparing and delivering it was, of course, doubled by its return untouched to the kitchen.

I finally telephoned the private office of my personal physician to ask that a search party be sent out to locate the wheel chair. Twenty minutes later, the chair appeared at my room door with a smiling young man behind it. Down on the X-ray floor I was again enveloped, as I had been earlier in the operating room, by an air of cool, easy-going con-

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fidence. Up in my room once more, the breakfast I had ordered the night before came, along with an invitation from the dietitian to delay my previously scheduled lunch. I accepted the invitation, fixing 2:30 p.m. as lunch time. At 3:30, the lunch was still missing. When my afternoon nurse inquired about it by telephone, the kitchen told her it had been told I didn't want lunch.

THESE garbled messages fascinated me because, before entering the hospital, I had read repeatedly in nursing journals that a major cause of the shortage in bedside nursing was the time nurses were required to spend on paperwork. If the nurses indeed were giving valuable time to record-making (instead of, as it sometimes seemed to me, enjoying long talks with eligible interns and resident physicians), it was shameful to compound the waste by failing to pass the recorded information on to those who might do something with it.

Almost as tantalizing as the "I have to write it down but I don't have to let anyone else know it's there" routine was a practice I came to call "never close the door." Almost everyone except the doctor and the surgeon practiced it. I pointed out that I had been ordered to sleep as much as possible. I explained that the corridor outside my door, aside from being riotously noisy, was continually filled with cigarette smoke, a small whiff of which would waken me. But I was alone against the hospital. The door opened at intervals, people peered in and sometimes entered, but no one ever closed the door except me. My protests were answered by hostile looks and indignant remarks such as, "I'm only trying to do my job, mister." Why the job required the door to remain ajar—especially after the job was done and the intruder gone—still mystifies me.

The distractions I suffered during my week in the hospital never seriously affected my well-being. The most genuinely frightening events of my stay were a nightmare and an incredible remark I overheard in the corridor. The remark came from a nursing supervisor with discomfortingly obvious psychological combat scars. She was addressing three new additions to the nursing staff. Her words were spoken sharply, in a tone of command: "Don't spoil the patients!"

One of my last visitors at the hospital was a well-known professor of the history of science. She explained what it meant not to spoil the patients. Hers was a chilly tale of having lain in that very same hospital, immobilized by a cast on her lower body, in a wet bed for five hours with no nursing attention.

Another of my visitors—this one a young man from Chicago—told of having spent an excruciatingly long period waiting for prescribed pain-killing medication in a hospital's intensive care unit of all places. Nursing staffs in intensive care units are large, and emergency treatment presumably is at the fingertips of every nurse.

NOW these unhappy aspects of the current state of American hospital care are not specifically mentioned in the Blue Cross hospital staff recruiting pamphlet referred to at the outset of this report. To call attention to them might repel rather than challenge the idealistic young people on whom the future care of the sick depends. But the Blue Cross pamphlet does contain a single flash of confirmation of the troubled situation reflected in the personal experiences of myself, the history of science professor, and the young man from Chicago. The pamphlet quotes Joyce Stalgren, president of the Denver Society of Radiologic Technologists in Colorado, as saying: "We need higher professional standards, of course. But that's not all. We need devotion."

The problem of nurturing compassion is not new to readers of these columns. Medical school responsibility for it was exposed here in June 1965. In December 1966 we published Dr. Joseph Stokes III's proposal that physicians discharge their responsibility by creating within medicine a new sub-doctoral profession licensed under the title, "medical practitioner." A few days after that issue appeared in print, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* published recommendations from an *ad hoc* committee of the Duke University Medical Center. The recommendations echoed an idea Dr. John D. Corbit, Jr. of Philadelphia had expressed previously in *SR*—that a corps of "assistant physicians" be trained in the medical schools. Speaking for the Duke committee, Dr. Eugene A. Stead, Jr. said in *JAMA*: "Our intent is to produce career-oriented graduates. Since the long-range goals of most females remove them from continued and full-time employment in the health field, we anticipate that the bulk of the student body will be males. . . . Initial recruiting efforts will be directed towards the military corpsmen ranks with the curriculum reflecting this level of student." In January 1967 our space was given to the American Medical Association for an exposition of its preference for a "primary physician" to replace the vanishing family doctor.

This month it is the nurse's turn to speak. Beginning on the page facing this page is an excerpt from a formal position paper drawn up by the American Nurses' Association. It is followed by the dissenting views of a nurse with twenty years of experience, and of a physician who heads a nursing school that still practices on-the-job training of the sort almost all nursing schools of the country taught until the ANA recently decided to concentrate on the theory of nursing. The fourth contribution to *SR*'s nursing symposium is a salty appraisal by a male nurse who will become the dean of nursing at Vanderbilt University on the first day of next July. Finally, a three-man research team at Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia tells how a computer is being fed a working model of the entire institution in a pioneering attempt to employ mathematics in restoration of all hospitals to the tradition of loving care embodied in the legend of Florence Nightingale. Miss Nightingale's legendary quality sprang from the fact that she was a woman before she became a nurse. It isn't always remembered, however, that Miss Nightingale once wrote "I would, far rather than establish a religious order, open a career highly paid."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

The Makeup of the Nursing Crew

ACCORDING to the Blue Cross hospital staff recruiting pamphlet several times cited in this *SR* symposium on nursing, there are 370,000 active professional nurses in this country. Most of them work in hospitals. All but 1 per cent are women. Government and professional estimators speak of a "most urgent need" for 57,000 more nurses "right away."

The Blue Cross pamphlet characterizes the nurse as follows:

"More than any other single figure, the nurse symbolizes hospital care. But she is not alone. The hospital staff includes many specialists who help the patient directly. The patient sees this team caring for him.

"First of all, the nurse herself has become many people. The old image of tender-loving care remains. But she is also a medical executive, a staff supervisor, a coordinator, and a highly trained health professional.

"Working with her are licensed practical nurses, nursing aides or orderlies, ward clerks, and secretaries.

"In addition, there are the many therapists—the occupational therapist, physical therapist, inhalation therapist, recreation therapist.

"And there are still more: speech pathologist, audiologist, radiologic technologist, dietician, medical social worker."

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The Position of Organized Nursing

TO POINT OUT that the practice of nursing has changed in the last twenty years is to point out the obvious. Major theoretical formulations, scientific discoveries, technological innovations, and the development of radical new treatments in recent years have produced marked changes in health practices. The knowledge needed by the nurse practitioner today differs greatly from that needed twenty or even ten years ago. She is now being required to master a complex, growing body of knowledge and to make critical, independent judgments about patients and their care.

It is recognition of this need for mastery of a complex body of knowledge, and the continuing need to learn and improve practice, that has led the [American Nurses'] Association to believe that:

The education for all those who are licensed to practice nursing should take place in institutions of higher education.

The essential components of professional nursing are care, cure, and coordination. The care aspect is more than "to take care of," it is "caring for" and "caring about" as well. It is dealing with human beings under stress, frequently over long periods of time. It is providing comfort and support in times of anxiety, loneliness, and helplessness. It is listening, evaluating, and intervening appropriately.

The promotion of health and healing is the cure aspect of professional nursing. It is assisting patients to understand their health problems and helping them to cope. It is the administration of medications and treatments. And it is the use of clinical nursing judgment in determining, on the basis of patients' reactions, whether the plan for care needs to be maintained or changed. It is knowing when and how to use existing and potential resources to help patients toward recovery and adjustment by mobilizing their own resources.

Professional nursing practice is this and more. It is sharing responsibility for the health and welfare of all those in the community, and participating in programs designed to prevent illness and maintain health. It is coordinating and synchronizing medical and other professional and technical services as these affect patients. It is supervising, teaching, and directing all those who give nursing care.

Professional nursing practice is constant evaluation of the practice itself. It provides an opportunity for increasing self-awareness and personal and professional fulfillment. It is asking questions and seeking answers—the research that adds to the body of theoretical knowledge. It is using this knowledge, as well as other research findings, to improve services to patients and service programs to people. It is collaborating with those in other disciplines in research, in planning, and in implementing care. Further, it is transmitting the ever-expanding body of knowledge in nursing to those within the profession and outside of it.

Such practice requires knowledge and skill of high order, theory oriented rather than technique oriented. It requires education which can only be obtained through a rigorous course of study in colleges and universities. Therefore, *minimum preparation for beginning professional nursing practice at the present time should be baccalaureate degree education in nursing.*

Yet, it is obvious that all of the nursing needs of people cannot be met by

the professional nurse practitioner alone. It is recognized that supporting personnel with considerable understanding of theory and a high degree of technical skill in the application of principles are needed to augment the efforts of the professional practitioner of nursing. This is due, in part, to a continuing trend toward specialization in all fields of endeavor and particularly in medical care. New knowledge and new machines almost daily render obsolete what has been learned in the past. The professional nurse practitioner alone cannot master all the measures necessary for the care of patients, nor all of the technology associated with cure. The association, therefore, takes the view that the technical aspects of nursing care and cure will assume even greater importance in the future. Nursing is not alone in this respect: Science, engineering, architecture, business, and medicine have all recognized the important contribution which can be made by the technician.

Technical nursing practice is carrying out nursing measures as well as medically delegated techniques with a high degree of skill, using principles from an ever-expanding body of science. It is understanding the physics of machines as well as the physiologic reactions of patients. It is using all treatment modalities with knowledge and precision.

Technical nursing practice is evaluating patients' immediate physical and emotional reactions to therapy and taking measures to alleviate distress. It is knowing when to act and when to seek more expert guidance.

Technical nursing practice involves working with professional nurse practitioners and others in planning the day-to-day care of patients. It is supervising other workers in the technical aspects of care.

Technical nursing practice is unlimited in depth but limited in scope. Its complexity and extent are tremendous. It must be rendered, under the direction of professional nurse practitioners, by persons who are selected with care and educated within the system of higher education; only thus can the safety of patients be assured. Education for this practice requires attention to scientific laws and principles with emphasis on skill. It is education which is technically oriented and scientifically founded, but not primarily concerned with evolving theory.

In many fields technical education long has been accepted as the responsibility of higher education—both junior and senior colleges. The nondegree-granting technical institute slowly is disappearing from the American scene. The movement of all types of education beyond high school into colleges and universities, and the growth and effectiveness of associate degree programs in nursing, are of significance to the nursing profession.

The issue—how the technical worker can achieve the status and prestige needed to perform a proper and vital role—is not an issue for nursing alone, but one which concerns the whole of society. The number of technical occupations is increasing rapidly; the ratio of technicals to professionals becomes larger as knowledge increases and society focuses more on production and distribution. Nursing can wait for the changes in society to alter attitudes and to spur an attack on this issue, or nursing can take the initiative. Therefore, *minimum preparation for beginning technical nursing practice*

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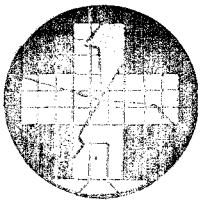
at the present time should be associate degree education in nursing.

In addition to the services of nurse practitioners, people in need of health services require the services of health occupation workers who can function as assistants to nurses. These workers—nurses' aides, orderlies, nursing assistants, and others with on-the-job training—have long been employed by nursing services to perform delegated tasks in the care of the sick in the hospital. Such workers free the nurse practitioner to concentrate on those functions which she alone is prepared to assume. Because health services today are provided in homes as well as in a variety of organized health facilities, and because all health professions are utilizing the services of these auxiliary workers, hospital training courses conducted by nurses no longer are adequate or appropriate for training this group of workers. The functions of workers assisting in the health fields are sufficiently general in nature to be appropriate to many of the health and helping professions. Therefore, *education for assistants in the health service occupations should be short, intensive preservice programs in vocational education institutions rather than on-the-job training programs.*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN HOSPITALS?

A Doctor's Opinion



By THOMAS HALE, M.D.

ONE of the chief mechanisms in producing the nursing shortage has been the accreditation program of the National League for Nursing. In 1953, the National League established certain "standards" that hospitals with nursing schools believed they must meet to gain accreditation. The great mistake that the League made in its accreditation "standards" was to encourage the withdrawal of the student nurse from the bedside of the patient by radically cutting down the number of hours of practice that would be approved for the school. In most hospital schools that have achieved, or are seeking, National League for Nursing accreditation, the hours of bedside practice have been so reduced that the student nurse has, in my opinion, in most cases become merely an observer on the wards. Evening and night assignments have been cut back almost to zero, and the program has been enriched with certain subjects that are admittedly interesting but are not directly pertinent to turning out a good nurse. In general, an academic atmosphere and attitude similar to that found on a college campus has been introduced. The service ideal of nursing has been downgraded and even ridiculed. Students are not given responsibility for patient care, and consequently cannot be taught to feel such a responsibility. At the time they graduate, too many of them are not capable of assuming the normal responsibilities of a general staff nurse in a hospital.

Two very serious problems have resulted from the withdrawal of the student nurse from the patient's bedside. The first is that the student at the time of graduation does not know how to nurse patients, and the second is that the cost of the school has been radically increased.

The first question is one of competency. Three surveys of the competency of the graduates of two-year associate-degree programs in New York State, made by the State Hospital Association in 1965 and 1966, showed in general that most graduates of these community college nursing programs were not capable at the time of graduating of giving safe bedside care, giving treatments and medications, team leading, or taking charge of floors evenings and nights. These are all things that were formerly expected of the graduate of a preaccreditation three-year hospital school. Surveys in New York showed that it would take three to twelve months of close supervision for the graduates of these two-year programs to gain these competencies.

The graduates of most four-year baccalaureate programs are little better qualified, if any. These programs, too, have practically eliminated bedside experience from the nursing curriculum.

An even more disturbing phenomenon is now occurring in hospital schools. Under pressure of accreditation, they also are abandoning bedside practice, and cutting down their curriculum from three years to thirty-three, thirty, twenty-seven or even twenty-four months. Graduates of this kind of shortened hospital-school program are little better prepared to nurse than graduates of two- and four-year baccalaureate programs.

Nurse educationists admit the deficiencies in the graduates of collegiate

A Veteran Nurse Dissents

I AM A nurse anesthetist and deeply interested in the current soul searching within the medical and nursing professions. Since I graduated from nursing school in 1948, I have witnessed the gradual but steady confusion in the definition of a nurse and of nursing.

Instead of clarifying and standardizing the qualifications of a nurse, it seems that the ANA is striving to elevate her professional status by creating a somewhat vague super-nurse.

I would suggest that the title R.N. be dropped and that nurses be classed as either professional nurse or vocational nurse. The professional nurse should be a graduate of a four-year college of nursing. All three-year R.N.'s with five years experience would become P.N.'s. With less than five years experience, the three-year R.N. would have to make up her educational deficiency. The vocational nurse should be a high school graduate with no less than one year of approved hospital training. All two-year R.N.'s would be required to make up two years of training or automatically become V.N.'s. The professional nurse would receive a B.S. degree in nursing, and the vocational nurse would receive a license. Both classes of nurses would be required to pass appropriate state board examinations.

Within five years, the ANA could achieve this unification of nursing standards. An information bulletin of these changes would warn all nursing schools and high school counselors of the new classification and requirements of each type of nurse, each essential to the health of everyone. I'm certain that such a decision would be met with overwhelming approval by the rank-and-file nurse.

The professional nurse would also qualify for specialty training in the following fields: public health, midwifery, anesthesia (50 per cent of all anesthetics in the United States are administered by nurse anesthetists), intensive care, including care of the cardiac surgery patient, extensive care, and perhaps a newly created specialty of medical assistant. The M.A. or medical assistant would be trained to do routine histories and physicals, start I.V.'s, draw blood, do urine and hemoglobin analyses, assist in surgery, and carry out the more complex doctors' orders. The M.A. program should be a joint medical-nursing endeavor.

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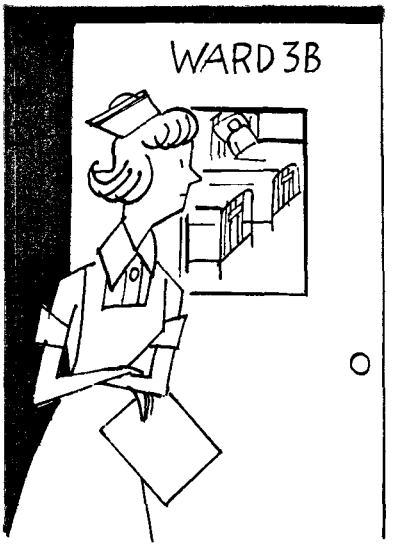
programs. This, I believe, has not happened by chance but by design. They have adopted the concept that nursing education should not train students to be practitioners of nursing, but should concentrate on the theories of nursing. Therefore, they say, it is not necessary for a student to waste time actually doing nursing during the collegiate part of her program. She can learn all she needs to learn about bedside nursing by being an observer for short periods on the wards of some hospital.

They seem convinced that once a girl has graduated from a collegiate program, the hospital should employ her as a general staff nurse at the same or a higher salary than diploma graduates, and then provide her with whatever is necessary in the way of closely supervised experience doing bedside nursing. What was formerly a part of the curriculum of the school of nursing, taught by the faculty of the school, and with the school accepting responsibility for the results, is now, according to the nurse educationists, the responsibility of any hospital that employs one of the graduates of the associate degree or baccalaureate programs.

So one of three things happens. If the new graduate does accept a position on a hospital staff, the hospital is forced to assign someone to watch her for a considerable period in most cases, and to teach her all the nursing skills and arts that were formerly a basic part of the curriculum of nursing schools. Many hospitals, of course, do not have the personnel to provide this kind of supervision. Even when they do have personnel, they are put to considerable expense to give this experience. In addition, they have a serious morale problem when incompetent and unqualified graduates are paid the same salary as nurses who on graduation are capable of handling routine responsibilities on the floor without any close supervision.

The second thing that happens (and happens frequently, I believe) is that the graduate of a degree program, because she herself realizes her inadequacies in nursing patients, does not seek a hospital position, but goes into some other area of nursing. This is particularly true of the baccalaureate graduates, who seldom enter hospital nursing, but more and more frequently obtain positions on the faculties of other nursing schools, either associate degree or baccalaureate programs. Not knowing themselves how to nurse, they easily accept the philosophy that the acquisition of skills in bedside nursing should not be taught in these schools. Some of them also go into public-health nursing.

Third, if the graduate marries, as many of them soon do, she is lost to nursing during her child-bearing period,



just as the diploma-school graduate is lost. But whereas many hospital-school graduates return to nursing after their children are at a suitable age, the degree graduate is much less likely to do so, because she fundamentally lacks confidence in her basic nursing skills and abilities.

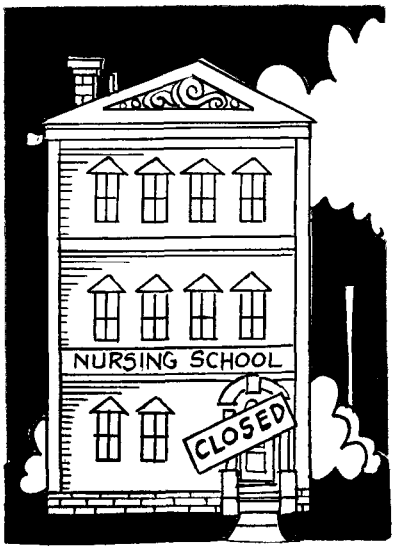
Now this lack of competency is one of the two serious problems that I mentioned as being caused by the withdrawal of the student from the bedside of the patient. The other problem, now approaching a major disaster, is the tremendously increased costs of operating a nursing school. In the past, such costs were balanced by the services rendered to patients by the matriculating students. In the old days no one did any exact calculations, but for years hospitals operating nursing schools on an apprenticeship basis, where the students paid little or nothing for their education, broke even because of the services rendered to patients by the students. Two things happened at the same time, however, to change this picture: As the "standards" of nursing schools were raised by the accreditation program, the costs skyrocketed, as would be expected; and, concurrently, the services rendered by the students to patients began to diminish, and, finally, as explained above, they have been almost entirely eliminated as a result of the accreditation program.

As tuition charges in hospital schools have mounted to meet rising expenses, recruitment has been adversely affected. The low tuition was formerly one of the advantages that the average girl found in a hospital school, as compared with a collegiate program. Hospitals have been forced, however, either to raise their tuition until it hurt them competitively or, as an alternative, to keep their tuition low and subsidize their schools. At first, many hospitals did hold tuition down, but as costs continued to rise, they were no longer able to continue a subsidization which began to amount to $1,500 to $2,500 per student per year.

This would not have happened without the accreditation program. For example, the Albany Medical Center Hospital, of which I am director, has a nursing school of 325 students. It is fully approved by the New York State Department of Education. It still maintains a forty-four-hour week, combining theory and practice, and students on graduation are competent bedside nurses. Many of them subsequently go on to earn a degree. The total net tuition cost to a student for the three-year program is $245. The school has operated on a break-even basis since it was established eleven years ago. National League for Nursing accreditation has not been sought because of our belief that accreditation would result in graduation of incompetent nurses, and would also ruin the school financially. I cite this as a practical illustration of some of the generalities stated above.

Although our school is large enough and strong enough to recruit a competent faculty and full classes of top students, even though it is not accredited by the National League for Nursing, this might well not hold true for smaller schools, particularly in areas where competition for students is keen. But if all schools in an area, or in a state, joined together in eschewing such accreditation, the competitive factor would be eliminated, and all schools would benefit.

As a result of rising costs and other factors, hospital schools are closing in ever increasing numbers, as I have pointed out in a previous article [*New England Journal of Medicine* 270: 1092-1097, 1964]. The totals include



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both accredited and unaccredited schools. Between 1959 and January, 1966, ninety-one diploma schools of nursing closed. On January 1, 1966, fifty-nine additional diploma schools had indicated that they were in the process of closing. Out of the present eighty-four hospital schools in New York State, eight have indicated their intention of closing when their last class has graduated. This will leave seventy-six schools out of the ninety-four that were in existence three years ago, a loss of eighteen schools in this period.

BETWEEN 1958 and 1964, sixty-seven new associate degree schools and twenty-five new baccalaureate schools have been established. During this period the admissions to all professional schools of nursing have increased by 6,404, or an average of 1,067 a year, and the number graduating has increased by 4,947, or an average of 824 a year.

However, the Surgeon General's report three years ago stated that to meet the minimum number of nurses necessary for the country as a whole would require an increment of 3,000 additional graduates a year for the next seven years (this was even before Medicare). It seems quite unlikely that this goal can be met.

No evidence has been adduced by the nurse educationists that the two-year and four-year collegiate nursing programs that they are now promoting can produce enough nurses to meet all needs. To the best of my knowledge, no studies have been conducted by anyone that would show this to be so. Nor have I heard of any studies indicating that universities and colleges that do not now have nursing schools will be willing to establish them. It seems irresponsible for nurse educationists to pursue a policy leading to the closing of hospital schools of nursing without first ensuring that there will be enough degree schools in the same general area to make up the deficit. It is not sufficient to establish a good many new schools in two-year and four-year colleges in a few states like New York, Texas, and California, for example, and hope that their graduates will fill vacant positions in hospitals in the rest of the country. These schools cannot even supply enough nurses for their own states. Even if they could, it would be of little help to the states where diploma schools are closing but few, if any, degree programs are opening.

I do not believe that the trend toward closing hospital schools of nursing and the shifting of nursing education from hospitals to the college campus is going to be reversed. One is faced, therefore, with a *fait accompli* produced in the past twenty years by the nurse educationists. If this trend continues, and I believe it will, it behooves the medical profession and the hospital profession to devote their energies to salvaging what they can from the impending wreckage of the hospital schools.

The following program of action is suggested for physicians who are concerned about the nursing shortage and the lack of competency shown by two-year and four-year collegiate graduates:

Every hospital that now operates a nursing school should be urged to continue its school. Many are currently on the verge of closing because they are discouraged about financing and about trying to meet unrealistic accreditation "standards" established by the National League for Nursing. State and federal financial support may well be necessary.

Hospitals with nursing schools should be urged not to cut down the amount of bedside nursing in their curriculums to shorten their courses. To do so automatically increases the costs of the school, and at the same time produces inadequately trained nurses.

Every hospital with sufficient clinical material should start a new school of nursing if it does not already have one.

Colleges, junior colleges, and universities should establish nursing programs where there is available clinical material. This is a broad public responsibility that should be shared equally by public and private institutions.

A state requirement that each graduate of a two-year or four-year collegiate program, or a radically shortened diploma program, must have twelve months' internship before she is licensed to practice nursing should be established. This in turn would accomplish two vitally important purposes: It would ensure that the public was protected by the availability of nurses who were adequately trained to care for people when they are ill; and it would put a large dent in the nursing shortage practically overnight.

Practical-nurse schools should be discouraged from seeking accreditation from the National League for Nursing. Otherwise, they will rapidly go the same way as the diploma schools have gone. The American Nurses' Association and many nurse education leaders have called for the abolition of practical nurses.

The National League for Nursing should be urged to relax its policy of weaning the student nurse away from the bedside.

Hospitals with schools of nursing should stop seeking accreditation from the National League for Nursing unless it changes its present policies. Group action would be most effective.

The American Hospital Association should establish an accreditation program for hospital schools of nursing, with the cooperation of the National League for Nursing if possible, but without it if the League refuses.

The National League for Nursing, and other student nurse recruiting agencies should be influenced to concentrate more on the service ideal of nursing, rather than emphasizing so strongly the career elements. This would attract into nursing more girls who are idealistically motivated, rather than those who merely look on nursing as a stepping stone to more money and prestige.

State and federal governmental agencies should provide financial aid directly to hospital schools of nursing for both construction and operation. Scholarships for individual students are fine, but the schools themselves need basic support.

The discrimination in governmental grants and support that now favor schools accredited by the National League for Nursing should be abolished.

Appointment and advancement of nurses in the Veterans Administration should be made on the basis of merit, and not limited to graduates of schools accredited by the National League for Nursing, as is now the tendency.

Colleges and universities with nursing schools should give more realistic credits to qualified diploma-school graduates for work done during the training period. This credit has generally been dropped to one year or less, although not long ago many of the same colleges and universities did not hesitate to grant even as much as two full years of credit for the work done in the diploma school. *Many are now granting no credit at all!* The ability to obtain a degree after a reasonable period of postgraduate study is a strong incentive to recruitment in diploma schools, particularly where financial hardship exists, as it so often does.

The United States Department of Labor should amend its rules and regu-

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lations to permit qualified, or potentially qualified, foreign nurses to enter this country.

The American Medical Association should appoint a nursing committee that is strongly motivated toward preserving hospital schools of nursing and that is willing to stand up and be counted in its dealings with the nurse educationists.

Great changes can be brought about in this picture if those in positions of responsibility in the American Medical Association and the American Hospital Association will only recognize clearly what has happened, and why it has happened. Too many individuals in both organizations have written off the hospital schools of nursing. Although a few years ago 98 per cent of all nurses were graduates of hospital schools, now less than 75 per cent are hospital-school graduates, and the number is diminishing every month. There are now indications that a snowball effect will develop and precipitate the rapid closing of countless more hospital schools.

There is still time to turn the tide, and the day can still be saved. But it will not happen by chance, or by letting things drift. The situation calls for keen analysis and courageous, cooperative action.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Thomas Hale is executive vice president of the Albany Medical Center Hospital, Albany, New York. The text above was taken from an address he delivered in North Carolina. It was originally reproduced in full in the New England Journal of Medicine.*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN HOSPITALS?

Would a Stewardess Help?

By LUTHER CHRISTMAN, R.N.

WHEN LOOKED AT dispassionately, hospitals appear to be staffed by a strange and motley array. Patients frequently feel adrift in a miasmic sea of occupations. And when their plight is objectively examined they do, in fact, seem as jetsam caught in an almost aimless ebb and flow. Many different kinds of workers and various examples of each kind move in and out of patients' rooms at erratic intervals during the course of a day. Not only do these intrusions into patients' privacy occur at a time when the patients are least psychologically capable of coping with the invasions, but the fleeting involvement of so many strangers in his life tends to create in the sick individual an apprehension that no one person has a vital concern in the proceedings.

This state of affairs exists because of the pattern of thinking habitual to management of hospitals for many years. Each time a series of tasks either can be routinized or can be given a new dimension, another work group is invented. Nearly all the workers in each group perfunctorily perform highly selected tasks in an impersonal manner. Frequently little or no coordination seems evident. Tasks not specifically assigned to one group or another often are not done at all. Despite what physicians may wish to believe, the brief visits they make are not sufficient to stabilize the situation for the patient, who frequently is not even sure who to ask for help he needs. The result is a fragmented pattern of depersonalized care that adds tremendously to the frustration and anxiety generally associated with illness.

What can be done to assist the hospital team in responding more effectively to the stress of patients? Creation of new work groups, such as suggested in this magazine by Dr. Joseph Stokes III ["A New Profession Within Medicine," *SR*, Dec. 3, 1966] is a plausible solution. Theoretically, all the loopholes in patient care could be plugged in such fashion.

However, much of the research that has been done in hospitals casts doubt on the ultimate contribution of Dr. Stokes's proposed "medical practitioner," or assistant physician. Studies completed at Ohio State University have demonstrated that the more the stratification of personnel around the patient, the poorer the quality of care, and *vice versa*. Other studies show that when a new work group is added, the internal strain and difficulty of coordination increases measurably. Each additional group probably tends to increase the strain geometrically rather than arithmetically. Furthermore, the problems generated by the need of the several groups to accommodate to one another often absorb energy that should go into patient care. Indeed the patient may actually be put in some therapeutic jeopardy by the system intended to safeguard his life.

Instead of adding more layers of personnel to those already surrounding the patient in the hospital, perhaps there are better ways of arranging the care pattern. The essential requirement is for simple, direct, and continuing contact with the patient by those persons most important to his care.

Taking the patient as the starting point—what type of organizational arrangement would be most beneficial to him?

Basically, patients need two kinds of care: The primary one clinical and therapeutic, the second one concerned with his comfort in the sense of hotel-like accommodations. Most of the resources to accomplish these ends are in place. We need a means of optimizing their effect on the patient.

Since physicians and nurses are the main providers of continued clinical care, an examination of their problems rates priority. The members of these two professions have the greatest potential for assisting patients to make the most progress. If the clinical skills of both can be articulated and sharply focused on the patient, a major gain in patient care can be achieved. Unfortunately, this fine articulation usually is not found in most hospital settings, for at least three reasons.

The first reason is that during the time all other professions moved their education into universities, the nursing profession remained attached to hospital schools of nursing. Since hospitals are not educational centers, provisions for continuing and advanced education for nurses were not available through these institutions. At the same time, the education and training of physicians became extremely intensified. Consequently, the knowledge gap between physicians and nurses steadily widened.

THE second major influence was the enactment of the Hill-Burton Bill by the United States Congress in 1946. This legislation gave impetus to construction of new hospital facilities and a rapid beds. Much of this expansion was unexpansion in the number of available planned, with each community and each hospital attempting to furnish every possible service.

Little or no thought was given to the nursing manpower needed to staff these new hospital units. Confronted with the necessity of opening the beds, hospital administrators exerted strong pressure on the nursing staffs to find a way to serve the rising patient population. Unable to do the work themselves, the nurses attempted to provide the care through others -- by supervising large numbers of partially trained and untrained nursing aides. Professional nurses failed to foresee fully what this service-by-proxy would do to high-level nursing practice. Hindsight now shows that this managerial type of nursing made mediocrity in nursing a certainty.

Once nurses became managers of care, the quality of their ministrations was lowered progressively by circumstance. Being present in the hospital around the clock, nurses accumulated responsibilities previously beyond the

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ken of nursing: cleaning equipment, making appointments, running errands, drawing blood specimens, transporting patients, requisitioning drugs and linens and other supplies, filing medical records, answering the telephone, completing insurance forms, writing drug charges, preparing medications that the pharmacist should be preparing, taking accurate census counts for the admission office, seeing that leaky faucets were repaired, acting as a hostess and receptionist, finding gloves lost by visitors, explaining and justifying hospital charges to patients, checking food trays, recording the working hours of ward personnel for payroll purposes, caring for patients' valuables, and so on.

When all these unprofessional chores are finished, scientific studies show nurses have time left to employ only about 25 per cent of their professional skills in the day-to-day care of patients. In other words, nursing skills today are about 75 per cent underused. Thus three to four times more nursing power could be employed in patient care without training another nurse if the system of care were rearranged.

Economics is the third factor in the artificial shortage of nurses I have just described. Nurses have been willing to be distracted by administrative details because that is the accepted road to higher pay. Most nurses are unhappy that hospitals and other employers fail to provide suitable rewards for clinical competence at the bedside. Employers of nurses have demonstrated great reluctance to pay premium salaries for expert clinical nursing care.

Dr. Stokes proposed that members of his new profession, the "medical practitioners," should command annual incomes ranging from $10,000 to $15,000. If nurses with clinical training were to receive such sums, there would be no dearth of nurses capable of functioning as physicians' co-workers. Furthermore, salaries of that order would attract more men into nursing, thereby strengthening the nursing profession through infusion of workers whose careers would not be interrupted by marriage and pregnancy.

Because I recognize that my statements about economics may sound overly optimistic, I shall offer a practical illustration in support of my observations. During the years 1961-1965, the Michigan Hospital Association and the Michigan Nurses Association collaborated to raise nurses' salaries by 30 per cent. In that same period, the number of working nurses in Michigan rose from some 15,000 to more than 18,000. This increase in the nursing pool consisted of married nurses who returned to work.

If a salary enrichment of this modest amount could effect such a marked change in nursing power, little imagination is needed to envision what might happen if nursing salaries throughout the country were increased to the level stated in the Stokes proposal.

Of course, full utilization of nursing skills can be realized only if professional nurses attend to only clinical activities. A clinical activity can be defined as any act that assists in preventing, arresting, or reversing a pathological state.

All non-clinical activities should be performed by workers other than nurses. These non-nursing functions are now assigned in some hospitals under such titles as "service supervisors" or "unit managers." The medical center hospital at the University of Florida has this type of operation. Barnes Hospital in St. Louis has a U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare grant to explore the utility of this approach in depth. The University of Michigan hospital in Ann Arbor and Presbyterian-St. Luke's in Chicago are conducting experiments of similar nature in trying to increase the efficiency of the hospital service. Many other hospitals are introducing innovations to relieve nurses of harassments that detract from patient care.

Part of the difficulty in coordinating attention on the patient stems from the involvement of so many kinds of semi-skilled workers in the hospital team. In order to reduce this complicating factor, I suggest collapsing of as many of these various side groups as possible into one general category. This utility-type aide then would do most of the tasks now done by nurses' aides, dietary aides, housekeeping aides, and so forth. The same aide would be assigned to the same few patients each day, and be available for all the intimate comfort services. The patient would soon learn that he had one person to depend on to fill needs of hotel-housekeeping nature.

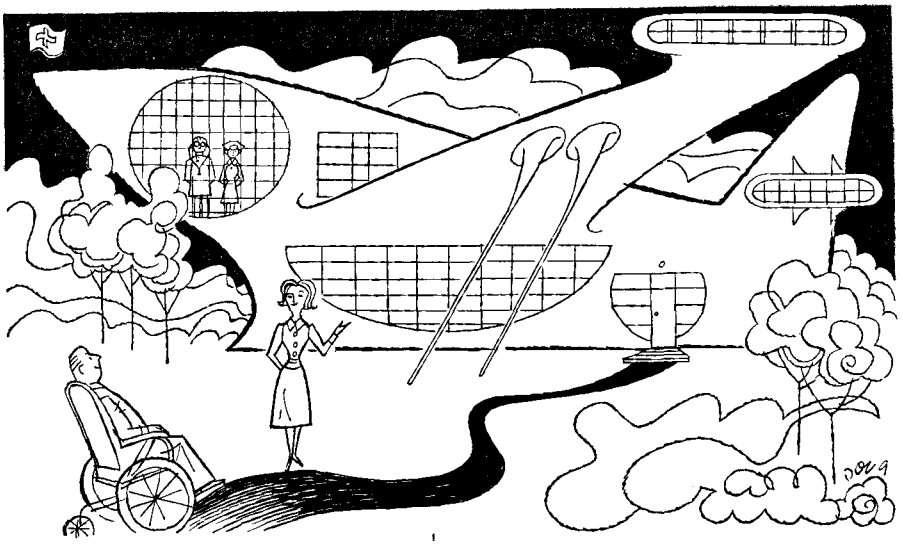
Professor Lawrence Hill, director of the Program of Hospital Administration at the University of Michigan, has pointed out that these general utility aides would function much as an airline stewardess does in caring for a wide variety of services to airplane passengers. He suggests that these aides be called "patient-care stewardesses." Just as the stewardess frees the flight crew from all non-technical distractions on the plane, so these aides would free the clinicians from all non-clinical distractions.

The "patient-care stewardesses" would experience more work satisfaction than hospital aides now get from the dull routine and repetitive tasks that comprise their day. Concomitantly, if the same nurse were assigned to the same few patients every day, the patients would have a sense of psychological security. Furthermore, accountability for care could be fixed with some certainty. This concept of patient care will be tried out in one large general hospital in the Detroit metropolitan area soon.

Recently the American Nurses' Association released a position paper on nursing education. It calls for the training of professional nurses in collegiate centers and of technical nurses in junior colleges. Tightly scheduled technical tasks in the hospital could be carried out by the nurse-technicians. The professional nurses then could concentrate on the unscheduled and emergency clinical problems of patients, and would be able to work closely with physicians to improve the quality of patient care.

Further enhancement of quality of care can be hoped for as the result of another new posture adopted by the American Nurses' Association. A plan in the active development stage calls for establishment of clinical board specialization in nursing. These board specialties will parallel the board specialties in medicine. Implementation of this scheme will bring even more nurses into training as clinicians.

Many legal technicalities are involved in the gray area of practice between the



Airplane stewardess concept of service might keep patient care on course.

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medical and nursing professions now. It would appear opportune to assess how nurses with graduate clinical training and physicians could more adequately supplement and complement one another. Throughout the country committees of nurses and physicians are making statements about such areas of practice as intratracheal suction, cardiac massage, intravenous medications, research drugs, the starting of blood transfusions, and other related technical areas of practice opened by application of new scientific discoveries. Perhaps physicians and nurses together could examine the present licensing laws to ascertain what changes, if any, are necessary to facilitate the articulation of the expert practice of both groups and at the same time fully protect the public.

Methods of refining and improving means of concentrating the expert practice of both medicine and nursing upon the patient should be studied. Only after that would it seem timely to examine the need for introducing new work groups into the hospital care structure.

Tooling up to educate a new health profession is an enormous and costly social endeavor. It should be done only if the social profit exceeds the social cost. Nurse clinicians with advanced training are finding the traditional hospital system a ponderous impediment to their ability to function optimally. It would seem more socially economical to contrive organizational arrangements that permit full utilization of present manpower than to undertake costly training of additional others. The latter course seems only to assist in making an inefficient system efficient in its inefficiency.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Luther Christman belongs to the one percentile of American professional nurses who are male. He is third vice president and a member of the board of directors of the American Nurses' Association, associate professor of nursing at the University of Michigan, a research associate of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, and also a research associate in Michigan's Bureau of Hospital Administration. He has accepted appointment, as of next July 1, to the deanship of nursing at Vanderbilt University.*

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICAN HOSPITALS?

Asking a Computer

By JOHN D. CORBIT, JR., M.D., ARTHUR STANKOVICH, and ANGELO P. ANGELIDES, M.D.

CARE of patients in hospitals of the United States is suffering from over-specialization. The scientific knowledge explosion has forced the several professions concerned with safeguarding individual and community health to upgrade training of their personnel in the skills needed for the more sophisticated and special approaches and techniques of modern medicine; but the highly skilled individuals who are emerging from this process have no comparably trained echelons to support them below. As a result, the efficiency of patient care has fallen, the cost of care has risen, and the patient has been left confused by the growing absence of the physician and the nurse from the bedside.

Obviously, *something must be done.* But what should it be?

Nursing is being specialized to match the specialization of the doctor. Jobs that once were part of nursing have been parceled out to new, less-skilled categories of workers: practical nurses, nurses' aides, floor secretaries, and various volunteer and part-time personnel. In recent years, educational opportunities for young women have been expanded in an effort to recruit people to fill the widening gap. Unfortunately, the effect has not been very fruitful. Many of the female recruits leave the field shortly after completion of their training because they want to marry or to bear children. Young men are not attracted to the field as it is presently organized. So, in spite of great expense, there has been little impact on hospital manpower.

With the advent of Medicare and the increased willingness of the federal government to support experiments in health care training, many solutions to the dilemma of the hospitals have been proposed. Among other innovations, medical corpsmen released by the military are being invited to adapt their professional skills in the field to hospital use. Present hospital job categories are being redefined, pay scales are being raised, hospitals for additional training are being opened to permit upward mobility in the hospital staff structure for those who demonstrate competence. The ultimate reward for the best endowed of these candidates for promotion may lie in a large "gray area" of responsibility that now exists beyond the present qualifications of the registered nurse and beneath the dignity of the specialized physician. It has occurred to some of us (Dr. Joseph Stokes III, for example, and one of this paper's authors—Dr. John Corbit Jr.) that a "doctor assistant" might evolve *to support the specialized physician.* However, well-informed letters published by *SR* in response to the Stokes and Corbit ideas have raised difficulties that must be thoroughly considered before it can be established that addition of a new professional status within medicine is preferable to some rearrangement of manpower already available. If a repatterning of use of resources now at hand in the hospitals should be the more desirable alternative, then we need to know what would be the most effective reorganization.

A LOGICAL beginning toward analysis of the multitude of unknowns involved in this problem is to learn what each patient and his disease need in the way of service, who is rendering the service presently, and what level of education, skill, and experience is required for each service rendered. After such an analysis is completed, it would be possible to determine how shifting of present personnel responsibilities from one job category to another might affect the total design of patient care and what the effect of additional education would have on the overall personnel picture. The original analysis would also show how much of the physician's service is required in treatment of various disease states, and further analysis in depth would indicate how much education would be needed to enable performance of the various physician's services rendered—hence, what, if any, part of the physician's responsibilities might safely be delegated to a "doctor assistant" or to other individuals less well educated than the physician himself.

Philadelphia's Lankenau Hospital, with which we three are professionally associated, is currently embarked upon what we believe to be a unique pioneering project. The hospital's objective is to create a mathematical model of itself within a computer. The model will consist of three separate sets of numbers, one representing the patient population of the hospital, one representing the types of service available for patient care, and one representing the hospital staff available to provide the service—surgeons, anesthetists, nurses, nurses' aides, housekeepers, clerks, etc. Once these models are put together, the patient population model will be run through the hospital service and service personnel models in order to discover how well the demands of the patient model are met by the hospital's available services and service personnel. Dispro-

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portionate patterns of service and use of manpower will thus become identifiable and measurable, better fitting models can be designed, and dimensions of new models of training capable of filling out the new design can be calculated.

Many hospitals now use computers to perform bookkeeping and billing functions. But so far as we know no hospital other than Lankenau has yet attempted to put into a computer's memory all the millions of details of a hospital's entire daily operation. Although the assignment is a staggering one, and the value of its outcome will depend on the thoroughness and fidelity of the description read into the computer, we are hopeful of paralleling the success of aircraft and spaceship builders in designing planes and earth satellites by mathematical simulation.

It was indeed the aerospace industry that inspired the Lankenau experiment. General Electric's Systems Analysis Group at King of Prussia, outside Philadelphia, had some underemployed brain power on its staff and wanted to invest it in biomedical electronics. Half a dozen men headed by one of us (Stankovich) began spending time among Lankenau doctors (Corbit and others) and teaching specialists (particularly Angelides). Gambling on the probability that commercial rental of its computer facilities would follow, GE paid the costs of assembling and coding all aspects of Lankenau nursing into binary arithmetic terms amenable to computer manipulation. This preliminary analysis turned out so promisingly that a GE staff member was nominated to membership on Lankenau's board of trustees, and the leader of the GE analysis team was hired as the hospital's electronic data processing consultant. Since then Lankenau has applied for a U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare contract to construct and test the mathematical model of the hospital as a research experiment. The contract proposal calls for a government subsidy of half a million dollars per year over the next three years.

WE consider the Lankenau experiment to be of national significance, not only because ours is the first hospital to subject itself to all-inclusive analysis but because the source of our patient population data is shared by 1,000 other hospitals whose patients together total 25 per cent of all hospital admissions in the United States. Since many readers of this paper may not be familiar with the Commission on Professional and Hospital Activities at Ann Arbor, Michigan, we may explain that it is a privately financed data bank in which all causes of admission to its member hospitals are classified according to the International Classification of Diseases Adapted (ICDA) into approximately 2,600 disease categories. Lankenau has been sending data from its patient charts to the Ann Arbor bank for the last five years, paying 27 cents per chart in return for coding and banking of the data.

Six months ago, when GE began its preliminary analysis of the Lankenau operation, enough data had been accumulated in the Ann Arbor bank to permit the determination that approximately 1,200 of the 2,600 recognized ICDA patient types were admitted to Lankenau during the year 1966. Through comparison of the data filed in the Ann Arbor bank by the other 1,000 member hospitals of the bank, it was also possible to determine the degree of probability that a particular type of patient would seek admission to Lankenau.

From these facts it is already established that the patient population model of the Lankenau operation will contain within it approximately 1,200 submodels, and that four of these submodels are encountered in the hospital more frequently and command a larger share of the hospital resources than any others of the 1,200. The four such models with which the final analysis of Lankenau patient care will therefore begin are: 1) normal obstetrics patients; 2) cardiovascular patients; 3) gallbladder surgery patients; 4) bronchopneumonia patients.

It will be observed that all four of these categories call upon X-ray facilities, intensive care facilities, and emergency room facilities, likewise progressing through phases of intensive care, standard care, and ambulatory care.

The half-dozen-man crew of data analysts referred to earlier has thus far interviewed nurses and extracted details of nursing performance, and drawn from the Ann Arbor data bank coded information on the number of patients received, the limit of their respective stays, and the size of their respective bills.

Later the physicians and physician specialists on the Lankenau staff will add the multitudes of details encompassed in their shares of patient care until the total model of patient service is completely assembled.

The model of human resources available to provide service to the patient is the most complex of all to calculate accurately. For every human resource in the hospital—from surgeon to nurses' aide—can and does perform more than one hospital service. Conversely, many hospital services can be and are performed by more than one human resource. For example, a floor nurse performs direct patient care, physician assistance, indirect patient care, and administrative service. However, many of the indirect patient care services are rendered by nursing aides. Thus, in general, each human resource in the hospital can be viewed as a set of capabilities resulting from his education, training, and experience. Some of these capabilities are unique to a type of human resource, e.g., a surgeon's skill. Other capabilities are found in several types of resources and overlap in their ability to render services. This overlap of capabilities is both an advantage and a constraint in the optimum development of a possible new type of resource such as a "doctor assistant." One can and must take into consideration the entire spectrum of human resource categories in the hospital in the development of any new human resource category.

It may be asked why all of this effort should be devoted to the study of one hospital. The answer is simple. The hospital is the logical core of all health service efforts, the center from which the much discussed "personal comprehensive health service for all regardless of ability to pay" will emanate.

LANKENAU HOSPITAL is closely affiliated with the Jefferson Medical College. The potential influence of the Lankenau computer experiment can be adequately appraised only in relation to other developments now taking shape at Jefferson. On July 1, 1967, Dr. Will Kellow will move over from Hahneman Hospital to assume the deanship at Jefferson. With his arrival, the Jefferson dean's office will be rearranged to include an associate dean especially assigned to experimental education in health services. Slated for this new associate deanship is Dr. John Goldschmidt, present chief of physical rehabilitation at Jefferson. Dr. Goldschmidt has made no secret of his belief in the efficacy of two core curricula for medical teaching: one pointed toward health service, the other toward health science. Such duality would permit enrollment of both men and women, candidates for nursing and premedical students alike, in a twelve- to fifteen-month preparatory course along trade school, job-oriented lines. From this basic training, students of both sexes could take off and upward in a variety of directions. One product could be the primary physician recommended [see *SR*, Jan. 7] by the Millis report to the American Medical Association: tomorrow's reincarnation of yesterday's revered family doctor. —J.L.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. John D. Corbit, Jr., is director of obstetrics and gynecology at Lankenau Hospital, Philadelphia, and professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Jefferson Medical College; Arthur Stankovich is consultant in systems analysis to the Lankenau Hospital; Dr. Angelo P. Angelides is director of medical education at Lankenau and associate professor of medicine at Jefferson.*

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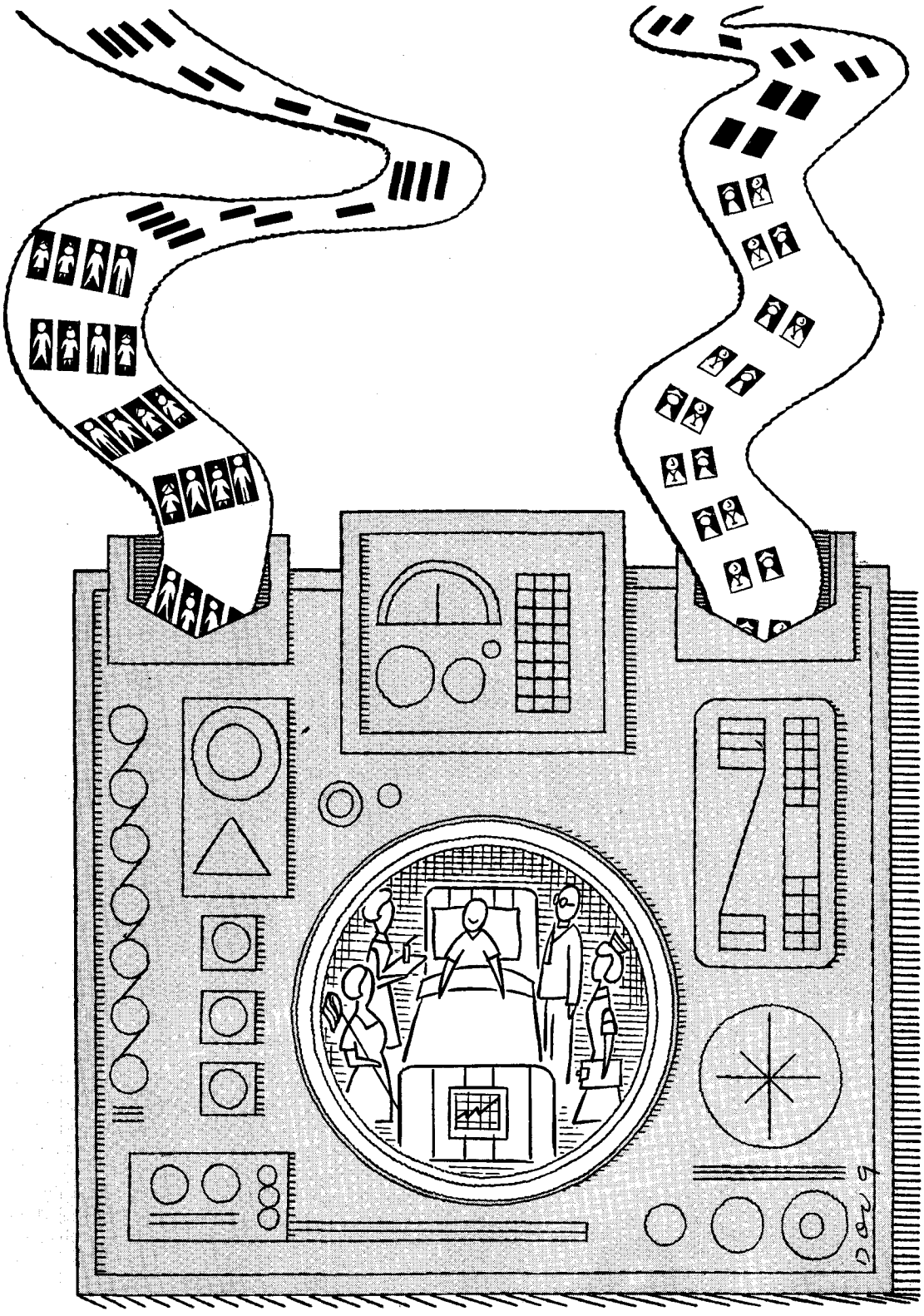

—*Doug Anderson.*

OVERSIMPLIFIED SKETCH ABOVE SUGGESTS HOW A MATHEMATICAL MODEL of a hospital can be assembled inside a computer. Tape entering computer at top left carries numerical representation of hospital's patient population and the multitude of detailed services the patients need. Computer's memory checks this information against data on tape entering computer at top right, containing detailed description of staff and services available. Optimum pattern of patient care emerges in center circle.

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A COMMUNICATION CONCERNING

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In SR's science sections for August 6, September 3, and October 1, John Lear, SR's science editor, discussed various aspects of the UFO controversy. Among several books from which he took excerpts was John Fuller's "Incident at Exeter." Mr. Fuller takes exception to Mr. Lear's articles in the following statement:*

I HAVE BEEN most puzzled that John Lear has arrived at such a totally different conclusion regarding UFOs than I did in my book *Incident at Exeter*. I like to feel that we are both reasonably mature and objective in tracking down this most unusual phenomenon, even though neither of us has any academic degree in science. However, in three successive science sections of the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Lear has held forth on the subject with the most strange and hysterical intensity.

I was surprised not only by Mr. Lear's one-sided interpretation, but by his obvious inaccuracies. I am willing to overlook Mr. Lear's reference to the "St. James" version of the Bible, or his placing Mt. Rainier several hundred miles away from where it has stood since geological time. I can even overlook his totally incorrect captioning of a radar photograph, and his hopeless and digressionary entanglement with a Biblical story which has nothing whatever to do with the increasingly well-documented UFO reports from all over the world.

But I cannot overlook the fact that Mr. Lear has written several thousand words on the subject with a startling lack of original research, and has drawn conclusions on the basis of established Air Force dogma which even the Air Force is beginning to question.

The entire premise of my book, *Incident at Exeter*, is based on these irrefutable, objective facts: 1) There are thousands of competent, reliable reports of UFOs. 2) Many of them are from highly qualified technical and scientific people such as airline pilots, Air Force pilots, weather observers, radar men, engineers, naval officers, scientists, and citizens whose intelligence, reliability, and capacity for observation are confirmed. 3) There are reports from nearly every country in the world. 4) The Air Force receives only a fraction of these reports. A recent Gallup poll indicates that approximately 5,000,000 persons have seen what they believe to be UFOs. A recently announced Air Force total comes to slightly over 10,000. 5) The Air Force investigations have been inadequate. A major, desk sergeant, and clerk have been responsible for evaluating reports. 6) The Pentagon news releases based on the Wright-Patterson assessments of reports from local air bases are often inaccurate, if not deliberate distortions of the assessments made by local Air Force officers. 7) In recognizing its own inadequacies, the Air Force agreed in the summer of last year to turn a full-scale investigation over to the University of Colorado.

These are facts. They are not speculation. They can be documented in full. It is extremely difficult to understand why Mr. Lear chose to ignore them, and to set up straw men to knock down with his arguments. In his August 6 article he dwells at interminable length on a story about Ezekiel when it seems more logical for a science reporter to analyze today's facts. He talks about dusty library research in the field of mythology, instead of trying to find out at first hand what reliable observers are reporting. He attaches more importance to Polyhistor, Abydenus, and Appolodorus than he does to an airline pilot, a radar observer, or a group of thirty-five Oklahoma State Highway Patrolmen who kept a statewide teletype network chattering for two nights with reports. He frets and worries about a "flying saucer scare" and "invasion" when he could do better to promote a scientific inquiry. Scientific inquiry is not based on fear; it is based on insatiable curiosity.

MR. LEAR took considerable pains to point out that I represented an "extreme" in the "current UFO debate" by quoting from my book, *out of context*, a story involving a couple who went through a strange experience in the White Mountains some five years ago, and who kept the story quiet until it leaked out to a newspaper in the Boston area without their permission. I have since documented this story with the assistance of a distinguished neuro-psychiatrist and the cooperation of the couple. It stands as one of the most fascinating medical histories I've run across. I have reported it without embellishment or interpretation. In selecting this portion of *Incident at Exeter*, Mr. Lear took pains to remove my qualifying statements in such a way as to make me appear as an irresponsible reporter. While such a technique is often found in some portions of the field of journalism, it is hard to believe that Mr. Lear would do so. His action can only make me believe that he was insecure in his own arguments.

Mr. Lear also took great pains to point out that he had been given access to the Air Force reports at Wright-Patterson Field, suggesting that this privilege was not available to me. If Mr. Lear had read Air Force Regulation 200-2, he would have noted that the files are open to any qualified reporter, even myself, and were in fact offered to me very kindly by the Pentagon. But my work in Exeter was confined to direct, first-hand reports that I could collect from a lot of legwork, directly in the field of action. I was interested in taking one area as a microcosm of the story that was being repeated, and is still being repeated, throughout the world. In this sample, test-tube area—which is really all a single reporter can cover in any reasonable time—I received all the material I needed from the Air Force. Ironically, the official reports from the Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were diametrically opposed to the news released on the case by the Pentagon.

The Air Force statistics that Mr. Lear fondly quoted in his first article are stale press handouts that any reporter with energy to investigate would find inaccurate and incomplete. In Exeter alone, I cross-examined over sixty people who reported UFOs who were of reasonable intelligence, sober character, and many of whom were sophisticated enough to tell the difference between a Boeing 707, a B-52, or a KC-97 tanker. Only a fraction of these was reported to the Air Force. I not only checked the story with local editors, police, Coast Guard, and military men in a circle twenty miles

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THE UFOs

around Exeter, but discarded dozens of reports which were too flimsy to stand up under stiff cross-examination. The most startling thing I found in talking off the record with local Air Force men was their sharp disagreement with the information the Air Force was officially releasing. From the official press releases it appears that the Air Force hasn't been listening to its own personnel. In the Exeter police case, the Base Disaster Control Officer at Pease Air Force Base wrote in his official report:

> At this time have been unable to arrive at a probable cause of this sighting. The three observers seem to be stable, reliable persons, especially the two patrolmen. I viewed the area and found nothing in the area that could be the probable cause. Pease AFB had five B-47 aircraft flying in the area during this period, but do not believe they had any connection with the sighting.

A few days after this report was filed with Wright-Patterson, the Pentagon news release to the local papers in the area ascribed the sighting to "high-altitude Strategic Air Command exercise" and "twinkling stars and planets." Later, when the Exeter police officers pointed out in two letters that Wright-Patterson had placed the sighting at an entirely different time and date from the police incident, the Pentagon finally apologized in writing to the policemen, but not until after the policemen had been, in effect, branded as either liars or total incompetents in the local press.

It is this kind of attitude that is most damaging to competent and sincere people when they report sightings or make objective investigations of them. Mr. Lear, for instance, takes no cognizance in his articles of the fact that I weighed, analyzed, studied, and judged the people who were giving me reports, and did not accept any testimony at face value. I spent as much time checking the character and quality of the person giving the story as I did on the story itself. As a reporter, the last thing in the world I wanted was to be taken in.

There is fortunately a measure of increasing respect among some segments of the scientific field which may make intelligent study of the subject a reality. Dr. Edward Condon, head of the new program sponsored by the Air Force at the University of Colorado, has publicly urged people to report their UFO sightings, instead of hiding them as many people have done under former Air Force ridicule.

AMONG other scientists is the scientific advisor to the Air Force for the past eighteen years, and chairman of the Department of Astronomy at Northwestern, Dr. J. Allen Hynek. Mr. Lear, in his apparent effort to discredit anyone who had the temerity to explore the UFO subject with an open mind, took great pains to avoid any of Dr. Hynek's recent statements. These have been made publicly with the utmost restraint and discretion, and in the spirit of straightforward scientific inquiry.

"When I started to investigate this phenomenon in 1948," Dr. Hynek told an audience of scientists, engineers, and technicians last spring, "I thought the whole thing would go up in smoke, like eating goldfish or seeing how many students could be jammed into a phone booth. But the phenomenon has stayed with us—and more than that—there are far more persons of stature and competence who are reporting UFOs with extremely articulate descriptions. To those who don't know the background—which you're not likely to get from the press—these conclusions of mine might sound very strange, but I have given them long thought."

As official Air Force scientific consultant on UFOs, Dr. Hynek has been able to study in depth and on location far more official UFO reports than either John Lear or I could ever have the time or opportunity to study. In addition to his astronomy chair at Northwestern, he was in charge of the optical satellite tracking program of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, and scientific director of the U. S. Air Force balloon astronomy project known as *Stargazer*. I am struck by the most dramatic contrast between his attitude and that of Mr. Lear.

In the same talk, Dr. Hynek continued: "Unidentified flying objects demand serious and immediate scientific attention. I say this at the start so that you are not misled by the kooks, the nuts, and the gullible who have made this subject so difficult to explore rationally. UFOs are a real puzzle. The myth is *not* put to rest. And the scientific fraternity must now take cognizance of them. We can no longer dismiss the subject."

In a letter to *Science*, the highly reputable magazine of that subject, Dr. Hynek points out that a chief reason why many scientists have not taken a serious look at UFOs is because of many misconceptions about the reports and the people who make them. (He is concerned here only with the puzzling reports, not those which are easily ascribed to balloons, satellites, meteors, and other known phenomena. In any sensible investigation of the objects, these are automatically discarded.) Among the common *misconceptions* he includes are those which assume that only UFO "buffs" make reports; that UFOs are reported only by unreliable, unstable people; that they are never reported by scientifically trained people; that they are never seen at close range; that they are generated by publicity.

He concludes his statement with: "I cannot dismiss the UFO phenomenon with a shrug. I have begun to feel that there is a tendency in the twentieth century science to forget that there will be a twenty-first century science, and indeed, a thirtieth century science, from which vantage points our knowledge of the universe may appear quite different than it does to us. We suffer, perhaps from temporal provincialism, a form of arrogance that has always irritated posterity."

OTHER scientists are also taking a bolder stand. Among them is Dr. James E. McDonald, senior physicist of the Institute of Atmospheric Physics and professor of meteorology at the University of Arizona. In a talk given to the District of Columbia Chapter of the American Meteorological Society in October, Dr. McDonald points out that although atmospheric phenomena such as ball lightning, scintillation parhelia, anomalous radar propagation, and others have been invoked to account for many UFO re-

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ports, such explanations have been seriously misapplied.

"Careful scrutiny of hundreds of the better UFO reports from quite credible observers," he stated in his talk, "reveals that not only is it impossible to explain them away in terms of atmospheric physics, but also the other officially proposed categories of geophysical, astronomical, technological, and psychological hypotheses fail to encompass the UFO phenomena."

Dr. McDonald then went on in his talk to conclude that "the least unsatisfactory hypothesis is that UFOs are of extraterrestrial nature, and that UFOs are probably extraterrestrial vehicles engaged in something of the nature of a reconnaissance operation."

"My study of the official Air Force investigation," he said, "leads me to describe it as *completely superficial.* It has, for the past dozen years, been carried out on a very low level of scientific competence. . . . Officially released "explanations" of important UFO sightings have often been almost absurdly erroneous."

In the issue of October 1, Mr. Lear continues with his "first-hand" research, and he solves the entire UFO puzzle by quoting over 400 words of Philip Klass, an editor of *Aviation Week,* theorizing that some of the UFO sightings are the result of ball lightning. (Mr. Lear is fond of quotations from other sources. In his August 6 article, he included nearly two columns of quotations from the "St. James" version of the Bible; nearly two and a half columns from Carl Sagan; half a column from an Air Force report; nearly five full columns from my book, *Incident at Exeter, without permission and with my qualifying statements removed;* over half a column of shopworn Air Force statistics; and nearly three full pages of Professor Carl Sagan's book, *Intelligent Life in the Universe,* as a supplement to his article. In his article of September 3, Mr. Lear includes nearly six columns of quotations from a CIA report. His October 1 article is practically a paraphrase, plus quotations, from Mr. Klass's *Aviation Week* report.)

Mr. Klass's first article in *Aviation Week* is interesting, fair, and provocative. (His second article, unfortunately, reveals bias instead of open-minded inquiry.) In Mr. Lear's hands, it becomes exactly the opposite. He fails to acknowledge Mr. Klass's statement that his theory, if true, would apply to only a portion of UFO reports; fails to acknowledge the hundreds of persistent, well-qualified reports that refer to *structured crafts,* as opposed to globs of light; fails to acknowledge the hundreds of competent daytime observations of shiny metal structure; fails to acknowledge the many unpublished Air Force radar sightings, supported by visual sightings; fails to acknowledge that the Exeter reports that I was able to delineate first hand were by no means confined to the power lines; fails to acknowledge that Klass has yet to establish that ball lightning or plasma can assume a form some 100 feet in diameter, and remain visible at both high and low altitudes for as long as fifteen minutes to an hour or more; fails to acknowledge that in *Incident at Exeter* I questioned the engineers at the local power company about any such phenomena, but ruled out this possibility because of prevalence of reliable and continuing reports of structured crafts in both daylight and nighttime sightings. One well-known scientist commented that the acceptance of Mr. Klass's theory would require more changes in existing knowledge than in the acceptance of the extraterrestrial theory.

Beyond that, Mr. Lear has distorted my observations and conclusions in such a way as to give me serious doubts that he took the time to read my book intelligently. In his August article, Mr. Lear informs his readers that I wrote that "sixty people claim to have witnessed the same landing." This is such a distortion that it leaves me amazed. My book plainly states that the police sighting on September 3, 1965, was witnessed by *five* people; the remainder of the sightings cover a period from July 1965 to November 1965—at various times and places. How is anyone to have confidence in anything Mr. Lear says when he misinterprets obviously stated material so badly?

Mr. Lear further states in his article of October 1: "The only disagreements with Fuller expressed in these pages was a difference over two of Fuller's conclusions: 1) That UFOs are vehicles from the planets of other stars, intelligently guided to earth and here refueled from electric power lines; and 2) that the U.S. Air Force is suppressing knowledge of these vehicles."

Again, Mr. Lear has demonstrated a strange incapacity to read his information correctly. First, I *never* stated in my book that UFOs are vehicles from outer space. I said this was *one* theory of several; that any theory examined in the light of the growing evidence was faulty; that the interplanetary theory seemed to be the one with the least holes in it. Secondly, I never stated or implied that UFOs "refueled" from power lines. I quoted some people as *speculating* about this. Third, I did not emphasize that the Air Force was "suppressing" knowledge of "these vehicles." I pointed out that the official Air Force releases tended to discount any report coming in from any observer, and that these releases tended to discredit intelligent and sincere people who reported UFOs.

Mr. Lear goes on to say: "The burden of proof rests on those who say that the text of *Incident at Exeter* includes qualifying statements prefatory to the story of Mr. Barney Hill and his wife, Betty, and their experience with a UFO, which was exerpted in *SR.* The story of the Hills begins near the bottom of page 90 of the book, with no more warning or introduction than the word 'meanwhile.'" (Even in pointing this out, Mr. Lear makes a mistake. It is page 190.)

Mr. Lear need not look far for the burden of proof. He removed from *within* this section the following material:

1) My statement that the reason for including the Hill material in the Exeter book was to determine regional interest in the subject through the size of the turnout for the meeting at which the Hills spoke (page 191, paragraph two).

2) The clearly stated major motivating sentence: "These two factors prompted me to cover the meeting: possible Air Force connection with it, and an indirect Gallup-type poll as to general public interest" (page 191, paragraph three).

3) My statement that the case could not be explored fully without far more research time than I had available at the time (page 192, top of page).

4) My statement: "I resolved to confine myself to the church meeting *and to exploring any possible Air Force interest in it, official or unofficial*" (Mr. Lear omitted the italicized portion on page 193, paragraph two).

5) My complete analysis of the large crowd which attended the meeting, which supported my feeling that UFO sightings were widespread in the area (pages 219 and 220).

6) The only motivating reason that prompted the Hills to speak at the meeting: "Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who were to talk about their traumatic experience with a UFO some four years previously, were anxious to counteract some of the sensationalism of the New England press (page 220, paragraph two).

As a reporter, the entire objective of the small inquiry I have made into the UFO subject is to urge an open-minded scientific inquiry into a phenomenon that has accumulated enough evidence (though not proof) to warrant it. I have jumped to no other conclusions.

I regret that this statement will mark the end of a decade of my association with *Saturday Review,* but it brings to a head an unbridgable gap and disagreement. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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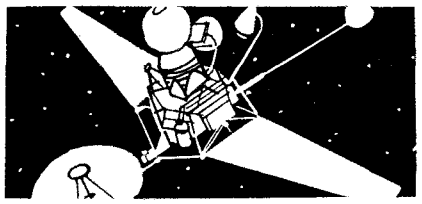
A REPLY



—*All sketches by Doug Anderson.*

I FEEL it important to make clear at the outset that I was in no way involved in the editorial decision to discontinue Mr. Fuller's column. That decision had been made for reasons other than the UFO controversy, and in no way reflected on Mr. Fuller's integrity or ability.

It is easier to straighten out this misconception than it is to clarify the many other mistaken notions in Mr. Fuller's communication. For example, I don't know why he should accuse me of ignoring the seven "facts" recited in his fourth paragraph; I discussed all seven. I don't know why he should say I fear a flying saucer invasion; I have explicity said I don't think such an invasion is likely.

Above all, why should there be surprise over my disagreement with the conclusions he reached in his book, *Incident at Exeter*? Other reputable science writers did not accept his conclusions, either. Among them was Walter Sullivan, science editor of *The New York Times,* who called some of the book's contents "preposterous."

In absence of a better explanation, I must suppose that Mr. Fuller's attitude toward me is related to the fact that, through a series of accidents, I failed to obtain explicit permission to publish the excerpt from his book, *Incident at Exeter*. A copy of the book had been sent to me by a representative of the book publisher, who had orally invited me to "do something with it." This, I think, is an extenuating circumstance but does not justify my lapse in diligence, for which I apologize.

On this account he may feel free to make misstatements about me. For instance, he berates me for failing to promote scientific investigation of UFOs. Actually, I was the first editor of a general magazine to publish a reasonable scientific explanation for UFOs. The article appeared in *SR*'s issue of September 5, 1959, under the byline of Donald Robey, a physicist on the staff of General Dynamics-Convair in San Diego, California.

Mr. Fuller also finds fault with my failure to tape-record eyewitness accounts of UFOs. From my point of view, such an exercise would have been a waste of time. Scores of UFO sightings were on record long before Mr. Fuller first became interested in the subject. These records had fired a furious debate within the United States Air Force for many years, and that debate had finally culminated in an Air Force decision to seek independent scholarly study of UFOs before Mr. Fuller's book appeared in print.

Mr. Fuller complains that I rely on quotations. Of course I do. So does he. A large part of his book is made up of quotations. The real reason for his annoyance with me seems to be that I did not quote him more extensively and other sources less.

Perhaps I should have quoted him at greater length in order to document the extremity of his position in the UFO controversy. For example, on page 249 of *Incident at Exeter*, "in thinking back over the research" that went into that book, Mr. Fuller began to list "the highlights that stand out on those points detailed in this book that are almost irrefutable." The list contained twelve items, each set off by an identifying dash, and was immediately followed, near the bottom of page 250, by the statement of conclusions below:

> The most logical, but still unprovable explanation is that the Unidentified Flying Objects are interplanetary spaceships under intelligent control. NICAP [National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena] and others have been supporting this hypothesis for years. Its credibility, however, has suffered by the support of the crackpot fringe. In spite of this, the hypothesis remains stronger than any other theory advanced.

Why is the hypothesis of interplanetary vehicles stronger than any other explanation for UFOs?

Mr. Fuller does not tell us.

I have spoken to several scientists who share Mr. Fuller's preference for the interplanetary hypothesis. They say they arrived at the hypothesis through a process of elimination. Since other explanations for the UFOs don't suffice for these men, only the interplanetary hypothesis is left.

The most puzzling aspect of this approach to the UFO problem is that the descriptions of UFOs never fit or even approximate description of the vehicles we have sent to the moon and to Mars. Those who sight UFOs invariably report seeing the kinds of shapes we have found efficient for travel within earth's atmosphere.

I do not know where Mr. Fuller got the idea that my writings on UFOs attack his credibility as a reporter. He cites no words of mine to support this charge; he could not, for I have published none. But what are we to think of his own account of why he decided to include in *Incident at Exeter* the story of two people (Betty and Barney Hill) who, while under therapeutic hypnosis, told a psychiatrist they had been abducted by humanoid crewmen of a flying saucer?

This is the story I excerpted from *Incident at Exeter* and published without his permission. He says I took the story out of context and distorted it. He says I should have included in the excerpt his explanation that he hadn't originally intended to publish the story in the book because there wasn't time to research the story thoroughly, but that he finally did publish it because it showed the intensity of local interest in UFOs and also possibly showed Air Force involvement in the public telling of the story by the Hills in a New England church.

I find a flat contradiction here. Mr. Fuller insists he published the story of the Hills in *Incident at Exeter* before researching the story carefully. At the same time, he insists that *Incident at Exeter* was a scrupulously documented book throughout. Both statements cannot be true.

MR. Fuller's accusation that I misrepresented him is especially confusing to me because, after publishing the flying saucer abduction story in brief in *Incident at Exeter*, he rewrote the same story to full book length (without changing any major detail given in *Incident at Exeter*) and published it again as a separate volume under a new title: *The Interrupted Journey: Two Lost Hours "Aboard a Flying Saucer."* His concluding sentence in the book-length version was a quotation from Tennyson: "Maybe wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth."

I ask *SR* readers to reread what I have written about UFOs, compare it to what Mr. Fuller says I have written, read *Incident at Exeter*, compare its contents to what Mr. Fuller says its contents are, read the text of the contract under which the University of Colorado is conducting an independent scientific study of UFOs for the U. S. Air Force [*SR*, Dec. 3, 1966], and then decide for themselves whether my behavior has been either strange or hysterical. —JOHN LEAR.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Santorini Volcano

IN "The Volcano That Shaped The Western World" [*SR*, Nov. 5] you dealt with highly speculative matters such as the disappearance of the Minoan civilization and the Atlantis legend. Without seeming dogmatic, I will comment:

It seems unlikely that a few centimeters of ash deposit would have driven the Minoans from their land, although favorable wind conditions could possibly have destroyed the vegetation by bringing an unusually heavy fall. This is probably impossible to determine. The depth of fall at other places such as Iceland and the vicinity of Santorini Island is no criterion. Ninkovich and Heezen estimated more than 10 centimeters. Such a deposit could have been swept aside or plowed under in limited areas. It would not have collapsed the masonry palaces.

In opposition to the widely held idea that the Santorini eruption destroyed the Minoan civilization, permit me to suggest a plausible alternative: A great tectonic earthquake, common to the region, could have flattened the palaces and made the land inhospitable, while at the same time triggering the Santorini eruption—a common occurrence.

Regarding Atlantis, who can guess rightly where and when it was? Plato spoke of an island in the Atlantic, in front of the Pillars of Hercules, larger than Libya and Asia. While Plato was self-contradictory and of obscure meaning in parts, it does not seem that he was speaking of a small island in the Aegean. Perhaps, nevertheless, Santorini *was* Atlantis; however, I do not think you can support the idea by reference to the submarine configuration. The collapse of vast mountains of earth into a subterranean void (the process of caldera formation) is no ordered process. It is chaotic, and it is inconceivable to me, at least, that any original contours could have been preserved as suggested by Galanopoulos.

Concerning the unwatering of an area of the Bardawil peninsula, you seemed to have suggested that the sinking cone of Santorini sucked enough water into the Aegean to have lowered the steric level of the Mediterranean by a perceptible amount. But I don't think you meant this. A simple calculation of the water volume would contradict the idea. If you meant the lowering of the water in a series of tsunami waves, I have to point out that the typical tsunami wave period lies somewhere between twelve and (usually) twenty minutes, wave crest to wave crest. Would this provide low water periods sufficient for Moses's escape?

In passing, permit me to mention a couple of minor factual errors. Severe earthquakes do not "always cause . . . tsunamis . . ." even when they occur at sea. The Lisbon earthquake was not the "worst earthquake ever recorded anywhere on earth." Others have been far worse, either in lives lost or in Richter magnitude. (The Lisbon toll was an estimated 50,000 deaths, whereas Calcutta lost an estimated 300,000 on October 11, 1737. A Chinese earthquake in this century took 100,000 lives. While the instrumental magnitude of the Lisbon shock is not known, it is certain that it was far less than those of the Himalayan shock of August 15, 1950, the seaquake near Ecuador of January 31, 1906, or that near Japan on March 2, 1932, all of which had magnitudes between 8.7 and 8.9.)

ELLIOTT ROBERTS, Captain (Ret.),
Coast and Geodetic Survey,
Former Chief, Geophysics Division.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In fairness to Professor Angelos Galanopoulos and other scientists quoted in SR's report on the Santorini volcano, it should be noted that none of them said the Minoan palaces on Crete were crushed by the volcanic ash.*

The Family's Future

IN RESPECT TO the provocative article, "Men, Moonships, and Morality" [*SR*, Jan. 7], I make the following two comments:

1) As a student of physical anthropology, I am *not* surprised that scientific and technological advances have not caused corresponding changes in social patterns, especially in respect to family and mating patterns. The biological basis of generalized social institutions is a subject which requires and may soon get much more study.

2) As a parent, I doubt that parents who feel a bond with the whole human race, not just the U.S. portion, would care to trust the upbringing of their children to contemporary U.S. society. Most of us wish to see state influence lessened rather than increased.

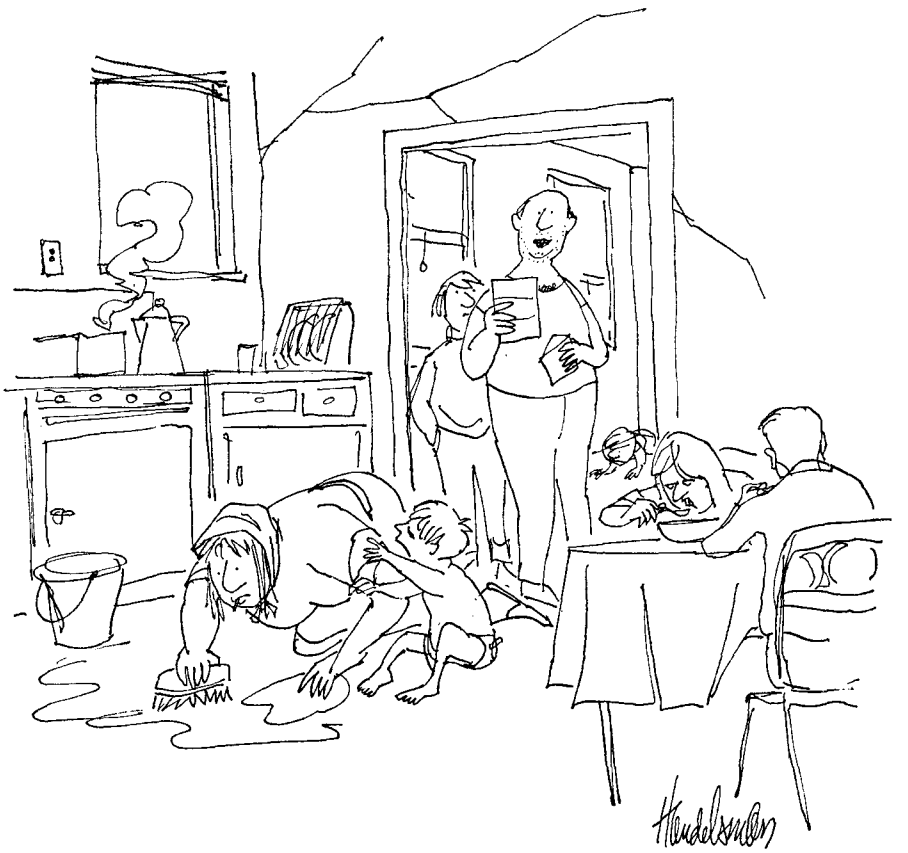
MRS. ROBERTA HALL.
Eugene, Ore.

I AM QUITE WILLING to accept the evidence that Soviet children were less ready than American children to engage in morally disapproved behavior. Let us not, however, make our usual mistake of attributing this entirely to the tangible, obvious, and easily imitable factor—in this case, group rather than family rearing. The Soviet child is not bathed in inducements to morally reprehensible behavior from every media tap—TV, movies, comic books, advertisements. A youngster who cuts his teeth on Batman and enters puberty rites via James Bond will resist the most advanced school-taught morality quite as successfully as parent-taught morality.

The Soviets cleaned up the wider environment *before* they sought ways to inculcate such values more pervasively at a younger age. I am not convinced that nonparental child-rearing won't bring more problems than it solves, but it will solve *no* problems in a society which upholds glamorously and ubiquitously the very immoralities against which both parents and schools fight in vain.

There are no crash programs that can be installed to provide guaranteed social health—only long, painful self-examination and self-improvement by the adult world which claims to desire social health. As Makarenko says, ideals and ethics are not taught by exhortation, but by the example of people and the ethos of the total environment. No school, either, can hope to "shield the child from the influence of life and substitute . . . training for social education" formed by the pattern of the total society.

MRS. WILLIAM SAMUEL, JR.
Baltimore, Md.



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Indonesia

Continued from page 31

their mothers." To almost any other world figure, the trip would have been considered a grand success. One Congressman recalled that he got a greater accolade speaking before the Congress than anyone since Churchill. What grated on Sukarno was the critical press, especially *Time* and *Life*. The American press seized on the vanity of his uniform decked with rows of medals, and peered into a private life that would have been considered scandalous were he a playboy instead of a head of state. He was dismissed as a dictator who was running his country by fiat based on ignorance.

Sukarno's weakness was self-glorification, with its attendants, vanity and foppery. Some Western observers have likened him to Mussolini. Both embarked on campaigns in search of territory that was largely useless. Both entered into alliances with extremist nations. Both were dynamic, compelling speakers. "They even wore the same sort of hat," said one. "All Sukarno needed was the little tassel in front."

The visit to America had to be counterbalanced with a visit to Moscow and Peking. The Communists gave him what his psyche cried for: adulation. And there was no critical press to mitigate the pleasure. The United States is an industrial giant, and it is difficult for Indonesia to pattern itself after such a complex economy. China was easier to understand. Here, as Julius Nyerere, the president of Tanzania, was to say later, there are simplified methods of industry which can be adapted to a newly emerging society. Sukarno was impressed. He was impressed further when General Nasution, his Army chief of staff and Defense Minister, came home from Moscow with a $250 million line of credit. The Pentagon had turned down a similar request a few months earlier. Later the Eisenhower regime agreed to re-equip twenty Indonesian battalions, but it refused a plea for more sophisticated weapons. Nasution went to Moscow once more, and when he returned this time there began a flow of twenty-six submarines, a 19,000-ton cruiser, twelve destroyers, and torpedo boats, tenders, helicopters, long-range and medium-range bombers, and assorted MIGs. The force became so formidable, and Sukarno's sentiments so clear, that briefings by high-ranking naval officers at Pearl Harbor included Indonesia's naval force in their estimate of enemy strength.

With this armament Sukarno was now emboldened to reach out beyond the borders of Indonesia. In 1959 Sukarno took all the government powers in his own hands, and subsequently dismissed the Parliament and the constituent assembly, outlawed dissident political parties, sent leaders to jail, established a mythos in which towns were named for him and his picture displayed everywhere. He installed a new Parliament, had himself elected President for life.

But for the dictator, the Indonesian nation which he had welded together in 1945 became too small for his ambitions. He yearned to become a world leader. The force that could guarantee him international support was the Communist party. His had been a colonial country and it was logical for him to declare against colonialism and imperialism. Ever entranced with handy acronyms, he coined NEFO, the "new emerging forces" arrayed against OLDEFO, who were, under his label, colonialist and imperialistic. With his support thus confirmed and the lines drawn, he needed only the assurance that he could demand further sacrifices from the people. What was required was a big issue, preferably one that could be blown into a crisis.

The issue that was handed to him was West Irian, his name for the western half of New Guinea, an island as large as all Indochina that had hitherto been administered by Australia, which held the eastern half, and by the Netherlands, which had retained the western half in its East Indies holdings. New Guinea was largely swamp and jungle inhabited by primitive people called Papuans, who survived in a neolithic culture. The Portuguese had named the people Papuans from the Malay word *pua-pua*, which meant wooly-haired. The island reminded the Spaniards, who came later, of Guinea in West Africa, so they called it New Guinea.

In the treaty by which Indonesia became independent of the Netherlands, New Guinea was deliberately excluded in order to mollify a rightist Dutch wing. But the Dutch had little use for this untamed, unusable territory, and it was assumed in international circles that after a year The Hague would, in a magnanimous gesture, turn it over to the new nation.

The Communist world, at the time of Indonesia's independence, turned its back on the emerging nation, dismissing it as some new sort of colonialist combine. When young Indonesia roundly crushed an attempted Communist coup at Madiun, east of Jogjakarta in Central Java in 1948, relations with the Moscow-Peking alliance were hardly strengthened. The West Irian issue, however, gave the Communists a new entree. They embraced it fervently and hastened to the support of Sukarno. The issue was so popular that in the next election the PKI, which of course followed the Moscow-Peking line, polled the fourth highest number of votes. But if it gave the PKI new hope and a hint of new power, it also awakened the youth of the young country to such new emotions as chauvinism, xenophobia, and dreams of their own imperialist glory.

NOW the Dutch, who had been willing to turn over the territory, suddenly found in the West Irian issue a certain emotionalism of their own. The Hague still smarted from the loss of its blessed Indies, and further submission became a matter of national prestige. The Netherlands called for self-determination for the Papuans, a concept which The Hague had not exactly espoused during the long Dutch tenure in the East Indies, and about which the Papuans themselves could be guaranteed to know little. The new African nations, however, had heard much about self-determination, and in the United Nations New Guinea became mired in debate.

West Irian was Sukarno's issue; it was also the PKI issue because it tied the party to the popularity of the President, and it was the Army's issue because it needed to justify its large share of the

—*Wide World.*

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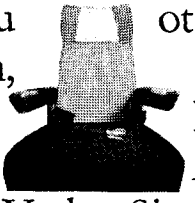

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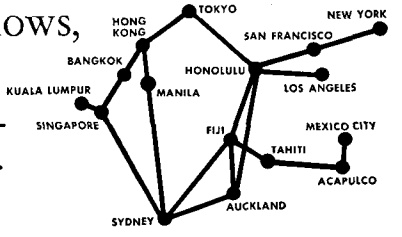

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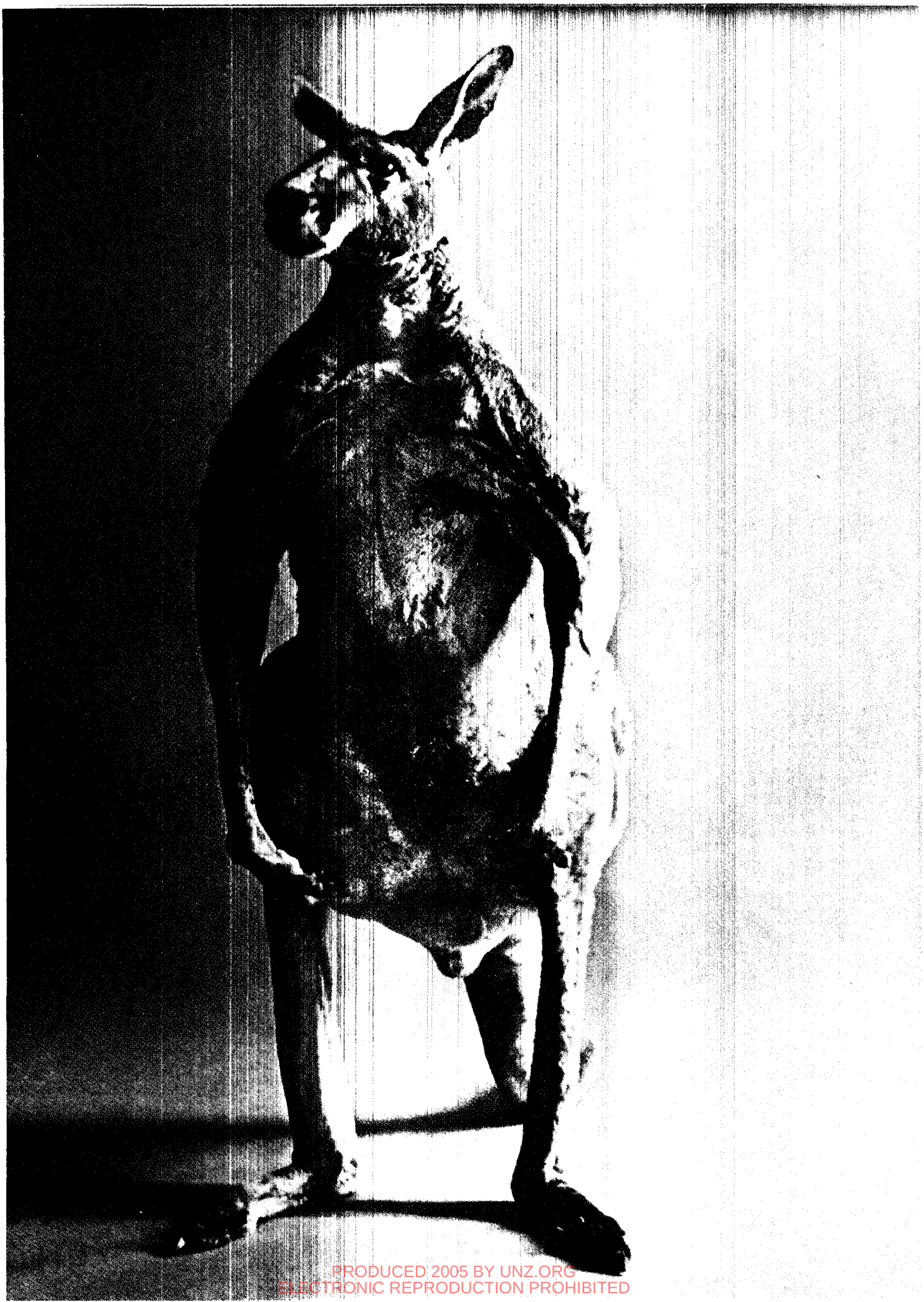

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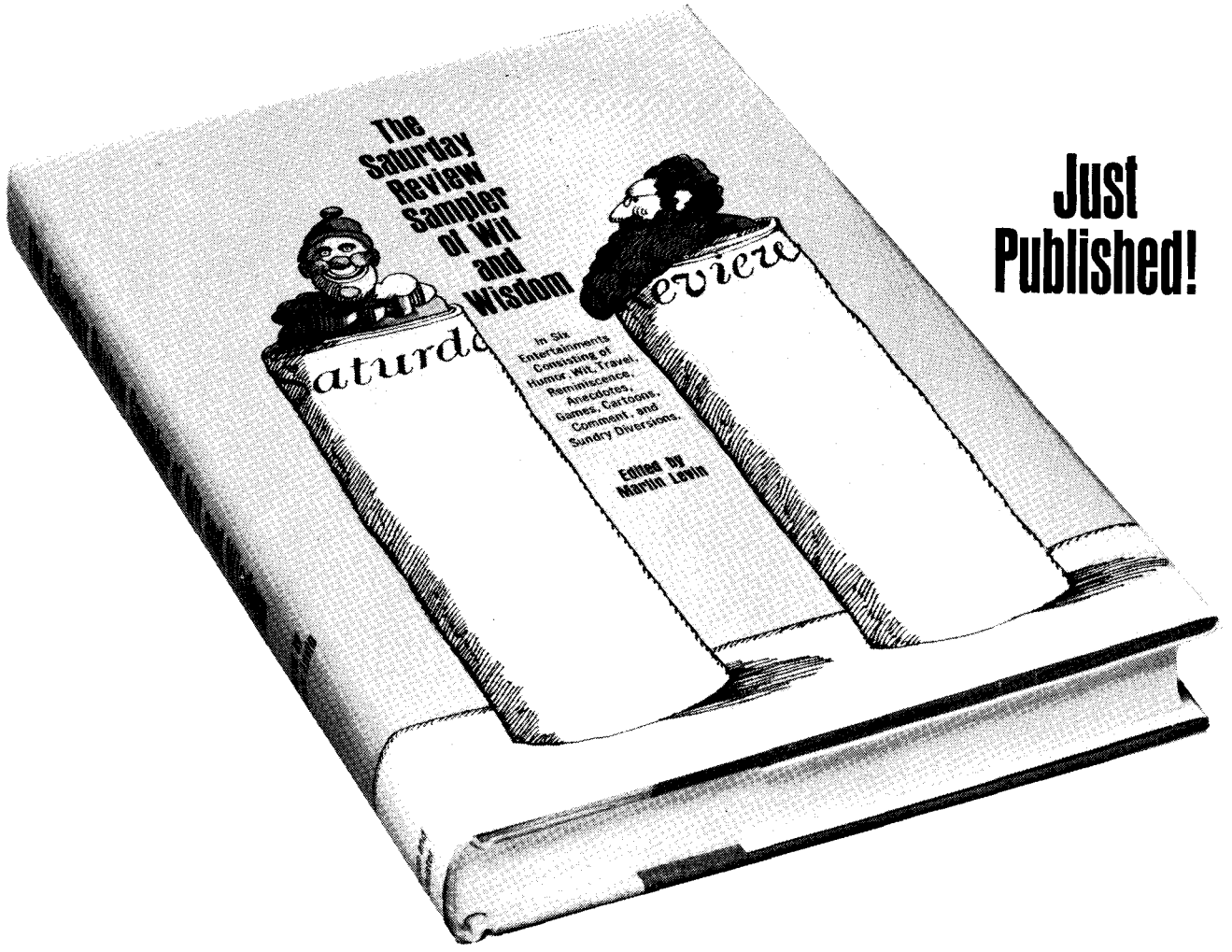
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national budget. It fell to Nehru to launch Sukarno's troops on their first adventure. When India invaded Goa in mid-December of 1961, Sukarno was inspired to attack, and he did a few weeks later. In the end, largely with the intercession of the United States, the Dutch gave in and, in August, West Irian became part of the Indonesian nation.

Although there was elation in Washington, as well as in Jakarta, it was hardly a creditable day for American diplomacy. President Kennedy had been led to believe that the continuation of the West Irian issue was playing into Communist hands. In effect that was true, but it played into Communist hands only with Sukarno's connivance in order to further his own power and prestige, items omitted from the conversation. Robert Kennedy, in trips to Jakarta and to The Hague, acting as a sort of Presidential plenipotentiary, had severely nettled the Dutch.

American cargo planes, given to the Indonesians under the express agreement that they were to be used for internal peaceful missions, were used to drop parachutists into New Guinea. Nor did American arms shipments to Indonesia cease during the affair. It was even argued later that Washington's attitude on West Irian had encouraged Khrushchev to try to plant missiles in Cuba. Pakistan was emboldened to think once more about Kashmir, and Somalia stiffened its attitude in its border disputes with Kenya and Ethiopia.

In the context of the situation in Indonesia, perhaps worst of all was Washington's inability to see that a grab for territory by Sukarno in the 1960s was hardly different than a grab by Germany in the Europe of the Forties. One West Irian swallowed was sure to whet the appetite for another. The blame for appeasement was not Washington's alone. It had to be shared by Australia, which seemed to yawn through the entire affair even though its New Guinea territory shared a common border with the disputed land; by the Philippines, which supported Sukarno's claim; by Britain, which still held sovereignty over Singapore and Malaya and remained aloof; and by Singapore, Borneo, and Malaya, which were then too busy with their own plans for confederation to become involved with the issue. It took Sukarno only until October the same year to warn the nation that the possession of West Irian did not mean the end of "the fight." Indonesia, he said, was still "surrounded by imperialism and the old established forces," meaning the Philippines, Malaya, and Australia. From Moscow came a shipment of TU-16 bombers—planes with a 4,000-mile range, sent, so said Jakarta, to stop the piracy and smuggling in the archipelago.

It hardly seemed to matter that the Indonesian soldiers sent into West Irian by General Yani had floundered in the jungle and actually had to be rescued with emergency drops of provisions by U.S. planes dispatched from the Philippines. Sukarno, Subandrio, and the rest were beginning to believe they had made a true military conquest and had thus become one of the world's great powers. It hardly seemed to matter, either, that the nation yearned now for a civilian peace, a return of curtailed civil liberties, a reprieve from the appalling economic situation, a relaxation from severe army controls. In exchange for a vast chunk of jungle and swamp inhabited by neolithic Papuans, Indonesia got an over-large army, an over-large Communist party, a young generation nurtured on over-large doses of inflammatory chauvinism, and an over-large monument depicting a Papuan in a moment of glory—breaking the chains which had supposedly held him in bondage.

Sukarno, Subandrio, and the rest seemed uninterested in knuckling down to such mundane problems as employment, housing, health, welfare, and education. They scraped around for a new issue; Sukarno looked for plots afoot in the world to "rob Indonesia of its victory." Aidit, the Communist chief, talked of "consolidating the victory."

In Jesselton, the *North Borneo News* wondered if North Borneo would not be next. Then there was the eastern half of New Guinea, which belonged to Australia; and the island of Timor, half-Indonesian, half-Portuguese. Crafty old Khrushchev, as Arnold Brackman has written in his brilliant, analytical book, *Southeast Asia's Second Front*, dropped the notion that with the loss of Irian the Pentagon would be eager to fortify half of Timor. The Russian interest, as Brackman points out, was to keep the huge Indonesian army occupied and out of an entanglement with the PKI. Even through the campaign in Irian the contest for power between the Army and the PKI flourished.

One Indonesian expansionist laid a claim to all these territories and threw in the Malay peninsula as well, basing his claim on a fourteenth-century poem. Mohammed Hatta, Indonesia's first vice president — no expansionist — wondered out loud whether Jakarta meant to go after the Solomons or stretch its arm into the mid-Pacific. To Sukarno the idea was not so ludicrous. He had, in the old Japanese days, talked of annexing the Philippines. In 1963 he defined the Indonesian archipelago as the Malay world, which could include the Philippines. By 1964 he recalled that an ancient Indonesian empire once spread its influence from Madagascar (now Malagasy) off East Africa, clear to Easter Island, off Chile.

With the formation of the Malaysia confederation, however, Sukarno was willing to limit his newest escapade to a campaign of *konfrontasi* in which the object would be to crush the new confederated nation of Malaysia. It was of no concern that he had just spent a fortune building an incredibly elaborate consulate in Singapore, or that Singapore was the only handy port to which

—*Wide World.*

Communist flag and ruins of Red youth headquarters—"That awful figure [of the total slain] will have to be paid off someday. . . . On that issue alone a renascent PKI will find . . . a ready-made appeal."

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he could send his thinning exports of rubber. Jakarta announced it would not recognize the new state, the consulate closed, and Singapore was sealed to his ships. Gone was the $90,000,000 surplus in trade enjoyed with Singapore and Malaya that year.

Radio Peking declared Malaysia to be a "British base against a growing liberation movement in Southeast Asia." Subandrio said, "It is necessary to crush Malaysia because if we do not our revolution will be crushed." Jakarta predicted, preposterously, that Britain would invade Indonesia. Moscow and Peking took up the clamor. The day after Malaysia came into being as a nation, the British Embassy in Jakarta was burned by mobs, aided, somewhat incongruously, by the city fire department and, more believably, by the PKI. Not content with the embassy, they set fire to nearly fifty British homes, more than fifty British automobiles. Communists and nationalists marched into British rubber and tea estates worth $400 million.

By now the cost of living in the country had jumped four times. The Indonesian mint, which had printed its first 2,500 rupiah note in 1962, was by 1964 printing 10,000 rupiah notes. As rice disappeared, Sukarno urged the nation to "eat corn to crush Malaysia." A controlled newspaper late in 1964 suggested looking for ways to eat mouse meat. Aidit announced that he and Sukarno had eaten rat meat and found it acceptable. Even Nasution admitted that corruption was rampant. As for the Malaysian campaign, 350 Indonesians were dead in Borneo and 1,200 had been taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, in the rift that was widening between Moscow and Peking, Aidit, speaking for Communist Indonesia, announced there was no room for revisionism. He strove to consolidate PKI power by putting it on the side of China. In the very middle of the Crush Malaysia campaign he introduced a new evil, "the world's imperialist devil, America." Sukarno, who had envisioned a national trinity which he called NASAKOM—nationalism, religion, and the Communist party—was ready to comply.

At the dedication of a bank, with Ambassador Howard Jones and his wife on hand, Sukarno quoted an American magazine which had said Indonesia was on the verge of economic collapse. The writer suggested that all aid should be stopped unless Sukarno pulled his guerrillas back from Malaysia. Sukarno ridiculed the thought of bankruptcy, then said he would never accept aid with strings attached. He declared he would tell any nation that dictated policy while giving economic help, "To hell with your aid." Reports insist he pointed his finger at Ambassador Jones. This he did not do, but the meaning was quite clear, and the result was the same as if he had.

USIS libraries were burned, the showing of American films was barred, the Peace Corps recalled, the embassy attacked. Jones left, and Marshall Green arrived as U.S. Ambassador. His presence was greeted by a mass attack on his residence. Recalls the handsome Mrs. Green, "That mob, not political activists but hired thugs, came in here and jumped up and down on the dining room table." Green was advised that he was on a Communist "B" list marked for extinction. He slept at the embassy.

Thus, as the nation edged toward that fateful night of September 30, 1965, the internal economic situation was in a pitiful state, the U.S. presence was reduced to a shadow, and the army and the PKI each sparred for an opening that would give it supremacy. Peking tried to advance the PKI position by suggesting still another military force, the arming of 500,000 peasants into a para-military action front that would offset the army's power. Sukarno was the equalizing balance. Were he to disappear, the Army would clamp down military control and the PKI would be neutralized. When Sukarno suffered his seizure, the time for Communist action was immediate and the party moved to capture the Army by eliminating its leaders.

"In those first days of October, following the coup it was touch and go," says Ambassador Green. "The Army moved decisively but it didn't know it was going to win. The U.S. military presence in Southeast Asia emboldened the Army, but it had no decisive effect on the outcome. It is perhaps better to look at it in negative terms. If we hadn't stood firm in Southeast Asia, if we hadn't maintained a military presence, then the outcome might have been different. With the Seventh Fleet the Army knew the nation's borders were secure, but it was faced internally with Communists all over the country. The physical removal of the Communists was important to its survival. It was all so very dicey."

It continued dicey into the late winter. The U.S. Embassy put up a new fence, and burned its secret papers. A souvenir in the Ambassador's office is a rock hurled through a window in a raid on February 23, 1966. Sukarno remained unreconstructed and both he and Subandrio tried to move back into power. On March 11 the U.S. Embassy was scheduled to be penetrated and burned. The next day Suharto moved in his tanks and the pressure eased.

The army laced Jakarta into a straitjacket of tight controls, and in the capital there was none of the wholesale slaughter that was taking place elsewhere in the country. The sentiments were visible, however, and signs appeared saying, SUKARNO IS A PEKING DOG, GO TO HELL COMMUNISM, and an epicurean injunction to SAUTE AIDIT appeared on walls.

Today these events are only memories. The triumvirate of General Suharto, Adam Malik, and the Sultan of Jogjakarta is moving toward Parliamentary elections in 1968. At stake are the 110 seats vacated by the PKI. Malik is a Sumatran, a lone wolf with great personal drive but no political backing. His strength is Suharto, and Suharto's strength is Malik's drive. The Sultan represents legality and traditionalism. Like Sukarno before him, Suharto is a Javanese and a mystic who consults a soothsayer.

As for Sukarno, he is, as one observer told me, like an old actor who doesn't quite understand why he cannot continue to take the bows. Still, it would be a mistake to assume he has no strength. His magic name is being invoked once more in East Java, where he enjoys the fidelity of the Marine Corps, whose headquarters is in Surabaya. The Marines continue to be pro-Sukarno and pro-Communist, probably because of a lingering inter-service rivalry. If the Army is against, they are for. Second, they were largely recruited from East Java among poorer elements who would find some hope in Communist promises. Some Marine battalions came back from Borneo duty in the Crush Malaysia campaign to find their pro-Communist relatives killed, causing widespread disaffection among whole units. Finally, the Moslems, who might be a leavening influence, are not strong in East Java. The East Javanese, while Moslem by nominal affiliation, tend to be animists. Here Sukarno, the hometown boy, made himself, not Mohammed, the hero, and bid the people worship him. In the light of recent headlines, it is clear that if the charisma that has surrounded Sukarno can be replaced or rather transferred, perhaps to Suharto, Sukarno may be eliminated or retired.

The Sultan of Jogjakarta, whom I saw on two occasions, once in Bali and again in his Jakarta office, indicates that Sukarno is contained, but acknowledges a continuing anti-triumvirate or at least a pro-Sukarno, pro-Communist presence in East Java. An exchange with him went like this:

Q. *Does Subandrio's guilt indicate a complicity by Sukarno in the September 30 plot?*

A. Yes, but we all knew something was coming. He probably knew of the coup, but didn't figure on assassination.

Q. *Will he be continued in office?*

A. That depends on his behavior.

Q. *Does he know that?*

A. He knows.

The Sultan, whose ancestral home is

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Jogjakarta, where the palace still functions, has deep roots in Central Java. The PKI plan, he says, was to have its political base in Central Java (to which Aidit fled) and its logistical center in East Java, headquarters of the Soviet-supplied Navy and the pro-Sukarno, pro-Communist Marines. Communist history in these sectors goes back to the 1948 Communist plot in Madiun, also in East Java, which, as has been already said, was summarily squelched by the Army. It was in Central Java that the Communists were able to infiltrate into the elite Diponegoro Division, in the villages of Central and East Java that they organized the terror against the Moslem leaders and the aging members of the Masjumi party.

If there is one point that has been magnified by the coup it was the ability of the Communists to rise out of the wreckage of Madiun, and in fifteen years to rebuild into a party of some 3,000,000 members and more than 20,000,000 adherents. If the wholesale slaughter accounted for 300,000 victims, then it is plain that many Communists and sympathizers remain at large.

More than 1,000 Indonesians, some of them members of delegations and some of them students, were in China when the coup erupted. Many of these students, who had been in Peking for years, could become the core of a renascent Communist party in Indonesia.

To assume that the Communist cause or the President has no active support would be a dangerous delusion. If West Java were to make a move against Sukarno there is reason to believe that East Java would not go along. Sukarno has made veiled threats to return in triumph to East Java, but in his lifetime he has shown himself as a leader not eager to leave the comforts of the palace for the rigors of the field. It is well remembered that during the revolution against the Dutch he voluntarily surrendered to Netherlands troops rather than take to the hills with the guerrillas.

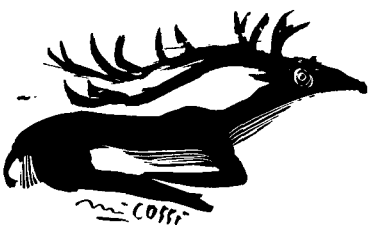
One afternoon in Solo—also called Surakarta—a city in Central Java, I was received in his palace by Prince Mangkunegoro VIII, once a *susuhunan*, or Sultan, who was demoted for collaborating with the Dutch during the revolution. His style is grand in a sort of shabby way. His servants still fall on their knees when offering tea; his wife has an enormous marble bath and a lavender plastic settee, both of which she is eager to show off. A walkway of silver statues imported from Europe still lines the garden path that leads to an enormous hall of audiences, where his daughter was married last April before 2,500 invited guests. We talked of all that; but of Communists and killing Mangkunegoro would offer not a word.

The Communists had held Solo from the night of the coup until October 23, three full weeks before one battalion finally arrived from Jakarta. Even then the PKI fought a guerrilla action, killing anti-Communists, sabotaging the railway, and felling trees across the highways. In Jogjakarta, shortly after I had left the city this fall, men dressed in Marine uniforms—but, for reasons unexplained, wearing no shoes—raided an anti-Sukarno student headquarters.

Surabaya, the huge city of more than a million on the eastern end of Java, has been battened tight by the Army, but the feeling is eerie, almost alive with suspense. "We have peace and order," a Surabayan told me, "but it is negative. A man is standing there now saying, 'Do not move or I'll shoot,' and we don't move and he doesn't shoot." Surabaya is a city seared by the heat, flat and unattractive. The Marines, with their arrogant fuchsia berets and green fatigues, are everywhere. Squatters have taken up residence in the once grassy islands on the boulevards that run through the better neighborhoods. Drivers in queer conical straw hats pedal their *betjas*, the bicycle rickshas, steering around the mammoth oxen that slough down the street pulling the tank cars that collect the nightly sewage.

HERE the Chinese have survived, supposedly because they laid low and paid off the right people. In relative terms they are millionaires, and on the road to Tretes, the cool mountain station to which the better classes retreat from the everlasting sauna that is Surabaya, their Mercedes-Benzes, the local status symbol, leave the other cars in clouds of choking dust. It is predicted that the Surabaya Chinese will be the best customers at the Bali Beach Hotel newly opened across the straits. They are the few with money.

Here in Surabaya, the interviews I sought officially somehow evaporated. The military commander refused my request to see the student activists. "The political situation is too unsettled to permit such interviews," he said. A local newspaperman who was to be my guide suddenly developed a family funeral which he had to attend. And another, retiring from my presence, told me flatly that political guerrillas might move against those who are identified in the Western press and whose views are unsympathetic. The four service heads who command the Army, Navy, Marines, and the police are in no mood to give interviews that would show differing opinions.



In this uneasy climate the so-called New Order is trying desperately to untangle the mess and to return to some sort of government in which the people have a voice, and a society in which they have a chance to survive. Says Mochtar Lubis, "Our fight now is not only to fill our stomachs, it is also a fight for our minds, to show what is good and what is bad. We must begin from the bottom, for the New Order has begun with less than we had when independence was won."

Lubis is the voice of the mature intellectual. The cry of the students is more plaintive and not nearly so sure. Says one student activist leader, "The future for us has become so dark. Where shall we go? We saw how the old academicians lived. They were parasites of the state, working in overpopulated departments. The trouble is that Sukarno's revolutionary indoctrination was not thorough, and, of course, we read books. We inherited the university system from the West and along with it we learned fundamental logic. But what shall we do with it? How shall we apply it? Sukarno's passing will not solve our problems, it will only be the beginning. It is all very romantic to talk in terms of democracy, but one-man-one-vote would be fatal in a nation that is 70 per cent Javanese. A democratic election in an underdeveloped country is always catastrophic."

It is this uncertainty that the Communists in their counterattack are certain to exploit. The crop of issues on which they could feed grows green and inviting, and not the least of them is the blood debt that will remain until the deaths of the 300,000 or more citizens who fell in the bloodbath are avenged by their families. That awful figure will have to be paid off, some day, somehow. On that issue alone a renascent PKI will find a ready-made audience and a ready-made appeal.

"What we have gone through since the coup is only a battle," an Indonesian friend told me as we sat one afternoon in the coffee shop of the Hotel Indonesia in Jakarta. Eminently well versed in the science, he was sketching for me a political map of the vast nation on the paper place mat before him. He shaded in the influences, the nuances, the history, the trends, the loyalties and persuasions. He moved through Java, then Sumatra, to Borneo and into the Celebes. When I had copied his drawings, he tore his own into little pieces. "The score," he said, "is still zero to zero," and he carefully gathered all the pieces and put them in his pocket before we walked out the door.

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(Continued from page 83)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1713

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Caprice.	199 184 13 166 116 198
B. Not satisfying the standard.	70 148 60 175 55 159 172 5 141
C. A fawnskin worn in classic art by satyrs.	179 142 35 161 167 109
D. Discontinuity layer (of water).	19 139 157 25 85 33 170 202 82 66 107
E. Sound.	114 104 120 196 9 152 30
F. Damsel in *The Acts of the Apostles* who, recognizing his voice but believing him in prison, kept Peter waiting at the gate.	137 39 65 191 4
G. Labored too much.	54 27 173 90 100 151 187 113 3 164
H. Resembling pitch in color or inflammability.	156 140 11 89 189 117 71
I. Violator of the law, esp. during Prohibition.	87 181 32 51 41 122 115 188
J. Prior to some specified time.	20 201 76 135 169 132 123
K. Rupert Brooke's adjective for "the male kiss of blankets."	125 160 78 105 134
L. What Eugene Aram had "upon his wrist."	31 26 127 185 108
M. Eat into.	155 42 47 99 200
N. Continent.	186 194 112 96 143 153
O. Nothingness.	183 119 130 171 37 68 177
P. Great seismic disturbance of the ocean.	133 15 93 49 136 162 129
Q. In teen-age vocabulary, a proper place to be in (*Dict. of Amer. Slang*).	38 158 6 111 174 102
R. Parasitic green alga of the tropics (2 wds.)	168 97 50 29 195 149 150
S. How Faithless Sally Brown's "woe began to flow" (Thomas Hood).	165 95 36 180 73 81
T. One of the U.S. busy airlines.	190 57 46 75 2 131 62 12 40
U. Sound which Daniel Webster said "circles the Earth with one continuous strain."	34 103 48 79 61 192 182 58
V. Altar of ancient Greece, esp. the one at Delphi.	17 44 80 101 74 197 178 94
W. Activation of otherwise inactive substances by ultraviolet rays.	124 16 53 88 163 138 69 67
X. Deceitful; escaping perception.	22 23 84 118 77 154 147
Y. Science of navigation; water sports.	14 128 7 144 91 64 145
Z. Wavering.	72 176 193 146 8 59 121 106 56 126
Z^1 Unwillingness.	83 43 98 63 24 10 1 86
Z^2 Very small iceberg, but large enough to be a menace to ships.	45 18 92 110 52 28 21

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 Z^1	2 T	3 G		4 F	5 B	6 Q	7 Y	8 Z	9 E	10 Z^1	11 H	12 T
	13 A	14 Y		15 P	16 W	17 V	18 Z^2	19 D		20 J	21 Z^2	22 X		23 X	24 Z^1	25 D	26 L	
	27 G	28 Z^2	29 R	30 E		31 L	32 I	33 D	34 U		35 C	36 S	37 O	38 Q	39 F	40 T		
41 I	42 M	43 Z^1	44 V		45 Z^2	46 T	47 M	48 U	49 P	50 R		51 I	52 Z^2	53 W	54 G	55 B		
56 Z	57 T		58 U	59 Z	60 B		61 U	62 T	63 Z^1	64 Y	65 F	66 D	67 W		68 O	69 W	70 B	
71 H		72 Z	73 S		74 V		75 T	76 J	77 X	78 K	79 U	80 V	81 S		82 D	83 Z^1		
84 X		85 D	86 Z^1	87 I	88 W	89 H	90 G	91 Y	92 Z^2	93 P	94 V		95 S	96 N	97 R	98 Z^1	99 M	
	100 G	101 V	102 Q	103 U	104 E		105 K	106 Z	107 D	108 L	109 C	110 Z^2	111 Q	112 N	113 G		114 E	
115 I	116 A		117 H	118 X	119 O	120 E	121 Z	122 I	123 J		124 W	125 K	126 Z	127 L	128 Y	129 P	130 O	
131 T	132 J		133 P	134 K	135 J		136 P	137 F	138 W	139 D	140 H	141 B	142 C	143 N	144 Y		145 Y	
146 Z	147 X	148 B	149 R		150 R	151 G		152 E	153 N	154 X	155 M		156 H	157 D	158 Q	159 B	160 K	
161 C	162 P	163 W	164 G		165 S		166 A	167 C	168 R	169 J	170 D	171 O	172 B		173 G	174 Q	175 B	
176 Z	177 O	178 V	179 C	180 S		181 I	182 U	183 O		184 A	185 L	186 N	187 G		188 I	189 H	190 T	
191 F	192 U	193 Z	194 N	195 R	196 E	197 V	198 A		199 A	200 M	201 J	202 D						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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